













# **ELEGANT EXTRACTS,**

OR

**USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,**

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PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

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PREPARED BY

**JAMES G. PERCIVAL.**

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

**VOL. VI.—POETRY.**

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# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

## POETICAL.

### BOOK THE THIRD.

## DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

#### § 1. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKSPEARE.

##### *Advice.*

**B**E thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father  
In manners as in shape; thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust  
a few;

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven  
more will, [down,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck  
Fall on thy head!

##### *Too ambitious Love.*

I am undone; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular star,  
And think to wed it, he is so above me!  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere,  
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty tho' a plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table: heart, too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor!  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics.

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#### *A parasitical vain Coward.*

I know him a notorious liar;  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, [bones  
That they take place, when virtue's steely  
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft  
we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

#### *Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.*

**King.** I would I had that corporal sound-  
ness now,  
As when thy father and myself in friendship  
First tried our soldiership! He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplin'd of the bravest. He lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me  
To talk of your good father. In his youth  
He had the wit which I can well observe  
To day in our young lords; but they may jest  
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,  
Ere they can hide their levity in honor:  
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,  
His equal had awak'd them; and his honor,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
Exception bid him speak; and at that time  
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below  
He us'd as creatures of another place, [him  
And bow'd his imminent top to their low  
rank,

Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled; such a man  
Might be a copy to these younger times,  
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them  
But goes backward. [now  
Would I were with him!—He would always

say—  
(Methinks I hear him now; his plaintive words  
He scatter'd not in ears; but grafted them  
To grow there, and to bear) "Let me not  
live,"

—Thus his good melancholy oft began,  
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, [he,  
When it was out—"Let me not live," quoth  
"After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments  
are [stancies

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-  
Expire before their fashions"—Thus he wish'd.  
I, after him, do after him wish too,  
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some laborer room.

#### *Honor due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.*

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,  
Whose color, weight, and heat, pour'd out  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand  
In diff'rences so mighty. If she be [off  
All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,  
—A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name,—But do not so—  
From lowest place when virtuous things pro-  
ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.  
Where great addition swells, and virtue none.  
It is a drop'd honor; good alone  
Is good without a name; vileness is so:  
The property, by what it is, should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these, to nature she's immediate heir;  
And these breed honor: that is honor's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honor's born,  
And is not like the sire. Honors thrive  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our fore-goes; the mere word's a slave  
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honor'd bones indeed.

#### *Self-accusation of too great Love.*

Poor lord! is't I  
That chase thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still piercing air,  
That sings with piercing, do not touch my  
lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:

Whoever charges on the forward [at,  
I am the cause that should hold him to it:  
And though I kill him not, I am the cause  
His death was so effected. Better 'twere  
I met the raving lion, when he roar'd  
With sharp constraint of hunger, better 'twere  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,  
Rousillon,

Whence honor but of danger wins a war,  
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:  
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.  
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although  
The air of Paradise did fan the horse,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;  
That pitiful rumor may report my flight,  
To console thine ear.

#### *Custom of Seducers.*

As, so you serve us, [roses.  
Till we serve you; but when you have our  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

#### *Against Delay.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.

#### *Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.*

At first  
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue.  
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,  
Which warp'd the line of every other favor;  
Scorn'd a fair color, or express'd it stolen;  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object; thence it came,  
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom  
myself,  
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye  
The dust that did offend it.

#### § 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKESPEARE.

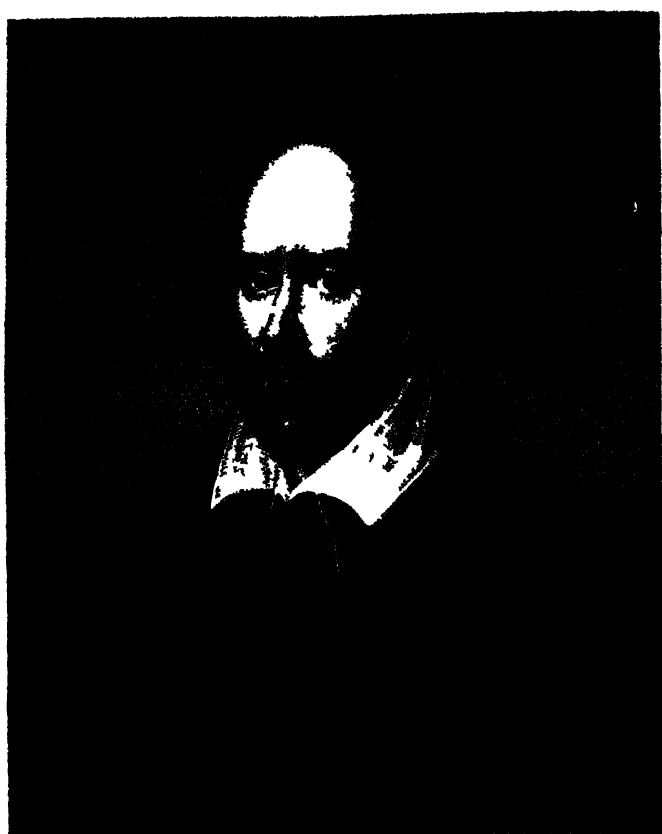
##### *Playfellow.*

We have still slept together; [ther;  
Rose at an instant; learn'd, play'd, eat toge-  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

##### *Fond youthful Friendship.*

Celia. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt  
thou go? [mine.  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than  
Rosalind. I have more cause. [I am.  
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin. [Duke  
Prythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the  
Has banish'd me, his daughter?  
Rosalind. That he hath not. [the love  
Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then  
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet  
girl?





THE  
PRACTICE OF  
THE ARTS AND  
MANUFACTURES

A New Edition

James G. Percival



NEW YORK





No let my father seek another heir  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go and what to be with us  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
Toll in your griefs yourself, and leave me out  
For by this heaven, no vantage at our sorrows' price,  
Say what thou canst. I'll go along with thee.

*Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the  
Advantages of Adversity*

Now my comrades and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these  
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The seasons' difference, is the only thing,  
And chance in the change of the winter's wind,  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,  
That feel my pain, and tell me, what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which like the toad ugly and venomous  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life exempt from public haunt  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;  
I would not change it!

*Amicus.* Happy is your choice  
If it must strike the fullness of fortune  
Into so quiet and sweet a life!

*Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the  
melancholy Jaques*

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fool—  
Being native here, here of this desert city,  
Should in their old corners with forked head  
Have their ranges and haunts, would

*1st Lord.* Indeed my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
And in that kind seems you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother who hath banish'd you  
From my lord Amicus and myself,  
Did stand behind him as he lay along  
Under a oak, whose intricate roots creep out  
To pierce the brook that flows along this wood,  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to lurch; and indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal he wad forth such groans,  
That the red-charger did stretch his leathern  
coat

Almost to burst it, and the big round tears  
Cours'd down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase, and thus the silly fool,  
Much mull'd the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extreme verge of the swift  
Augmenting it with tears. [brook,

*Duke's.* But what said Jaques?  
Did he not motivate this spectacle?

*1st Lord.* O yes, into a thousand smiles  
First, for his weeping in the needful stream,

Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much. Then, being  
alone

I left and bound'd of his velvet friends,  
His right quoth he, thus misery doth part  
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him. Ah, quoth  
Jaques

Sweep on you fat and greedy citizens;  
I is just the fashion, wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To flout the animals, and kill them up  
In their own kind and native dwelling place.

*Duke's.* And did you leave him in this  
contemplation?

*Amicus.* We did my lord, weeping and  
upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke's.* Show me the place,  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he is full of matter.

*Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy*

*Adam.* What! my young master? O my  
gentle master  
O my sweet master! O my memory [here?  
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love  
you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and va-  
Why would you be so kind to overcome  
The envy's power of the humours duke? [you  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before  
know you not master to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours, your virtues gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you  
Oh! what a world is this, when white  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Resolved Honesty*

*Orlando.* What, wouldst thou have me go  
and beg my food?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do—  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a divided blood, and bloody brother

*Gratitude in an old Servant*

*Adam.* But do not so, I have live hundred  
crown,  
The thrifty huse I saw'd under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,  
When service should in my old limbs be lame,  
And unregarded age in corners thrown  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you, let me be your servant  
Though I look old yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did I with unbalshful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is so a lusty winter,  
Fecund and kindly. Let me go with you,  
I'll do the service of a younger man,  
In all your business and necessities.

*Orlando* Oh! good old man, how well in  
these appears

The constant service of the antique world  
When servants swe it for duty not for meed;  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times  
Where none will sweat it but for promotion,  
And, having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having. It is not so with thee—  
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree  
That cannot so much as a blind man yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry  
But come thy ways, we'll go along together  
And ere we have thy youthful vigour spent  
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam* Mister go on, and I will follow  
thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty—  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more  
At seventeen years in many fortunes seek,  
But at fourscore it is too late a week,  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

#### *Forer described*

Oh thou didst then not ever love so heartily  
If thou remember'st not the slight and folly  
That ever love did make thee run into  
Thou hast not lov'd—  
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,  
Wearying thy heart in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd—  
Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my prison now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd—

#### *Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time*

*Jaqes* As I do live by food, I met a fool,  
Who laid him down, and busk'd him in the  
sun,  
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—  
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool  
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I "No, Sir,"  
quoth he, [fortune"]  
"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock [wags  
his  
"us we may see," quoth he, "how the world  
but an hour ago since it was nine  
after one hour more 'twill be eleven  
I so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
and then from hour to hour we rot and rot  
and thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer  
That fools should be so deep contemplative  
And I did laugh sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial.

*Duke* What fool is this? [a counter  
*Jaqes* O worthy fool! one that had been  
And says if ladies be but young and fair  
They have the gift to know it and in his  
brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, of the which he vents  
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

#### *Distress prevents Ceremony*

The thorny point  
Of bare distress hath taken from me the show  
Of smooth civility.

#### *A tender Petition and Reply*

*Orlando* Speak you so gently? Pardon  
me I pray you  
I thought that all things had been savage here,  
And therefore put I on the countenance  
Of stern commandment. But what'er you  
I hit in this desert inaccessible [un  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs  
I see and neglect the creeping hours of time  
If ever you have look'd on better days,  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to  
If ever sat at any good man's feast, [churc  
If ever from your eye lids wip'd a tear  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied  
I et gentleness my strong enforcement be  
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

*Duke* True it is that we have seen better  
days, [hurri  
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to  
And sat at good men's feasts and wip'd our  
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd  
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
And take up on command what help we have,  
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orlando* Then but forbear your food a  
little while

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor man  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Lump'd in pure love, till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,  
I will not touch a bit [ger,

#### *The World compared to a Stage*

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy—  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play

*Jaqes* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players  
They have their exits and their entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant

Mewling and paking in the nurse's arms ;  
And then the whining school-boy, with his  
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like mail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then the  
soldier, [pard,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation [justice,  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the  
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,  
With spectacles on 's nose and pouch on 's side :  
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly  
voice,

'Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
'That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every  
thing.

#### *Ingratitude. A Song.*

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude :  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot :  
Tho' thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

#### *Scornful Love.*

*Sylvius.* The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accusom'd sight of death  
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,  
But first begs pardon ; will you sterner be  
'Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops ?

*Phoebe.* I would not be thy executioner :  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye ;  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, [things,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butcher, murderers !  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart ;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them  
kill thee :

Now counterfeit to sorrow : why now fall down ;  
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. [thee.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it : lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure [eyes,  
Thy palm some moment keeps ; but now mine  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
Now, I am sure, there is no fear in eyes  
That can do hurt to any.

*Sylvius.* O dear Phoebe,  
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy,  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That Love's keen arrows make.

#### *Scorn retorted.*

Od's my little life !

I think she means to tangle mine eyes too.  
No, 'faith, proud mistress ! hope not after it.  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,  
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow  
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain !  
You are a thousand times a properer man  
Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd chil-  
dren.

'Tis not her glass, but you that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your  
knees [love :  
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.  
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer :  
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

#### *Tender Love.*

So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps : loose now and  
then  
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

#### *Real Love dissembled.*

Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;  
'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well.—  
But what care I for words ? Yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that  
hear.

It is a pretty youth ;—not very pretty ;—  
But sure he's proud : and yet his pride be-  
comes him : [him  
He'll make a proper man : the best thing in  
Is his complexion : and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall ;  
His leg is but so so : and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little ripeness and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the  
difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Sylvius, had they  
mark'd him

In parcels, as I did; would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love  
For what had he to do to chide at me? [him;  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair  
black;

And now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:  
I marvel why I answer'd not again;  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

*A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.*

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd  
with age,  
And high top bald with high antiquity,  
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had writh'd itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
And with intended glides did slip away  
Into a bush; under which bush's shade  
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, [watch  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like  
When that the sleeping man should stir; for  
The royal disposition of that beast [tis  
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

### § 3. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE.

#### *Man's Pre-eminence.*

WHY head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe,  
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,  
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the master of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish or fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

#### *Patience easier taught than practised.*

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;  
They can be meek, that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul, bruise'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry; [pain.  
But, were we burden'd with like weight of  
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

#### *Defamation.*

I see the jewel best enamell'd,  
Will lose its beauty; and the gold hides still,  
That others touch; yet often touching will  
Wear gold. And so no man that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

*Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.*

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [yow

The time was once when thou, unur'd, wouldst  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,  
That never meat sweet sav'd in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or car'd.  
to thee. [comes it,

How comes it now, my husband, Oh, how  
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me:  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:  
For know, my love, as easy mayest thou fall  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

*Document for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealousy.*

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by  
wreck at sea? [eye

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adriana. To none of these, except it be  
the last;

Namely, some love that drew him off from  
home. [hended him.

Abbess. You should for that have repic-  
Adriana. Why so I did.

Abbess. But not rough enough. [let me.

Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would

Abbess. Haply in private.

Adriana. And in assemblies too.

Abbess. But not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our con-  
ference;

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme:

In company, I often glanced at it:

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbess. And therefore came it that the  
man was mad.

The venom clamors of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad-dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy rail-  
ing;

And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sanct with thy up-  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [bruidings;

Thereof proceeding fire of fever bred;

And what a fever, but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hindered by thy  
brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

*Description of a beggarly Conjuror, or a Fortune-Teller*

A hungry, lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A third-rate juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
A needy hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man, this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth took on him as a conjurer  
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face is't were out-facing me  
(lies out, I was posset)

*Old Age*

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor  
tongue

In seven short years that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares!  
Though now this grinn'd face of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up  
Yet hith my might of life some memory,  
My waning lamp some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear  
All these old witnesses,—I cannot err,—  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus

## § 1 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

SHAKESPEARE

*A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Con-quest described*

King. Let I imagine, that I hunt after in  
their lives  
I've restor'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death,  
When spite of comorant devouring time,  
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy  
That honor which shall bate his anythe's keen  
edge,  
And make us heirs of all eternity  
Th' heroic brave conquerors! for so you are  
That war against your own affections  
And the huge army of the world's desires,—  
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force  
Nay, we shall be the wonder of the world  
Our art shall be a little academe,  
Still and contemplative in living art

*On Study*

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep search'd with saucy  
lookers;  
Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books  
The earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every star and planet,  
Have no more profit of their sons' nights,  
Than those that walk, and yet not what  
they are (name),  
Too much to know, to know nought but  
And every godfather can give a name  
*A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments*  
Our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fash on planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain  
One whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony  
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong  
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny  
His child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate  
In high bold words the worth of many a  
knight,

I join tawny Spain, lost in the word's debate  
How you delight, my lords! I know not, I  
But I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy  
Biron Armado is a most illustrious knight,  
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight

*A Merry Man*

A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk without  
His eye besets occasion for his wit,  
I or every object that the one doth catch  
The other turns to a mirth moving jest,  
Which his fur tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse

*A Comical Description of Cupid or Love*

O! and I forsooth, in love!  
I, that have been love's whip  
A very idle to a humor as sigh  
A critic, my own wit withal consilable;  
A domineering pedant over the boy,  
I ban whom no mortal more magnificent,  
This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward  
boy,  
This Signior Julio's grant dwarf, Dan Cupid,  
Rhetor of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
The mounted sovereign of sighs and groans;  
I see of all lovers and malcontents,  
Sole imperator and great general  
Of trotting punters (O my little heart)  
And I to be a corporal of his file,  
And wear his colours! like a tumbler's hoop!  
Whit? If I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman, that is like a Cuckoo clock,  
Still repurging, ever out of frame,  
And never going right, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right!

*Sonnet*

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye  
(Against whom the world cannot hold argu-  
ment)  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punish-  
A woman's false word, but I will prove (ment.  
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love  
Thy grace being gain'd cues all disgrace in  
me  
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapor is,

Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost  
Exhalt this vapor vow, in thee it is *shine*,  
If broken then, it is no fault of mine,  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,  
To lose an oath to win a paradise!

*Another*

On a day (alack the day!)  
I love, whose month is ever May,  
Spy'd a blossom passing fair  
Plying in the wanton air  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Ah, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—  
Ah, would I might triumph so!  
But, 'alack' my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn  
Vow 'alack' for youth unmeet,  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me,  
That I am forsworn for thee  
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear  
Juno but in Elysium were,  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love

*Commanding Beauty*

—Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory eagle sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her majesty?

*The Power of Love*

Why universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long during action tire  
The sinewy vigor of the traveller

When would you, my liege—or you—or you—  
In leaden contemplation have found out  
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes  
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?  
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;  
And therefore finding barren practitioners,  
Scarce show a hint of their heavy toil;  
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain;  
But, with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r;  
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,  
Above their functions and their offices,  
It adds a precious seeing to the eye.  
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;  
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,  
When the suspicious hood of sleep is stop'd.  
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gone in  
For valor, to love a Hercules, [taste,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as Sphinx, as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair  
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven deaf with the harmony  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs  
O then his eyes would ravish savage cars,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire  
They're the books, the arts, the academies,  
Th't show, contain, and nourish all the world,  
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent

*Ladies mask'd and unmask'd*

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud,  
Diamond'd, their dunsweet complexion  
shown,  
Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown

*A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher*

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peck,  
And utters it again when God doth please.  
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares [furs  
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets,  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Have not the grace to grace it with such show  
This gallant pins the wonches on his sleeve,  
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve  
He can carve too, and lisp Why this is he  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy,  
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice  
That when he plays at tables chides the dice  
In honorable terms why he can sug  
A mean most meanly, and in ushering  
Mend him who can the ladies call him sweet,  
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet  
This is the flower that smiles on every one  
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone  
And consciences that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet

See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou  
[now]  
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou

*The Effects of Love*

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foot play with our oaths, your beauty,  
[ladies, [more  
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our hus  
Even to the opposed end of our intents,  
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—  
As love is full of contradicting struns,  
All wanton as a build, skimming and vain,  
Form'd by the eye; and therefore like the eye,  
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,  
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll  
To every vary'd object in his glance  
Which party-colour'd presents of loose love,  
Put on by us, in your heavenly eyes,  
'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,  
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults  
Suggested us to make them, therefore, ladies

Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours.

### *Trial of Love.*

If this austere, insociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts, and fusts, hard lodging and thin  
weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me.

### *Jest and Jester.*

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord  
Biron.  
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with moods;  
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit : [brain  
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful  
And therewithal to win me, if you please.  
(Without the which I am not to be won) [day,  
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to  
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches : and your task shall  
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit, [be,  
T' enforce the pruned impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat  
of death ?

It cannot be, it is impossible :  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. [spirit,

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gilding  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.  
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf with the clamors of their own dear  
groans,

Will bear your idle scorns, continue then,  
And I will have you, and that fault withal;  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

### *Spring. A Song.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight :  
The cuckow, then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow !

Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O word  
Unpleasing to a married ear !  
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are lightening clocks ;  
When turtles tread, and snails creep  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks :  
The cuckow then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,  
Cuckow !

Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear !

### *Winter. A Song.*

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail ;  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;  
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
To-whoo !

Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot  
When all aloof the wind doth blow  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw ;  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw :  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
To-whoo !

Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

### § 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### *Virtue given to be exerted.*

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,  
That, to the observer, doth thy history  
Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.  
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves ; for if our  
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

But to fine issues : nor nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goodness, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

#### *Dislike of Popularity.*

I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and aves vehement :  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it.

#### *Neglected Laws.*

This new governor  
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,  
Which have, like unscour'd armor, hung by  
the wall [round,  
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone  
And none of them been worn ; and for a name,  
Now puts the downy and neglected act  
Freshly on me : 'tis surely for a name.

#### *Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted Laws.*

We have strict statutes, and most biting  
laws, [steeds),  
(The needful bite and curbs to headstrong



Which for these nineteen years we have let  
 Even like an overgrown lion in a cave, asleep,  
 That goes not out to prey now as fond fathers  
 Having bound up the threatening twigs of  
 birch,  
 Only to suck it in their children's sight  
 For terror not for use; in time the rod  
 Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our  
 decrees,  
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose.  
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite thwart  
 Goes all decorum.

#### *A Virgin addressed*

Hail, virgin, if you be, as those clock faces  
 Proclaim you are no less!

#### *A Religious protest*

I hold you as a thing ask'd and wanted  
 By your renuncement an immortal spirit,  
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
 As with a saint

#### *Resolution*

Our doubts are triflers,  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
 By fearing to attempt

#### *All Men frail*

*Angelo* We must not make a scare-crow  
 of the law,  
 Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep the sheep till custom make it  
 Their perch and not their terror

*Isab* Ay, but yet  
 Let us be keen and rather cut a little,  
 Than full and blunt to death this thin gen-  
 tleman

Whom I would give had a most noble father  
 Let but your honor know,  
 (Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)  
 That in the working of your own affection  
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with  
 wishing

Or that the resolute acting of your blood  
 Could have attain'd th' effect of your own  
 purpose,

Whether you had not some time in your life  
 Err'd in this point which now you censure  
 And pull'd the law upon you [him]

*Angelo* Is one thing to be tempted I  
 Another thing to fall I'll not deny, [calus,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try, what's open made  
 To justice, that justice seizes What know  
 the laws [pregnant,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very  
 The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,  
 Because we see it, but what we do not see,  
 We tread upon, and never think of it  
 You may not so extenuate his offence,  
 For I have had such faults but rather tell me  
 When I that censure him do so offend

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial

#### *Mercy in Governors recommended*

No ceremony that to great ones longs  
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword  
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe  
 Become them with one half so good a luck  
 As mercy does. If he had been as you  
 And you as he you would have slept like him  
 But he like you would not have been so stern

#### *The Duty of mutual Forgiveness*

—Alas! alas!  
 Why all the souls that were were forfeit once,  
 And I that might have saved the best have took  
 I found out the remedy. If we find you be,  
 If he which is the top of judgment should  
 Put judge you as you are? Oh thus it that  
 And mercy then will breathe within you  
 Like man new made

#### *Unprepared Death*

*Isab* To-morrow! O that sudden! spare  
 him, spare him [kitchens  
 He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our  
 We kill the fowl of season, shall we serve  
 With less respect than we do minister [Heaven  
 To our gross selves? Good, good my lord,  
 bethink you,

Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?

—There's many have committed it

*Ang* All law hath not been dead though  
 it hath slept,

Those many had not dur'd to do that evil,  
 If the first man that did th' edict might  
 Had answer'd for his deed now tis awake,  
 takes note of what is done, and, like a  
 prophet,

I look in a glass that shows what future evils  
 (Or new, or by remembrance now concern'd,  
 And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)  
 Are now to have no successive degrees,  
 But, as they live, to end

#### *Justice*

*Isab* Yet show some pity [justice,

*Ang* I show it not of all when I show  
 For then I pity th' self I do not know,  
 Which a damnable offence would after gell,  
 And do him right, that answering one foul  
 Lives not to act another [wrong,

#### *The Abuse of Authority*

Oh, to have a power to do as much as I  
 To have a power to do as much as I  
 To use it as a gift.

#### *Great Men's Abuse of Power.*

Could great men do as much as I, [quiet,  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be  
 For every peevish petty officer [but thunder!  
 Would use his heav'n for thunder! Nothing  
 Merciful heav'n! [bolt  
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous

[Split at the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
 'Tis in the soft myrtle O, but when I proud  
 Die in a little brief authority [man,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
 His glassy essence—like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven's  
 As makes the angels weep, who, with our  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal [spleens,

*Consciousness of our own Faults should make us merciful*

*Ang* Why do you put these sayings upon me? [others,

*Isab* Because authority, though it air like  
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
 That skims the vice o' the top go to your  
 [know  
 Knock the vice, and ask your heart what it doth  
 That makes my brother's fault as it confess  
 As curial guiltiness such as is his,  
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
 Against my brother's life

### Honest Bribery

*Isab* Hark how I'll bribe you! Good my

*Ang* How! bribe me? [Lord, turn back

*Isab* Not with fond shekels of the tested  
 gold,

O! stones whose rate is either rich or poor  
 As fancy values them, but with true prayers,  
 That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
 To the sun rise prayers from preserved souls,  
 From fasting minds whose minds are dedicate  
 To nothing temporal

### The Power of virtuous Beauty

*Isab* Save your honour! [Exit Isab

*Ang* I from thee, even from thy virtue!—  
 What's this? What's this? Is this her fault  
 or mine? [Isab]

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?  
 Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,  
 That, lying by the violet, in the sun,  
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,  
 That modesty may more betray our sense  
 Than woman's slightness? Having waste ground  
 Shall we do more to rectify the motley, [enough,  
 And pitch our evils there? Oh, she, she, she,  
 What dost thou or what art thou, Angelo?  
 Dost thou desire her foully for these things  
 That make her good? Oh, let her brother live  
 These for their robbery have authority,  
 When judges steal themselves. What do I  
 That I desire to hear her name? I dream  
 And let it upon her name. What is it? I dream  
 Of cunning enmity, that's to be feared, [on  
 With saints dost thou thy book? Is not danger-  
 ous

Is that temptation, which good us on  
 'To sin in loving virtue? we're could this  
 strumpet,

With all her double vigor, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite ———

### Love in a grave severs Governor

When I would pry and think, I think and  
 pry [words

To several subjects Heaven bath my empty  
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
 Anchors on Isabel Heaven's in my mouth,  
 As if I did but only chew his name;  
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
 Of my conception the state whereon I studied,  
 Is like a good thing, being often read,  
 Grown fearful and tedious, yea, my gravity,  
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,  
 Could I with best exchange for an idle plume  
 Which the air beats for vain. O place! O  
 form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
 Wrunch with from fools, and tie the wretched souls  
 To thy filthy security! Blood, thou still art  
 blood!

I let a worse good angel on the devil's horn,—  
 Is not the devil's crest.

### A mule on the Presence of the beloved Object

——O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
 Making both it unable for itself,  
 And disposing all my other parts  
 Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that  
 sways;

Come all to help him, and thus stop the an  
 By which he should revive and even so  
 The general subject to a well-wish'd king,  
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-  
 ness [love

Crowd to his presence where their untought  
 Must needs appear offence

### Heroic Female Virtue

*Ang* Admit no other way to save his life  
 (As I subscribe not that or any other,  
 But in the less of question), that you his sister,  
 Finding yourself dear'd of such a person,  
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
 price,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
 Of the all-binding law, and that there were  
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
 You must lay down the treasures of your body,  
 To this supposed or else to let him suffer,  
 What would you do? [self

*Isab* As much for my poor brother as my-  
 That is, were I under the terms of death,  
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
 ribes,

And strip myself to death as to a bed  
 That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd  
 My body up to shame [yield

*Ang* Then must your brother die

*Isab* And 'twere the cheaper way  
 Better it were a brother did at once,  
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him  
 Should die for ever

*Ang* Were not you then as cruel as the  
 I hit you have slander'd so? [sentence

*Isab* An ignominious ransom, and free  
pardon,  
Are of two houses, lawful mercy sure,  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption

### Hope

The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope

### Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life

Be absolute for death, either death or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter, Reason thus  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [with life  
That none but fools would keep, a breath thou  
Servest to all the skiey influences, [trt,  
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st  
Hourly afflict merely, thou art death's fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun  
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still Thou art  
not noble,

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
Are nurs'd by baseness, thou art by no means  
valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
Of a poor worm Thy best of rest is sleep,  
And that thou oft provok'st yet grossly fear'st  
Thy death, which is no more Thou art not  
thyself,

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,  
That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,  
And what thou hast, forgett'st Thou art not  
certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,  
For, like an usurer, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee I intend thou hast  
none,

For thine own bowels which do call thee woe  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
For ending thee no sooner Thou hast nor  
youth nor age,

But as it were an after dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the slum  
Of palmed eld, and when thou art old and  
rich, [beauty

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor  
To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in  
this,

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
I've had more thousand deaths, yet death we  
That makes these odds all even. [fear,

### The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension

*Claud* Is there no remedy? [head,

*Isab* None but such remedy as, to save a  
Would cleave a heart in twain.

*The'gud* But is there any?

Because we  
We tread I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I  
You may see

For I have fervent life shouldst entertain,  
When I that ven wintere more respect

Than a perpetual honor Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension,  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies

### Resolution from a Sense of Honor

*Claud* Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in my arms! [father's grave

*Isab* There spike my brother, there my  
Did utter forth a voice

### A sanctified Hypocrite

*Isab* Yes, thou must die  
I thou art too noble to conserve a life [puty  
In base appearances I his outward saith I do  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth in the' herd, and follows death emm'd  
As filon doth the fowl is yet a devil,  
His filth within being cast, he would appe  
A pond as deep as hell

*Claud* The princely Angelo?

*Isab* O 'tis the cunning livery of hell,  
The damndest body to invest and cover  
In princely guards!

### The Terrors of Death.

*Isab* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin

*Claud* Ah, Isabel!

*Isab* What says my brother?

*Claud* — Death's a fearful thing

*Isab* And shamed life a hateful [where,

*Claud* Ah but to die, and go we know not  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the dighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendur'd world, or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!  
The worst and most kindred worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, as a paradise  
To what we fear of death

### Concededly, Death reproached

*Isab* O, thou art a coward! O dishonest  
wretch!

Wilt thou be a coward, and of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of meanness, to take life [I think?  
From thine own sister's side? What should  
Heaven grant, thy brother play'd my father  
fear!

For such a warped slip of wilderness [unce-  
Ne'er issued from his blood—Take my death  
Die perish! might but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—  
Oh he die so!  
Thy sin is not accidental, but a trade,  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd,  
I woe best thou diest quickly!

*A beautiful Song*

Take O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the main  
Put my kisses bring again,  
Scars of love but seal'd in vain  
Hide O hide those hills of snow,  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of this date April wears,  
But my poor heart set free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

*Execution finely expressed*

By eight to-morrow  
Thou shalt be made immortal!

*Sound Sleep.*

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labor  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones

*Character of an Arch Hypocrite*

O I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st  
There is another comfort than this world  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness make not  
Impossible  
That which but seems unlike 'tis not impos-  
sible the wickedest cut-throat on the ground  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo, even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
Be an arch villain—trust me royal prince,  
If he be less, he's nothing but he's more,  
Had I more names for badness

*Respect due to Place*

Respect to your great place—and let the  
devil  
Be sometimes honor'd for his burning throne

*Impossibility of Intercession*

Against all sense you do importune her.  
Should she kneel down in intercession for this fiend,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror!

*Reformed Man admonishes his*

They say best men are perfect out of  
faults!  
And for the most, become more the  
For being a little less; so says his husband

§ 6 THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SHAKESPEARE

*Natural Presentation of Evil finely pointed  
out, with a Contrast of a cheerful and  
melancholy Man*

Ant In sooth, I know not why I am so sad,  
It wearies me. you say, it wearies you

But how I caught it found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn

And such a want wit sadness makes of me  
That I have much ado to know myself

Salat Your mind is tossing on the ocean,  
There where your argones with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or as it were the pigeants of the sea,—  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtesy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings

Salat Believe me, Sir, had I such ven-  
The better part of my affections would [tures,  
Be with my hapless abroad I should be still  
forth,

Plucking the grass, to know where sits the  
wind  
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and  
roads

And every object, that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad

Salat My wind, cooling my bath,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do it was  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous  
rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream  
I probe the roaring waters with my snail's  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the  
thought

To think of this? and shall I have the thought  
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me  
But toll not me, I know Antonio [sad?  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise

Ant Believe me, no I thank my fortune  
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
Nor to one price, nor in my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year  
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad

Sal Why then you are in love

Ant Fie, fie

Sal Not in love neither! Then let us say  
you are sad,

Because you are not merry and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are  
merry, [Isanus,

Because you are not sad Now by two headed  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her  
time [eyes,

Some that will evermore peep through their  
And laugh like parrots at a big piper  
And others of such vinegar aspect, [smile,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable

*Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted*

I let me play the fool [come,  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
And let my liver rather beat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans  
Why should a man whose blood is warm within  
Sit like his grand-ire out in alabaster? [32,  
Sleep when he wakes, and sleep into the  
jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks  
There are a sort men, whose viages  
Do creem and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stiffness entertain,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark  
O my Antonio I do know of those,  
'Tis therefore only we reputed wise,  
For saying nothing, who I am very sure,  
If they should speak would almost drown  
those ears,  
Which hearing them, would call their bro-  
thers fools

I'll tell thee more of this another time  
But not with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion

*Glorious and disinterested Friendship*

Ant I pry you, good Bassanio, let me know  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do, [31  
Within the eye of honor be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions

Bass In my school days when I had lost  
one shirt,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
He self-same way with more advised watch  
To find the other, and by adventuring both  
I oft found both; I urge this childhood proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence  
I owe you much; and, like a wifful youth  
That which I owe is lost but if you please  
To shoot another arrow that self way  
Which you did shoot the first I do not doubt—  
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,  
Or bring your litter hither back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first

Ant You know me well, and here I spend  
but time,  
To wind about my love with circumstance,  
And, out of doubt, you do me now more  
In making question of my uttermost, [wrong,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have  
Then do but say to me what I should do,  
That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
And I am prest unto it therefore, speak

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at  
Neither have I money, nor commodity [32,  
To raise a present sum therefore go forth,  
Till I have my credit can in Venice do,  
I'll be rack'd even to the uttermost,  
To turn me to Belmont, to fall, to partia.

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is, and I no question make  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake

*A Jew's Malice*

Bass This is signior Antonio  
Shyl How like a fawning publican he  
looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian [aside  
But more for that, in low simplicity  
He lendeth out money gratis and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice  
If I can catch him once upon the hip  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him  
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails  
Even there, where merchants must do conge-  
gate,  
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift  
Which he calls interest (used he may tribute  
If I forgive him)

*A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy*

Shyl When Jacob graz'd his uncle Lota's  
sheep,

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)  
The third possessor, ay, he was the third  
Ant And what of him? did he take inter-  
est? [would say

Shyl No, not take interest, not is you  
Directly interest, mark what Jacob did  
When I abin and himself were compramis'd  
That all the caulings, which were stit d and  
py'd, [think

Should fall as Jacob's hire—the ewes bear  
In end of autumn turned to the rams  
And when the work of generation was  
Between those woolly breeders in the act  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wand,  
And in the doing of the deed of kind,  
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,  
Who then conceiving, did in earning time  
Fall partly-colour'd lambs, and these were  
Jacob's

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest,  
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not

Ant This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob  
serv'd for,

A thing not in his power to bring to pass  
But sways'd and found by the hand of Heav'n  
Was this intended to make a true good? [even  
Or is your god, and ever-cure and rams?

Shyl I cannot tell, I make it breed as  
But note my uncle's name [Ant

Ant Your uncle's name is Leah  
The devil and she conceived for his purpose  
An evil soul, producing many witness  
Is like a raven with a small croak,  
A goodly shrike, rotten at the heart  
O, what a goodly shrike is Leah's birth!

*The Jew's Magnanimity*

Signior Antonio many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me  
About my monies and my usances,

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
 I sufferance is the badge of all our tribe  
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,  
 And all for use of that which is my own.  
 Well then it now appears you need my  
 help—

Go to thou,—you come to me, and you say,  
 "Shylock we would have monies;" you say so,  
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger's cur  
 Over your threshold—"Monies is your bit—"  
 What should I say to you?—Should I not say,  
 "Hath a dog money?—Is it possible  
 A man should send three thousand ducats?—or  
 Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key,  
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness  
 Say this: 'I am sure you spit on me, and curse  
 me much today, another time  
 you will call me dog, and for these courtesies  
 I will lend you thus much monies?'"

#### *An Apology for a black Complexion*

Mislike me not for my complexion  
 The shadow'd liver of the burnish'd sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbor, and ne'er bred  
 Print me the fairest creature northern born  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles  
 And let us make incision for your love  
 To prove whose blood is acidest, his or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the virtuous, by my love I swear  
 The best regarded virgins of our clime  
 Have lov'd it too: I would not change this  
 hue  
 I except to steal your thoughts, my gentle  
 Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune

#### *—Lead me to the caskets.*

To try my fortune. By this scymitar,  
 That slew the sophy and a Persian prince,  
 That won three holds of Sulika Solymán,  
 I would on creature the sternest eyes that look,  
 Out brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cube from the she-  
 bear,

Yes, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
 To win thee, lady. But stay the while!  
 If Hercules and Leda is play to dice,  
 Which is the better man? the greater throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.  
 So as Alcides beaten by his wife,  
 And so may I stand fortune's laughing foe,  
 Mischance that which one would not chuse to lose,  
 And die with grief.

#### *Grassano's speech.*

**Bass.**—Thou art too wild, too rude, and full of voice;  
 Parts that become thee ill, and only enough,  
 And in such eyes as mine are set, seem faults  
 But where thou art not known, why there  
 they show.  
 Something too liberal, pray thee take pain  
 To ally with some cold drops of modesty

Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild  
 behaviour,

I be misconstrued in the place I go to,  
 And lose my hope.

**Gira**——**Junior Bassanio** hear me  
 If I do not put on a sober habit,  
 Talk with respect, and wear but now and  
 Wear travel books in my pocket, look de-  
 meanly,  
 Nay more while grace is saying hood mine  
 Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen,  
 Use all the observance of civility,  
 I'll come well studied in sad content,  
 To please his grandam—never trust me more

#### *The Jew's Commands to his Daughter*

Hear you me, Jessica. I am,  
 I lack my doors, and when you hear the  
 And the vile quaking of the wretched life,  
 Clamber you not up to the cements, then  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd  
 faces  
 But stop my house's ears—I mean my cover-  
 Let not the sound of shallow topplers enter  
 My sober house

#### *Instruction more languid than Expectation*

O, ten times faster Venus plucks us fly  
 To seal love's bonds new made than they are  
 To keep obliged faith unforfeited  
 —Who riseth from a feast  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
 What is the horse that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures with the unhited fire  
 That he did pace them to? All things that  
 Are with more spirit chid than enjoy'd are,  
 How like a yunker or a prodigal  
 The scar'd brack puts from her native bay  
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
 How like a prodigal doth she return,  
 With over weather'd ribs, and ragged sails  
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet  
 wind!

#### *The Parting of Friends*

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part  
 Bassanio told him, he would make some speed  
 Of his return, he answer'd, "Do not so,  
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very ripening of the time  
 And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
 I let it not enter in your mind of love  
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love  
 As shall conveniently become you there"  
 And even there his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio's hand and so they parted

#### *False Judgment of the Many*

Fortune now,  
 To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base  
 lead,  
 "Whate'er it is, my hope is, and hazard all

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard  
What sits the golden chest? ha! let me

“Who chooseth me, shall gain what many  
men desire” [meant  
What many men desire!—That many may be  
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach [martlet,

Which prides not to the interior, but, like the  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty  
I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes

#### *Honor ought to be conferred on Merit only*

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure  
house,  
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear  
‘Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he  
deserves’

And will end too, for who shall go about  
To <sup>to</sup> fortune and be honorable [sume  
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-  
To wear in undeserved dignity  
O that estates, degrees, and offices [honor  
Were not deriv’d corruptly! and that clear  
Were purchas’d by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare!  
How many be command’d, that command!  
How much low peasantry would then be  
gloried [honor  
From the true seed of honor! and how much  
Pick’d from the chaff and run of the times  
To be new varnish’d!

#### *Love’s Messenger compared to an April Day*

I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love,  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand  
As this love-spurter comes before his lord

#### *Musick*

Let music sound, while he doth make his  
chance!  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swain like end,  
Fading in music—That the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the  
stream

And with death bed for him he may win,  
And what is music then? Then music is,  
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow  
To a new crown’d monarch such it is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,  
That creep into the dreaming bedchamber  
And summon him to marriage. [ear,  
—Now he goes

With no less presence, but with much more  
love,

Then young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea monster I stand for sacrifice,  
The rest aloof are the Dardanians wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of the exploit.

#### *A Song On Fancy*

I  
Tell me, where is fancy bred  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?

#### *Reply*

II  
It is engender’d in the eyes,  
With gazing fed and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies  
Let us all ring fancy’s knell  
I’ll begin it,—Ding dong, bell

#### *The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances*

So may the outward shows to <sup>to</sup>ast them  
selves

The world is still deceiv’d with ornament  
In law what pleases taints and corrupt,  
But being season’d with a virtuous voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion  
What damned error but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament!  
I hear is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as  
false  
As stars of sand we set upon their chins  
The bards of Hercules and Ilium’s Mar,  
Who inward search’d have livers white as  
milk!

And these assume but valour’s excrement  
To render them redoubt’d I look on beauty  
And you shall see tis purchas’d by the weight,  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks  
Which make such wanton gambols with the  
Upon supposed fairness often known [wind  
To be the dowry of a second head  
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre  
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore  
In a most dangerous sea, the beautiful scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word [on  
The seeming truth which cunning times put  
To’ entrapp the wisest—Therefore thou gaudy  
gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common  
drudge, [lead,  
Tween man and man, but thou, thou magro  
Which rather threaten’st than dost promise  
aught,  
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here shame I; joy be the consequence

#### *Pastor’s Pasture*

What and where?  
Fair Fortuna’s counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, [eyes?  
Seem they in motion? Here are several hips

Poised with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sun in such sweet friends. Here in  
her hours

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
Ister than gnats in cobwebs but her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? Having made  
one [his,  
He thinks it should have power to steal both  
And leave itself unfurnished

#### *An amiable Bride*

*Portia* Though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious, in my wish,  
To wish myself much better yet for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself,  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
times more rich,

That of you to find high in your account,  
I might in virtues beauties livings, friends,  
I loved a count but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing, which to turn in gross  
Is unlesso'd and unschoold, unpractic'd  
Happy in this she is not yet so old  
But she may learn, happier than this in that  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn,  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be direct,  
As from her lord, her governor her king

*Isabella* Thoughts compared to the unarticulate  
Joys of a Crowd

*Bass* Madam you have bereft me of all  
words,  
Only my blood speak to you in my veins  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleasured multitude,  
Where every something, being blent together  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy  
I spre it and not expect

#### *Valuable Friend.*

*Por* Is it your dear friend that is thus in  
trouble? [man

*Bass* The dearest end to me, the kindest  
The best condition'd and unwarried spirit  
In doing courtesies and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honor more appears  
Than any that draws breath in Italy

*Por* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por* What, no more?

*Por* Him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Should lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault

#### *Implacable Revenge.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee  
speak,  
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no  
more  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool  
For vi Nos 83 & 84

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors

#### *Gentle Friendship*

*Lon.* Madam although I speak it in your  
presence

You have a noble and a true conceit [ly  
Of godlike unity which appears most strong-  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord  
But, if you knew to whom you show this  
honor,

How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work  
Than customary bounty can enforce you

*Por* I never did repent for doing good  
Nor shall not now for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Who could do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments of manners and of spirit  
Which makes me think that this Antonio  
Being the bosom lover of my lord  
Must needs be like my lord, if it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
To run out the state of foolish cruelty!  
His comes too near the pinning of myself  
I therefore no more of it

#### *A pert, bragging Youth*

I'll hold thee my wager,

When we are both accounted like young men  
I'll prove the better fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with a braver grace,  
And speak between the change of man and  
boy, [steps  
With a need voice and turn two mincing  
Into a manly stride, and speak of toys  
Like a true bragging youth and tell quaint  
lies

How honorable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,  
I could not do with all, then I'll repent  
And wish, for all that that I had not killed  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell [can  
That men shall swear I've discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth I have within my  
mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks  
Which I will practice

#### *The Jew's Reason for his Revenge*

*Shyl* I have possess'd your grace of what  
I purpose;

And by our holy sabbath have I sworn  
To have the due and forfeit of my bond  
If you deny it, let the danger light  
Upon your charter and your city's freedom  
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats I'll not answer that,  
But, say, it is my humor Is it answered?  
What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
c



To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;  
Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;  
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot contain their urine for affection :  
Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;  
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame  
As to offend, himself being offended ;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loath-  
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus [ing  
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

#### *Unfeeling Revenge.*

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
You may as well use questions with the wolf.  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of hea-  
You may as well do any thing must hard, [ven !  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
His Jewish heart. [harder ?)

#### *Retaliation.*

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy,  
rend'ring none !

*Shyl.* What judgment shall I dread, doing  
no wrong ?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs and  
You use in abject and in slavish parts, [nules,  
Because you bought them : shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ;  
Why sweat they under burthens ! let their  
beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands : you will an-  
swer,

The slaves are yours. So do I answer you :  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :  
If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
'There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
I stand for judgment ; answer : shall I have it ?

#### *Mercy.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis nightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :  
But mercy is above the sceptred sway .  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings :  
It is an attribute to God himself ; [God's,  
And earthly power doth then show likest  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to  
The deeds of mercy. [render

#### *Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tender- ness.*

*Ant.* I am arm'd and well prepar'd—  
(Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom.—It is still her use  
'To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty ; from which lung'ring pe-  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off. [nauce  
Commend me to your honorable wife :  
'Tell her the process of Antonio's end !  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judg'd .  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

#### *Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine Music.*

*Lor.* The moon shines bright : in such a  
night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise ; in such a night,  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,  
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid' lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew ;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran away dismay'd.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wail'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew ;  
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* And in such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well ;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this  
bank !

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica ; look, how the floor of heav'n  
Is thick inlaid with pines of bright gold ;  
There 's not the smallest orb which thou be-  
hest in his motion like an angel sings, [hold'st,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—  
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn ;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'  
And draw her home with music. [ear,

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet  
music.

Lar. The reason is, your spirits are atten-  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, [live :  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing  
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand.  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet pow'r of music. Therefore the  
poet [floods ;

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
'The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
'The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.

*A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the  
Effects of Time, Circumstances, &c.*

Por. How far that little candle throws his  
beams !

o shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone we did not see  
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the  
A substitute shines brightly as a king, [less :  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

Ag. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without re-  
spect ;

methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it.  
inadam. [lark

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the  
When neither is attended ; and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection !  
Peace, ho ! the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd !

### *Moon-light Night.*

This night methinks, is but the day-light  
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day, [sick ;  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

### *Elegant Compliment.*

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

### § 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better  
their Fortunes by rich Wives.*

He doth object, I am too great of birth ;  
And that, my state being gall'd with my ex-  
I seek to heal it only by his wealth : [pense,  
Beside these, other bars he lays before me—  
My riots past my wild societies ;  
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible  
I should love thee but as a property.

*A valuable Woman loved for her own sake.*

— wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in scaled bags—  
And 'tis the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

### *An Apparition.*

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that  
Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd  
horns ; [cattle ;  
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the  
And makes much-kine yield blood, and shakes  
a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner :  
You've heard of such a spirit ; and well you  
The superstitious idle-headed old [know,  
Received, and did deliver to our age,  
This tale of Herne the Hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that  
do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak :  
But what of this ?

### *Fairies : their office.*

Search Windsor castle, elves, within and  
out : [room ;

Strew good luck, o'phes, on every sacred  
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit ;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.  
The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower :  
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest !

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see ;

And, *Noni soit qui mal y pense*, write, [white ;  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and  
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knight hood's bending  
Fairies use flowers for their charactery. [knee]

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  
SHAKESPEARE.

*Tediousness of Expectation.*

*Thes.* How slow  
This old moon wanes ! she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*The Witchcraft of Love.*

My gracious duke,  
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child.  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her  
rhymes,  
And interchange'd love tokens with my child :  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,  
Knacks, trifles, nosegrays, sweetmeats, mes-  
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth :  
With cunning hath thou filch'd my daughter's  
heart :  
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness.

*A Father's Authority.*

To you your father should be as a god :  
One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one  
To whom you are but as a form in wax  
By him unprinted ; and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

*Nun.*

*Thes.* Therefore, fair Hermia, question  
your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood.  
Whether, (if you yield not to your father's  
You can endure the livery of a nun ; [choice]  
For aye to be in a shady cloister mew'd ;  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless  
moon.

Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,  
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage !  
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin  
thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Her.* So will I grow, so live, so die, my  
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up [lord,  
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke  
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

*True Love ever crossed.*

*Lys.* Ah me ! for aught that ever I could  
Could ever hear by tale or history, [read,  
The course of true love never did run smooth ;  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgrated in respect of years ;  
Or else if stood upon the choice of friends :  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,

War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it ;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and  
earth :

And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold !  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :

So quick bright things come to confusion !

*Her.* Then let us teach our trial patience,  
Because it is a customary cross, [sighs,  
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and  
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*Assignment.*

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,  
By his best arrow with the golden head,  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves, [loves ;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers  
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage  
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen ;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke ;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rivet.*

*Hel.* Call you me fair ! That fair again  
unsay :  
Demetrius loves you, fair ; O happy fair !  
Your eyes are, lode-stars, and your tongue  
sweet air  
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds  
appear.

Sickness is catching : O, were favor so !  
Yours I would catch, fair Hermia, ere I go :  
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your  
eye ; [melody.  
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet  
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,  
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.  
O teach me how you look ! and with what art  
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*Moon.*

When Phæbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the watery glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

*Love.*

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
Love can transpoze to form and dignity :  
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the  
mind,  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind ;  
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste :  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste ;  
And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd :  
As waggish boys in games themselves forswear ;  
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

*Cowslips, and Fairy Employment.*

The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;  
In their gold coats spots you see ;

Those be rubies, fairy favors ;  
In those freckles live their saviors ;  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

*Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.*

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal ;  
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;  
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,  
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale ;  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot-stool mistaketh me ;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,  
And niles or cries, and falls into a cough ;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and  
loffe ; [swear  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and  
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

*Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.*

These are the forgeries of jealousy ;  
And never, since the middle summer's spring,  
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,  
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,  
Or on the beached margin of the sea,  
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind.  
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our  
sport :  
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,  
Have every pelling river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents.  
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat : and the green  
corn  
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard ;  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fattened with the murrain stock ;  
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.  
The human mortals want their winter here ;  
No night is now with hymn or carol blest ;  
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound.  
And thorough this distemperance, we see  
The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts  
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;  
And on old Hymen's chin, and icy crown,  
An adulterous chaplet of sweet summer-buds  
Is, as in mock'ry, set : the spring, the summer,  
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world  
By their increase now knows not which is  
which.

*Love in Idleness.*

Thou remember'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,

And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres  
To hear the sea-maid's music.  
That very time I saw (but thou couldst not  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid, all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;  
And loos'd his love-shaft snarltly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on, [moon ;  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flow'r, [wound,  
Before milk-white ; now purpled with love's  
And maidens call it, " Love in Idleness."

*A Fairy Bank.*

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme  
blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine ;  
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,  
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

*Fairy Courtesies.*

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman :  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;  
Feed him with apricots and dewberries ;  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes ;  
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes ;  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.*

I go, I go, look how I go :  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

*Female Friendship.*

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,  
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us : O ! and is all forgot ?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood innu-  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, [cence !  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,  
Had been incorporate ; so we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition :  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;  
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart :  
Two of the first like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :  
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it ;  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

#### *Day-break.*

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger ;  
At whose approach, ghosts wandering here  
Troop home to church-yards. [and there,

#### *Embracing.*

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-  
Gently entwine—the female ivy so [suckle  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

#### *Dew in Flowers.*

That same dew, which sometime on the  
buds [pearls.  
Was wont to swell like round and orient  
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes  
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

#### *Hunting and Hounds.*

*Thes.* We will, fair queen, up to the moun-  
And mark the musical confusion [tain's top.  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar  
With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding. For, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry ; I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*Thes.* My hounds are bred out of the Spar-  
tan kind,  
So flow'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian  
bulls, [bells,  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

#### *Fairy Motion.*

Then, my queen, in silence sad  
Trip we after the night's shade :  
We the globe can compass soon  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

#### *Confused Remembrance.*

These things seem small and undistinguish-  
able,  
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

#### *The Power of Imagination.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact :  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;  
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
And to imagination bodied forth [to heav'n,

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy no-  
A local habitation and a name. [thing

#### *Night.*

Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon ;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fore-done.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his spright  
In the church-yard paths to glide.  
And we fairies that do run,  
By the triple Hecat's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic ; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

#### § 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### *Peace inspires Love.*

BUT now I am return'd, and that war  
thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

#### *Merit always modest.*

It is the witness still of excellency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

#### *A Song.*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever ;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny nonny.

#### *Favorites compared to Honey-suckles. &c.*

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun  
Forbid the sun to enter ; like favorites  
Made proud by princes, that advance their  
Against that power that bred it. [pride

#### *Angling, &c.*

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait :  
So angle we for Beatrice.

#### *A scornful and satirical Beauty.*

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.  
 Desdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Misprising what they look on : and her wit  
 Values itself so highly, that to her  
 All matter else seems weak ; she cannot love,  
 Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,  
 She is so self-endear'd.

I never yet saw man, [tur'd,  
 How wise, how noble, young, how rarely fea-  
 But she would spell him backward ; if fair  
 fac'd, [sister,  
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her  
 If black, why Nature drawing of an antic,  
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a lance ill-headed ;  
 If low, an agate very vilely cut ; [winds ;  
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all  
 If silent, why, a block, moved with none.  
 So turns she every man the wrong side out :  
 And never gives to truth and virtue that  
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

#### *Disimulation.*

O, what authority and show of truth  
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal !  
 Comes not that blood as modest evidence  
 To witness simple virtue ? Would you not  
 swear,  
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
 By these exterior shows ? But she is none :  
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed ;  
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

#### *Female Seeming.*

I never tempted her with word too large ;  
 But as a brother to a sister show'd  
 Bashful sincerity and comely love.

*Her.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you ?

*Clau.* Out on thy seeming ! I will write  
 against it :  
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb ;  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown :  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood  
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
 That rage in savage sensuality.

#### *A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.*

Do not live, Hero ; do not open thine eyes ;  
 For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
 I thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy  
 shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
 Strike at thy life.—Grieved I, I had but one ?  
 Child I for that at fatal nature's frame ?  
 O one too much by thee : why had I one ?  
 Why ever hast thou lov'd in my eyes ?  
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates ?  
 Who secured thus, and mix'd with infancy,  
 I might have said, " No part of it is mine ;  
 This shame derives itself from unknown  
 loins."

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I  
 And mine that I was proud on, mine so much  
 That I myself was to myself not mine.

Valuing of her ; why she—O she is fallen  
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea  
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again !  
 And salt too little, which may season give  
 To her foul tainted flesh !

#### *Innocence discovered by Countenance.*

I have mark'd  
 A thousand blushing apparitions  
 To start into her face ; a thousand innocent  
 shames,  
 In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes ;  
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire  
 To burn the errors that these princes hold  
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;  
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
 The tenor of my book ; trust not my age,  
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity.  
 If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
 Under some biting error.

#### *Resolution.*

I know not : if they speak but truth of her,  
 These hands shall tear her : if they wrong her  
 honor,  
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
 Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine.  
 Nor age so eat up my invention,  
 Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
 Nor my bad life left me so much of friends,  
 But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
 To quit me of them thoroughly.

#### *The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.*

This, well carried, shall, on her behalf  
 Change slander to remorse ; that is some good :  
 But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
 But on this travail look for greater birth.  
 She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
 Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
 Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd  
 Of every hearer. For it so falls out,  
 That what we have, we prize not to the worth  
 While we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we rack the value ; then we find  
 The virtue that possession would not show us  
 While it was ours. So will it fare with Clau-  
 dio :

When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
 Into his study of imagination ;  
 And every lovely organ of her life  
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
 More moving, delicate, and full of life  
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
 Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he  
 (If ever love had interest in his liver) [mourn  
 And wish he had not so accus'd her ;  
 No, though he thought his accusation true.  
 Let this be said, and doubt not but goodness  
 Will fashion the event in better shape.

Than I can lay it down in likelihood  
 But if all true but this be Jewell'd false,  
 The supposition of the lady's death  
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy,  
 And it is not well you may conceal her  
 (As best) 'till her wounded reputation  
 In her exclusive and religious life,  
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries  
*I con* Being that this  
 I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me

#### *Counsel of no Weight in Misery*

I pray thee, cease my counsel,  
 Which falls into my ears as profitless  
 As water in a sieve—give not me counsel,  
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear  
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child  
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
 And bid him speak of patience [mine  
 Measure his love the length and breadth of  
 And let it answer every strain for strain,  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In every lineament branch shape, and form  
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,  
 In sorrow wig, cry hem! when he should  
 grom, [drunk

Pitch grief with proverbs, make misfortune  
 With candle waters bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience  
 But there is no such man, for, brother, men  
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief  
 Which they themselves not feel, but tasting it,  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptual need to rage,  
 I tetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
 Charm rich with air and irony with words  
 No no, tis all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow,  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral when he shall endure [soul,  
 The like himself—therefore give me no coun  
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement

*And* Therein do men from children no  
 thing differ [blood

*I con* I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and  
 for there was never yet philosopher  
 That could endure the tooth of patiently,  
 However they have writ the style of gods,  
 And made a push at change and sufferance

#### *An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal*

Tush, tush, man! never fear and jest at me;  
 I speak not like a dotard nor a fool;  
 As under privilege of age, to brag (would do,  
 What I have done, being young, or what  
 Were I not old. Know Claudio, to thy beard,  
 Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and  
 That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by, [me,  
 And with gray hairs, and brows of many days,  
 To challenge thee to trial of a man,  
 I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;  
 Thy slander hath gone through and through  
 her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors  
 O' in a tomb where never scandal slept  
 Save this of hers—framed by thy villainy

#### *Villain to be noted*

Which is the villain—let me see his eye,  
 That when I note another man like him  
 I may avoid him

#### *Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander*

Done to death by slanderous tongues  
 Was the Hero that here lies  
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
 Gives her fame which never dies!  
 So the life that died with shame  
 Lives in death with glorious fame!

#### *Day break*

The wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle  
 day,  
 Before the wheels of Phoebus round about  
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of light

#### § 10 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW SHUTE-SHUT

##### *Hounds*

The hounds shall make the welkin answer  
 them,  
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth

##### *Painting*

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee  
 Adams, painted by a running brook, [strain'd  
 And Cytherea hid in sedges hid [breast  
 Which seem to move and wanton with her  
 Frown as the waving sedges play with wind

##### *The Uses of Travel and Study*

*Luc.* Tranio, since—for the great desire I  
 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts— [hardy  
 I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,  
 The pleasant garden of great Italy,  
 And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd  
 With his good will, and thy good company,  
 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all  
 Here let us breathe and happily institute  
 A course of learning and ingenious studies  
 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
 Gave me my being, and my father first  
 A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,  
 Vincentio, some of the Bentivoli  
 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,  
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,  
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deed  
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study  
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
 Will I apply, that treats of happiness  
 By virtue specially to be achiev'd  
 Tell me thy mind—for I have Pisa left  
 And do to Padua come; as he that leaves  
 A shallow plough, to plough him in the deep,  
 And with anxiety seeks to quench his thirst  
*Tranio.* My pardonate, gentle master mine  
 I am in all affected as yourself,  
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

[To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy  
Only good master while we do admire  
Thy virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks. I pray,  
On such vote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be in out of quite absurd  
I'll logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practice rhetoric in your common talk.  
Music and poesy use to quicken you,  
The mathematics, and the metaphysics, [you  
I'll to them as you find your stomach serves.  
No profit grows where is no pleasure taken.—  
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.]

### Travel

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the  
world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home  
Where small experience grows

### Woman's Tongue.

'Think you a little dog can daunt my ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with  
wind  
Rave like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordinance in the field?  
And heard the terrible thunder in the sky?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard [the  
loud alarms, neighing steeds, and trumpets  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue  
That gives not half so great a blow to him  
As will a chesnut in a fumer's fire?

### Beauty

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as  
clear  
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew

### Description of a mad Wedding

When the priest  
Did ask if Kitharine should be his wife, [loud  
As by guys woons," quoth he, and swore so  
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mid-brain'd bridegroom took him such a  
cuff" [and priest,  
That down fell priest and book, and book  
Now take them up," quoth he, 'if any list  
Then What said the wench when he rose  
up again? [stamp'd and swore,  
Grem Trembled and shook for why, he  
As if the vicar meant to ~~aven~~ him.  
But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine— [aboard,  
A health" quoth he, as if he had been  
coming to his mate after a storm.  
Quaff'd off the muscadell, and threw the sops  
All in the sexton's face; having so other  
sops,  
But that his beard grew thin and hungry,  
And seem'd to ask for sops as he was drinking.  
This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous  
smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo

### Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress

Hub Here is the cap your worship did  
bestow  
Pet Why this was moulded on a porringer  
A velvet dish—'twas fit to sit in lead and filth  
Why, tis a cockle or a walnut shell,  
A knuck, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap,  
Away with it come let me have a bigger  
Kath I'll have no bigger, thus doth it the  
time,  
And gentle women wear such caps as these  
Pet When you are gentle, you shall have  
And not till then [one too,  
Hor That will not be in his time [speak,  
Kath Why Sir, I trust, I may have leave to  
And speak I will, I am no child in this,  
You better have endur'd me say my mind,  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ear  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break  
And rather than it shall I will be free,  
I vent to the uttermost, as I please in words  
Pet Why thou sayst true it is filthy  
A custard coffin, a bubble, a silken petticoat,  
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not  
Kath Love me or love me not I like thee  
And it I will have or I will have none [speak,  
Pet Thy gown? why, thy come tude,  
let us see't  
O, merciful God! what masking stuff is here!  
What's this? a sleeve! 'tis like a damask can-  
non  
What! up and down, curv'd like an apple tart?  
Here's a snip and nip and cut, and slash and  
like to a censor in a barber's shop [slish,  
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor call'st  
thou this? [not gown  
Hor I see, she's like to have neither cap  
Tut You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time  
Pet Marry, and did, but if you be remem-  
ber'd did not bid you make it to the time [bid,  
Go hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom Sir  
I'll none of it hence! make you best of it  
Kath I never saw a better fashioned gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, more commend-  
able  
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me  
The Mind alone valuable  
Pet Well, come my Kate, we will unto  
your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habillments,  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich  
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,  
So honor peereth in the meanest habit  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.



*A lovely Woman.*

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,  
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful  
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth :

—Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman—

*Kath.* Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystal-  
line,

Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird,  
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,  
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning  
beams,

And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks ;  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Unhabitable as the burning zone,  
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

*The Wife's Duty to her Husband.*

Fie ! fie ! unknit that threat'ning, inked  
brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor ;  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair  
And in no sense is meet or amiable. [buds,

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-scumming, thick, bereft of beauty,  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for  
thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labor both by sea and land ;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou liest warm at home, secure and  
safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,  
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband :  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will  
What is she but a foul contending rebel  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?  
I am asham'd that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, [peace ;  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts ?  
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great ; my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for  
frown :

But now I see our lances are but straws ;  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-  
pare. [least are.

That ~~to be~~ to be most, which we indeed

Then veil your stomachs, for it is no boot ;  
And place your hands beneath your husband's  
In token of which duty, if he please, [Kot :  
My hand is ready—may it do him ease !

## § 11. THE TEMPEST. SHAKESPEARE.

*Miranda and Prospero.*

*Mir.* O I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer ! A brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt, some noble creatures in  
her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock  
Against my very heart ! Poor souls ! they pe-  
Hav'd I been any god of power, I would [rish'd.  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
The freighting souls within her.

*Pros.* Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort ;  
The direful spectacle of the wreck which  
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—  
No, not so much perdition as an hair,  
Betid to any creature in the vessel [sink.  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st

*Caliban's Curses.*

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er !

I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou  
camest first, [wouldst give me  
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me :  
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd  
thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and  
fertile ;  
Curs'd be I, that I did so ! all the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Who first was mine own king : and here you  
sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
Th' rest of th' island.

*Music.*

Where should this music be ? in air or  
earth ?

It sounds no more : and sure it waits upon  
Some god of th' island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters ;  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air.

*Ariel's Song.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange  
 Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell  
 Hark! now I hear them—ding dong bell

*Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first view  
 of Ferdinand*

*Pros* This gallant which thou seest,  
 Was in the wreck and, but he's something  
 stand [might'st call him  
 With grief, that's beauty's cranker, thou  
 A goodly person—

*Mir* I might call him  
 A thing divine for nothing natural  
 I ever saw so noble

*Fer* Most sure, the goddess  
 On whom these airs attend!

*Mir* There's nothing ill can dwell in such  
 If the ill spirit have so fair a house [a temple  
 Good things will strive to dwell with't

*A Lover's Speech*

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up  
 My father's loss the weakness which I feel  
 The wreck of all my friends, or this man's  
 threats  
 To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,  
 Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid all corners else o' th' earth  
 Yet liberty make use of, spite enough  
 Have I in such a prison

*Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore*

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride up in their backs, he trod the water  
 Who cunnily he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swollen that met him, his bold  
 head  
 'Pov'd the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  
 To the shore that o'er his wave-worn basis  
 bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him I not doubt,  
 He came alive to land

*Salute on Utopian Forms of Government.*

• I the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit, no name of magistrate;  
 Officers should not be known; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none, contracts, succe-  
 sion, [none;  
 Be in bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation all men idle, all  
 And women too, but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty  
 All things in common nature should produce,  
 Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have, but nature should bring  
 forth

Of its own kind all fison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people  
 I would with such election govern, Sir  
 To excel the golden age

*Sleep*

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,  
 It seldom visits sorrow when it doth,  
 It is a comfort

*Caliban's Curses*

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 I roin, bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and  
 make him  
 By inch meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse But they'll not  
 pinch [mine  
 I might me withurchin-shows, pinch me i' th'  
 Navel, lead me like a fire-brand in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid them, but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me! [ne  
 Sometimes, like apes, that moan and chatter at  
 And after bite me, then like hedge hogs,  
 which  
 Lie tumbling in my bare foot way and munt  
 Their prick at my foot till sometime in I  
 All wound with adders, who with cloven  
 tongues

Do hiss me into madness—I'll now do!  
 Here comes a spirit of his and to torment me,  
 I or bringing wood in slowly I'll tell flat  
 Perchance he will not mind me

*Caliban's Promises*

I'll show thee the best springs I'll pluck  
 thee berries,  
 I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough  
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow the  
 I thou wondrous man—  
 I pry thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pi-  
 nuts,  
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
 To snare the nimble marmozet I'll bring  
 thee [thee  
 To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get  
 Young sea-mels from the rock

*True and unbiassed Affection. Ferdinand  
 bearing a Log*

There be some sports are painful but their  
 labor [ness  
 Delight in them sets off some kinds of brack  
 Are nobly undergone and most poor matters  
 Point to rich ends This my mean task would  
 As heavy to me, as tis odious; but [be  
 The mistress whom I serve, quickens what  
 dead,  
 And makes my labors pleasures O, she is  
 Ten times more gentle than her father's  
 crabbed [move  
 And he's compos'd of harshness I must re-  
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,  
 Upon a sore injunction My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work : and says,  
 such baseness  
 Had ne'er such executor. I forget ;  
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
 Most busy-less when I do it. [labors,

Admir'd Miranda !  
 Indeed, the top of admiration : worth  
 What's dearest to the world ! full many a lady  
 I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time  
 The harmony of their tongues hath into  
 bondage [tues

Brought my too diligent ears ; for several vir-  
 Have I lik'd several women : never any  
 With so full soul, but some defect in her  
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd,  
 And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
 Of every creature's best.

#### *Guilty Conscience.*

O, it is monstrous ! monstrous ! [it :  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of  
 The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-  
 nounc'd

The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.  
*Gon.* All three of them are desperate ;  
 their great guilt,  
 Like poison given to work a great time after,  
 Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

#### *Continence before Marriage.*

*Pros.* If thou dost break her virgin-knot,  
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may [before  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
 That you shall hate it both ; therefore, take  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you. [heed,

#### *Vanity of Human Nature.*

*Pros.* Our revels now are ended : these our  
 actors  
 (As I foretold you) were all spirits, and  
 Are melted into air, into thin air :  
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind ! We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

#### *Drinking is enchanted by Ariel.*

*Ariel.* I told you, Sir, they were red hot  
 with drinking ;  
 So full of valor, that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces : beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
 Towards their project. Then I beat my

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd  
 their ears,  
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,  
 As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,  
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd thro',  
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss,  
 and thorns, [em  
 Which enter'd their frail skins : at last I left  
 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
 There dancing up to the chins.

#### *Fine Sentiment of Humanity on Repentance.*

*Ariel.* The king, [ed ;  
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distract-  
 And the remainder mourning over them,  
 Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
 Him that you term'd the good old lord Gon-  
 zalo ; [drops  
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's  
 From eaves of reeds : your charms so strongly  
 work 'em,  
 That, if you now behold them, your affections  
 Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ariel.* Mine would, Sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling  
 Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
 Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou  
 art ? [quick,  
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to the  
 Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part ; the rarer action is [tent.  
 In virtue than in vengeance. they being peni-  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown farther.

#### *Fairies and Magic.*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and  
 groves ;  
 And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
 When he comes back ; you demy-puppets, that  
 By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets  
 make, [pasture  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you, whose  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid  
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd  
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous  
 winds, [up  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt : the strong-bas'd promon-  
 tory  
 Have I made shake : and by the spurs pluck'd  
 The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
 Have wak'd their sleepers ; oped and let them  
 By my so potent art. [forth

#### *Senses returning.*

The charm dissolves apace :  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle  
Their clearer reason—

Their understanding  
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,  
That now lie foul and muddy.

*Ariel's Song.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After sunset merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU  
WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

*Music and Love.*

If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no  
more;

'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soever,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute! So full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*Description of Sebastian's Escape.*

I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself [practice]  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the  
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*Outward Appearance a Token of inward  
Worth.*

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;  
And, though that nature with a beautiful wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.

*A beautiful Boy.*

Dear lad, believe it;  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say, thou art a man; Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small  
pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.

*Beauty.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

*Character of a noble Gentleman.*

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and  
valiant,  
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Resolved Love.*

Oliv. Why, what would you?  
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house:  
Write royal cantos of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,  
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me.

*Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.*

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much;  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

*True Love.*

Duke. Come hither, boy, if ever thou shalt  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me: [love,  
For such as I am, all true lovers are:  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this  
tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where love is throu'd.

*Character of an old Song.*

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,  
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love  
Like the old age.

*Song.*

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid:  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it;  
My part of death no one so true  
Did love it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
[thrown:  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,  
To weep there.

*Concealed Love.*

*Duke.* There is no woman's side  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart: no woman's  
heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite—  
No motion of the liver, but the palate.—  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.* Ay, but I know—

*Duke.* What dost thou know? [may owe;]

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.* And what's her history? [love,

*Vio.* A blank, my lord: she never told her  
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in  
thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. SHAKESPEARE.

*The Advantages of Travel, &c.*

*Val.* Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:  
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days  
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,  
I rather would entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness;  
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive  
therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin. [adieu!]

*Pro.* Will thou begone? Sweet Valentine,  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy  
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

*Love commended and dispraised.*

*Pro.* Ye writers say, as in the sweetest  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love [bud  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward  
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow, [bud  
Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

*Pro.* He after honor hunts, I after love:  
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more:  
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me:  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at  
nought; [thought.  
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with

*The Advantages of Travel.*

*Pant.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home.  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:  
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;  
Some, to discover islands far away:  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;  
And did request me to importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Ant.* Nor need'st thou much importune me  
to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering,  
I have considered well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:  
Experience is by industry achiev'd.  
And perfected by the swift course of time.

*Love compared to an April Day.*

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*An accomplished young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unnellow'd, but his judgment ripe;  
And, in a word (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow)  
He is complete in feature, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Contempt of Love punished.*

I have done penance for contemning love:  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, [me  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled  
eyes; [sorrow.

And made them watchers of my own heart's  
O gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!  
Now no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Love fed by Praise.*

Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her. [praises.

*Val.* O flatter me : for love delights in

*Lover's Wealth.*

Not for the world : why, man, she is mine  
And I as rich in having such a jewel, [own :  
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*True Love jealous.*

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*Love compar'd to a waxen Image.*

Now my love is thaw'd,  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

*Opposition to Love increases it.*

*Jul.* A true devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps ;  
Much less shall she that hath love's wings to  
fly ;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,  
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

*Luc.* Better forbear, till Protheus make  
return. [my soul's food ?

*Jul.* Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are  
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,  
By longing for that food so long a time.  
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Luc.* I do not seek to quench your love's  
But qualify the fire's extreme rage. [hot fire ;  
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the  
more it burns :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth  
But when his fair course is not hinder'd, [rage ;  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge [stones,  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;

And by so many winding nooks he strays  
With willing sport to the wide ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love :  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*A beautiful Person petitioning for a man.*

Ay, ay ; and she hath offered to the moon  
(Which unrev'rend stands in effeminate place)  
A sea of melting pearl, which some call  
tears :

Those at her father's charlish feet she tender'd ;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so be-  
came them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :

But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding  
tears.

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

*Hope.*

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with  
that :

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

*Love compared to a Figure on Ice.*

This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenched in ice, which, with an hour's heat,  
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

*The Power of Poetry with Women.*

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty  
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :  
Write, till your ink be dry ; and with your tears  
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,  
That may discover such integrity :—  
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's  
sinews ; [stones,

Whose golded touch could soften steel and  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

*Song.*

Who is Sylvia ? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her ?  
Holy, fair, and wise is she :  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair ?  
For beauty lives with kindness :  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness ;  
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,  
That Sylvia is excelling ;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling :  
To her let us garlands bring.

*A Lover's Rest.*

*Jul.* And so, good rest.

*Pro.* As wretches have o'er night,  
That wait for execution in the morn.

*True Love.*

Thyself hast lov'd : and I have heard thee  
No grief did ever come so near thy heart, [say,  
As when thy lady and thy true love died,  
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

*Beauty neglected and lost.*

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

*A Lover in Solitude.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone unseen of any  
And to the nightingale's complaining, notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast  
Leave not the mission so long tedious,  
I t' growing ruinous the building till  
And leave no memory of what it was,  
To part me with thy presence, Sylvia.  
Thou gentle nymph cherish thy forlorn swain

#### § 14 THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKESPEARE

##### *Youthful Friendship and Innocence*

We were fair queen, [behind  
Two lads that thought there was no more  
But such a day to-morrow as to day  
And to be boy eternal [sun  
We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk i' th'  
And bleat the one at th' other, what we  
[sing'd,  
Was innocence for innocence, we knew not  
The doctrine of ill doing, nor dream'd,  
That any did but we pursued that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,  
With stronger blood we should have answer'd  
Heaven  
I lily Not guilty, the imposition clear'd,  
Hereditary ours

##### *Nature*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness and make itself a pastime  
To hinder bottoms!

##### *A Father's Fondness for his Child*

I fear Ate you so for d of your young prince?  
Do you to be of ours? [as we  
I do! If at home Sir,  
It's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy,  
My pursuiv, my soldier, statesman in all  
He makes a July's day short as December  
And with his varying childness cures in me  
I doubts that would thicken my blood

##### *Faithful Service*

Cam In your affairs, my lord,  
It ever I were wilful negligent,  
It was my folly if industriously  
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
Not weighing well the end if ever fearful  
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,  
Where of the execution did cry out  
Against the non performance, 'twas a fear  
Which oft infects the wisest, these, my lord,  
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty  
Is never free of.

##### *Jalousy*

Is whispering nothing?  
Is looking cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? is stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty) is horning foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more  
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? an' [all  
[eyes] only  
Blush with the pin and web, but then [their  
That would unseen, be wicked? I this no  
thing? [nothing  
Why, then the world and all that's in it  
Thy covering sky is nothing; Bohemia no  
thing; [nothing  
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these  
If this be nothing.

##### *The Silence of Innocence eloquent*

The silence often of pure innocent;  
Persuades, when speaking fails

##### *Affectionate Child*

To see his nobleness!  
[conceiving the dishonor of his mother]  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on a blind old  
I threw off his spirit, his appetite for sleep  
And downright languish'd

##### *Child resembling his Father*

Behold my kins  
Although the print be little the whole matter  
And copy of the father ever most lip  
The trick of his frown, his forehead [my the  
valley, [mile  
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his  
The very mould and frame of hand and  
finger [made it  
And thou good gilder's nature which hit  
So like to him that rot it if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too mong' all  
colors  
No yellow in't, lest she suspect as he do  
Her children not her husband's!

##### *Hermione pleading her Innocence*

It now is divine  
Behold our human actions (as they do)  
I doubt not then, but innocence shall in the  
False accusation blush and turn away  
Tremble at patience You my lord best know  
(Who will seem least to do so) my piety  
Hath been as continent as chaste, is true  
As I am now unhappy, which is more  
Than history can pattern though devis'd  
And play'd to take spectators, for I had  
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe [me —  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter  
The mother to a hopeful prince, — here stand  
ing.

To prate and talk of life, and honor, 'fore  
Who [seems to come and hear For life I  
prize it [I do not  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare, for  
'Tis a dear slave from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for I appeal  
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncourteous I  
Have strain'd, to appear thus if one jot  
beyond

The pound of honor : or, in act, or will,  
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry, lie, upon my grave !

*A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Con-  
tempt of Death.*

*Leo.* Look for no less than death.

*Her.* Sir, spare your threats ;  
The bug, which you would fright me with, I  
seek.

To me can life be no commodity ;  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favor,  
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went. My second joy,  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd like one infectious : my third  
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast.  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
Haled out to murder : Myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a trumpet ; with immodest hatred,  
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die ; therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this, mistake me not,—no ; life,  
I prize it not a straw : but for mine honor.  
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd,  
Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,  
'Tis rigor, and not law.

*An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a  
Dream.*

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits  
of the dead

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,  
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;  
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
No fill'd, and so becoming ; in pure white robes  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,  
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes,  
Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon  
Did this break from her : " Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath ;  
Place's remote enough are in Bohemia,  
Thence weep, and leave it crying : and, for the  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita . . . (babe  
I pry thee call it : for this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more." And so with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are  
toys :

Yot, for this once, yea superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this.

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*An Infant exposed.*

Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd  
To loss, and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,  
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farwell !  
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like  
to have

A lullaby too rough : I never saw  
The heavens so dim by day.

*Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.*

*Shep.* Fie, daughter ! when my old wife  
liv'd, upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;  
Both dame, and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd  
all : [here,

Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now  
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle ;  
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire [it,  
With labor ; and the thing she took to quench  
She would to each one sip : you are retir'd,  
As if you were a feasted one, and not  
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to us welcome, for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come quench your blushes and present your  
self [on,

That which you are, mistress o' the feast : come  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*A Garland for old Men.*

*Per.* Reverend Sirs,  
For you there 's rosemary, and rue : these keep  
Seeming, and savor, all the winter long ;  
Grace, and remembrance, be unto you both,  
And welcome to our shearing !

*Per.* Shepherdess,  
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Nature and Art.*

*Per.* Sir, the year growing ancient—  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter ; the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,  
Which some call nature's bastards : of that  
kind

Our rustic garden 's barren ; and I care no  
To get slips of them.

*Pol.* Wherefore, gentle maiden,  
Do you neglect them ?

*Per.* For I have heard it said, [shares  
There is an art, which, in their piedness,  
With great creating nature.

*Pol.* Say, there be ;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, wo  
A gentle cyon to the wildest stock ; [marry  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind



By bud of nobler race : This is an art [but  
Which does mend nature—change it rather :  
The art itself is nature.

*Per* So it is.

[flowers,

*Pol.* Then make your garden rich in gilly-  
And do not call them bastards.

#### *A Garland for a middle aged Man.*

*Per.* I'll not put

The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;  
No more than were I painted, I would wish  
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only  
Desire to breed by me.— [therefore

Here 's flowers for you ;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marjgold that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises, weeping ; these are flowers  
Of middle summer ; and, I think, they are  
To men of middle age. [given

#### *A Garland for Young Men.*

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of your  
And only live by gazing. [flock,

*Per.* Out, alas !

You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through. Now,  
my fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that  
might [yours ;

Become your time of day ; and yours, and  
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet  
Your maiden-heads growing :—O, Proserpina,  
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou lett'st  
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils [fall

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty, violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet  
To strew him o'er and o'er. [friend,

*Pol.* What like a corse ?

*Per.* No, like a bank, for love to lie and  
play on ;

Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms.

#### *A Lover's Commendation.*

What you do, [sweet,  
Still betters what is done. When you speak  
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;  
Pray so ; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,  
To sing them too. When you do dance, I  
wish you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
And own no other function : each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crown what you're doing in the present deeds,  
That all your acts are queens.

#### *True Love.*

They call him Doricles ; and he boasts him-  
To have a worthy feeding : but I have it [self  
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;  
He looks like sooth : he says he loves my  
daughter ;

I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read,  
As 't were my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,  
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

#### *Presents little regarded by real Lovers.*

*Pol.* How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young,

And banded love as you do, I was wont

'To load my she with knacks : I would have  
rausack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it  
'To her acceptance : you have let him go,  
And nothing parted with him. If your last  
Interpretation should abuse, and call this  
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least, if you make care  
Of happy holding her.

*Flo.* Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as those are  
'The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and  
lock'd

Up in my heart ; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my  
love,

Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand ; thus  
hand

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
'That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

#### *Tender Affection.*

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve ; had [them,  
knowledge [them,  
More than was ever man's—I would not prize  
Without her love : for her, employ them all ;  
Commend them, and condemn them to, her  
Or to their own perdition. [service,

#### *A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.*

Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest [more ;  
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid  
With age, and altering rheums ? Can he  
speak ? hear ?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?  
Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing,  
But what he did, being childish ?

*Flo.* No, good Sir !

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,  
Than most have of his age.

*By my white beard*  
 You offer him if this be so, a wrong  
 Something unhalful reason, my son, [reason,  
 Should choose himself a wife, but as good  
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
 But for posterity) should hold some counsel  
 In such a business

### *Rural Simplicity*

I was not much afraid for once or twice,  
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,  
 The self same sun that shines upon his court  
 Licks the same visage from our cottage, but  
 I look on all alike

### *Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser, of Love*

Prosperity is the very bond of love, [gether  
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to  
 Affliction alters

### *Love more rich for what it gives*

*I eo* I might have look'd upon my queen's  
 full eye,  
 Have taken treasure from her lips—  
*Paul* And left them  
 More rich, for what they yielded

### *A captivating Woman*

This is a creature,  
 Would she begin a sect might quench the zeal  
 Of all professors else in the proselytes  
 Of who she but did follow

### *Ingrate of Recollection for a lost Friend*

Pr'ythee no more, cease, thou know'st,  
 He dies to me again when talk'd of since  
 When I shall see this gentleman thy speeches  
 Will bring me to consider that, which may  
 Unfurnish me of reason

### *I flicts of Beauty*

The blessed gods,  
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you  
 Do climate here

### *4 St. iue*

What was he that did make it? See, my  
 lord [those veins  
 Would you not deem it breath'd? and that  
 Did verily bear blood?  
 Masterly done  
 The very life seems warm upon her lip  
 The nature of her eye has motion in't,  
 As we were mock'd with art

Still, methinks, [schmel  
 There is an air comes from her What fine  
 Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock  
 I or I will kiss her [me

### *Affliction to a penitent Mind pleasing*

*Paul* I am sorry, Sir I have thus far stirr'd  
 But I could afflict you further [you  
*I eo* Do, Paulina,  
 For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
 As any cordial comfort.

### *Widow compared to a Turtle*

I an old turtle, [there  
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and  
 My mate that never to be found again  
 I lament till I am lost

### § 15 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SHAKESPEARE

### *Great Minds respect Truth*

*Mes* The nature of bad news infects the  
 teller [ud—On  
*Ant* When it concerns the fool or cow-  
 Things that are past are done, with me—us  
 thus

Who tells me true, though in his tale he doth,  
 I hear him as he flatter'd [tongue,  
 Speak to me [mince not the general  
 Name of koptos [she's call'd in Rome  
 Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taint my  
 faults [with her

With such full license, as both truth and  
 Have power to utter O, then we bring forth  
 weeds [told us,  
 When our quick winds lie still, and our illa  
 Is as our earring

### *Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery*

Nay pray you seek no color for your going,  
 But bid farewell, and go when you need  
 staying,  
 Then was the time for words no going then—  
 I ternity was in our lips and eyes, [prior,  
 Blies in our brows bent, none our parts so  
 But was a race of heaven they are so still,  
 Or thou the greatest soldier in the world,  
 Art turn'd the greatest liar

### *Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness*

*Ant* I'll leave you, lady  
*Cleo* Courteous lord, one word  
 Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it  
 Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it—  
 That you know well something it is I would—  
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
 And I am all forgotten

### *Cleopatra's Visions and Antony on Parting*

Yours sweet looks, you hands,  
 Therefore be left to my memory's folly,  
 And all the gods go with you! Upon your  
 sword  
 Sit laurel'd victory and smooth success—  
 Be strew'd before your feet

### *Antony's Vices and Virtues.*

*Lep* I must not thus, [ness  
 There are evils enough to do with all his good-  
 His faults, in him seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More wary by night's blackness, hereditary,  
 Rather than purchased [what he cannot change,  
 I know what he chooses

*Cleo* You are too much set, Let us grant  
 is not  
 Amis to tumble on the head of Ptolemy,  
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to me



A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 On the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

*The unsettled Humor of Lovers.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, moody  
 Of us that trade in love. [food

*Charmian.* The music, ho!

*Enter Mardian the Eunuch.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,  
 Charmian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mar-  
 dian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch  
 play, [me, Sir.

As with a woman; come—you'll play with  
 Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, tho'  
 it come too shortly

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—  
 Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,  
 My music playing far off, I will betray  
 Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall  
 pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
 I'll think them every one an Antony,  
 And say, Ah, ha! you are caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
 You wagger'd on your angling; when your  
 diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
 With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!  
 I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
 I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his  
 bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
 I wore his sword Philippan.

*Octavius.* *An Entrance, what it should have been.*

Why have you stolen upon us thus? You  
 come not

Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony  
 Should have an army for an usher, and  
 The neighs of horses to tell of her approach,  
 Long ere she did appear: the trees by th'  
 way

Should have borne men; and expectation  
 faint'd,

Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven  
 Rais'd by our populous troops. But you are  
 come

A market-maid to Rome: and have prevented  
 The ostentation of our love; which, left un-  
 shown,

Is often left unlov'd; we should have met  
 By sea and land; supplying ev'ry stage  
 With an augmented greeting.

*Women.*

Women are not [perjure  
 In their best fortunes strong; but want will  
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal

*Fortune forms our Judgment.*

I see man's judgments are  
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
 To draw the inward quality after them,  
 To suffer all alike.

*Wisdom superior to Fortune.*

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
 If that the former dare but what it can,  
 No chance may shake it.

*A Master taking Leave of his Servants.*

Tend me to-night;  
 May be, it is the period of your duty:  
 Happily, you shall not see me more; or if,—  
 A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow  
 You'll serve another master. I look on you  
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest  
 friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master,  
 Married to your good service, stay till death:  
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
 And the gods yield you for it.

*Early Rising the Way to Eminence.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
 That means to be of note, begins betimes.

*Antony's Despondency.*

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:  
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
 Do we shake hands. All come to this! The  
 hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That over-topp'd them all.

*Departing Greatness.*

The soul and body rive not more in parting  
 Than greatness going off.

*Antony in his faded Glory.*

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's  
 dragonish;  
 A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory,  
 With trees upon it; that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air—Thou hast seen  
 these signs;

They are black vespers' pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord. [a thought  
*Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with  
 The rack dislimb'd, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord. [tain is  
*Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy cap-  
 Even such a body: here I am, Antony,  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;  
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't  
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has  
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my  
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory  
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.*

It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods;  
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but  
nought;  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,  
'To rush into the secret house of death, [men?  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, wo-  
What, what? good cheer! Why how now,  
Charmian?  
My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take  
heart: [what's noble,  
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come  
away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

*Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.*

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an Emperor  
Antony;  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!  
*Dol.* If it might please you—  
*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and  
therein stuck [and lighted  
A sun and moon; which kept their course,  
The little O, the earth.  
*Dol.* Most sovereign creature— [arm  
*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd  
Crested the world: his voice was property'd  
As all the tun'd spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping; his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back  
The element they liv'd in; in his livery [above  
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and  
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

*Firm Resolution.*

How poor an instrument  
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.*

Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings on me. Now no more [lip:  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself [heav.  
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
'T' excuse their after wrath. Husband; I come:  
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my  
lips:

Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost thou  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie  
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that  
The gods themselves do weep. [I may say,

*Cleo.* This proves me base—

If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou  
mortal wretch,

[To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool.

Be angry and despatch. O could'st thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,  
Unpolicy'd!

*Char.* O, eastern star.

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break, O, break! [gentle—

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another Asp.

What should I stay— [Dies.

*Char.* In this wide world? so, fare thee  
well. [lies

Now, boast; thee, death! in thy possession  
A lass unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. SHAKESPEARE.

*Mob.*

WHAT would you have, you curs!

That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights  
you, [you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to  
Where he should find you lions, finds you  
hares;

Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues  
him, [greatness,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves  
Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that de-  
pends

Upon your favors, swims with fins of lead,  
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang  
 ye,—trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind;  
 And call him noble, that was now your hate,  
 Him vile that was your garland.

*Doing our Duty merits not Praise.*

Pray now, no more: my mother,  
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
 When she does praise me, grieves me: I have  
 done, [done]  
 As you have done; that's what I can! in-  
 As you have been; that's for my country:  
 He that has but effected his good will,  
 Hath overta'en mine act.

*Popularity.*

All tongues speak of him; and the bleared  
 sights [nurse]  
 Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling  
 Into a rapture lets her baby cry, [pins]  
 While she chats him; the kitchen malkin  
 Her richest lockran 'bout her recchy neck,  
 Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,  
 windows,  
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
 With variable complexions; all agreeing  
 In earnestness to see him: sold-shown flamens  
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff  
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames  
 Commut the war of white and damask, in  
 Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton  
 spoil  
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,  
 As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,  
 Were slyly crept into his human powers,  
 And gave him graceful posture.

*Cominius' Speech in the Senate.*

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus  
 Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held  
 That valor is the chiefest virtue, and  
 Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
 The man I speak of cannot in the world  
 Be so uncounterpois'd. At sixteen years,  
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he  
 fought  
 Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him  
 fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
 An o'er-prest Roman, and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
 And struck him on his knee; in that day's  
 feats,  
 When he might act the woman in the scene,  
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his  
 deed  
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age  
 Man-entered thus, he waxed like a sea;  
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this  
 Before, and in Corioli, let me say, [last,

I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the  
 flyers;

And, by his rare example, made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp]  
 And fell below his stem: his sword (death's)  
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
 Was tim'd with dying cries; alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
 With shunless destiny; aidless came off,  
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck  
 Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:  
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled  
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate, [spirit  
 And to the battle came he; where he did  
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting.

*Character of Coriolanus.*

His nature is too noble for the world:  
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's  
 his mouth; [vent;  
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must  
 And, being angry, does forget that ever  
 He heard the name of death.

*Coriolanus: his Abhorrence of Flattery.*

Well, I must do't:  
 Away, my disposition, and possess me [turn'd,  
 Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be  
 Which quird with my drum, into a pipe,  
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice:  
 That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks; and school-boy's tears  
 take up  
 The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd  
 knees,  
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
 That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't—  
 Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,  
 And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness.

*His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.*

At thy choice, then:  
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonor  
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let  
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
 Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death  
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.  
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it  
 But own thy pride thyself. [from me:]

*His Detestation of the Vulgar.*

You common cry of curs! whose breath I  
 hate,  
 As reek o' the rotten fen; whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,

That do corrupt my air : I banish you ;  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !  
 Your enemies with nodding of their plumes  
 Fan you into despair ! have the power still  
 To banish your defenders : till at length  
 Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels,  
 Making not reservation of yourselves,  
 Still your own foes), deliver you, as most  
 Abated captives, to some nation  
 That won you without blows.

#### *Precepts against Ill-fortune.*

You were us'd  
 To say, extremities were the triers of spirits ;  
 That common chances common men could  
 bear ;  
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
 Show'd mastership in floating. Fortune's  
 blows, [ed, crave  
 When most struck home, being gentle wound-  
 A noble cunning. You were used to load me  
 With precepts that would make invincible  
 The heart that cou'd them.

#### *On Common Friendships.*

Oh, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now  
 fast sworn,  
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and  
 exercise,  
 Are still together, who twin, 'twere, in love,  
 Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
 On a dissension of a doit, break out  
 To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke  
 their sleep  
 To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
 And interjoin their issues. [friends,

#### *Marital Friendship.*

Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body, where against  
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters ! here I  
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest [clip  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,  
 I lov'd the maid I married ; never man  
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,  
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I  
 tell thee  
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
 Or lose my arm for 't : thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times ; and I have nightly  
 since  
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;  
 We have been down together in my sleep,  
 Unbuckling helms, striking each other's throat,  
 And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

#### *The Season of Solicitation.*

He was not taken well ; he had not drink'd.  
 The veins unill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
 To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd  
 These pipes and these conveyances of our  
 blood,  
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
 Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll  
 T'll be dieted to my request. [watch him

#### *Obstinate Resolution.*

My wife comes foremost ; then the hope-  
 mould  
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her  
 hand [section !  
 The grand-child to her blood—But, out, af-  
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !  
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate :— [eye.  
 What is that curt'sy worth ! or those doves  
 Which can make gods forsworn ! I melt, and  
 am not [blows  
 Of stronger earth than others !—my mother  
 As if Olympus to a mole-hill should  
 In supplication nod ; and my young boy  
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which  
 Great nature cries, deny not.—Let the Volscers  
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I'll never  
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand  
 As if a man were author of himself,  
 And knew no other kin.

#### *Relenting Tenderness.*

Like a dull actor now,  
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,  
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,  
 For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss.  
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,  
 And the most noble mother of the world  
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' th' earth ;  
 Of thy deep duty more impression show  
 Than that of common sons.

#### *Chastity.*

The noble sister of Publicola,  
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,  
 That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,  
 And hangs on Dian's temple.

#### *Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.*

The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st  
 prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars  
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
 And saving those that eye thee !

#### *Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.*

Think with thyself,  
 How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither : since that thy sight,  
which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance  
with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear  
and sorrow :

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see  
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing  
His country's bowels out. And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy.

We must find  
An evidence calamity, though we had [thou  
Our wish, which side should win : for either  
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led  
With manacles along our streets ; or else  
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;  
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,  
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune, till  
These wars determine : If I cannot persuade  
thee,

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,  
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to Lathum shalt not) on thy mother's  
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

#### § 17. CYMBELINE. SHAKESPEARE.

##### *Parting Lovers.*

*Imo.* Thou shouldst have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke my eye-strings ;  
crack'd 'em, but  
To look upon him : till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my  
needle :

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air : and then  
I have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good  
Pisanid,

When shalt thou hear from him ?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage. [had

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but  
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him,  
How I would think of him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such ; or I would make  
him swear,

The shes of Italy should not betray  
— Mine interest, and his honor ; or have charg'd  
him, [night,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

• Betwixt two charming words, comes in my  
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Imogen's Bed-chamber : in one part of it a  
large Trunk.*

##### *Imogen is discovered reading.*

*Imo.* Mine eyes are weak :  
Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed.  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;  
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,  
I prythee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me  
wholly. [Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods !  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye ! [Sleeps.

##### *Jachimo rises from the Trunk.*

*Jack.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-  
labor'd sense

Repairs itself by rest : our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea, hilly !  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh  
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might  
touch !

But kiss ; one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd  
How dearly they do it !—Tis her breathing  
that [taper

Perfumes the chamber thus ; the flame o' the  
Bows towards her ; and would under-peek her.  
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopied [lids  
Under these windows : white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct—but my de-  
sign ? [down :—

To note the chamber :—I will write all  
Such, and such, pictures ; there the window :  
such

Th' adornment of her bed ;—the arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such :—and the contents o'  
the story,

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,  
Would testify t' enrich mine inventory :  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her  
And be her sence but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off ;

[Taking off her bracelet  
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !

'Tis mine : and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left  
breast

A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' bottom of a cowslip : Here 's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock  
and ta'en [what end ?

The treasure of her honor. No more.—To  
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted.  
Scrow'd to my memory ? She had been read-  
ing late [down,

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf 's turn'd  
Where Philomel gave up ;—I have enough :  
To the truck again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! that  
dawning

May bear the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[He goes into the Trunk ; the Scene closes



*A Satire on Women.*

Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his  
tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian o' that time; so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance! ven-  
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I  
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

— Could I find out [tion

The woman's part in me!—for there's no mo-  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,

The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;

Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,

hers; [dain,

Ambitions, covetings, change of pride, dis-  
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability:

All faults that name, nay, that hell knows,

why, hers;

In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still,

One vice, but of a minute old for one [them,

Not half so old as that. I'll write against

Detest them, curse them:—yet 'tis greater

skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.

*A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.*

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with  
such [this gate

Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys;

Instructs you how t'adore the heavens! and

bows you [narchs

To morning's holy office. The gates of mo-  
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through

And keep their impious turbans on, without

Good-morrow to the sun—Hail thou fair

heaven! [hardly

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so

As prouder livers do.

*Guid.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven! [yon hill:

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport: up to

Your legs are young! I'll tread these flats.

Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,

That it is place which lessens, and sets off.

And you may then revolve what tales I've

told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see;

And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble!  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him that makes them  
fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

*Guid.* Out of your proof you speak; we,

poor unfledg'd, [know not

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor

What air's from home. Haply, this life is

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you, [best

That have a sharper known; well correspond-

With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is [ing

A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bud;

A prison for a debtor that not dares

To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak [hear

When we are as old as you: when we shall

The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have seen

nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey.

Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:

Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,

And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries, [court,

And felt them knowingly: the heart o' the

As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry, that [war,

The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the

A pain that only seems to seek out danger

I' the name of fame, and honor: which dies

i' the search;

And hath as oft a scandalous epitaph,

As record of fair act; nay, many times

Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what's worse,

Must cur'sy at the censure: O, boys, this story

The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With Roman swords; and my report was once

First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd

me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name

Was not far off: then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in

one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my

And left me bare to weather. [leaves,

*Guid.* Uncertain favor! [you oft

*Bel.* My fault being nothing, (as I have told—

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-  
vail'd

Before my perfect honor, ~~swore~~ to Cymbeline,

I was confederate with the Romans: so

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty

years, [world:

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid

More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But up to the mountains;

This is not hunter's language : he that strikes  
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast ;  
To him, the other two shall minister ;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state.

### *The Force of Nature.*

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !  
These boys know little, they are sons to th'  
king ;

Not Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think they're mine : and though train'd  
up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts  
do hit [them.

The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts  
I simple and low things, to prince it, much  
Beyond the luck of others. This Polydore,

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove !  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story : say—thus mine enemy fell ;  
And thus I bet my foot on his neck ;—even  
then [sweats.

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in  
posture [Cadwal,

That acts my words. The younger brother,  
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much  
His own conceiving.

### *Slander.*

No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword : whose  
tongue, [breath  
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile : whose  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world : Kings, queens, and  
states,

Muds, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,  
This viperous slander enters.

### *Boy's Innocency.*

False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ?—If I sleep  
charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake ! That's false to 's  
bed !

### *The Forest and Cave.*

#### *Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :  
I've tir'd myself ; and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be  
sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd  
thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove ! I think,

Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean.  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars  
told me,

I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie  
That have afflictions on them ; knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or trial ? Yes : no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in  
fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need ; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord !  
Thou art one o' the false ones : now I think  
on thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?

#### *[Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to it :—'tis some savage hold ;  
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet  
famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty and peace breed cowards : hardness  
Of hardness is mother. [ever

### *Labor.*

#### *Weariness*

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down-pillow hard.

### *Inborn Royalty.*

O, thou goddess,  
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys ! They are as  
As anemones, blowing below the violet, [gentle  
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough  
Their royal blood enshaf'd, as the red 'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis won-  
derful

That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd ; honor untaught ;  
Civility not seen from other ; valor,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,  
As if it had been sow'd !

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for !

Arv. The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

Guid. O, sweetest, fairest lily ! [well,  
My brother wears thee not the one half so  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find  
Thoo ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish  
care [thing !

Might easi'liest harbor in ? Thou blessed  
Jove knows what nian thou might'st have  
made ; but I,

Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy !  
How found you him ?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see ;  
 'Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right  
 Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

*Guid.* Where ?

*Arv.* O' the floor : [put  
 His arms thus leagued : I thought he slept ; and  
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose  
 Answer'd my steps too loud. [rudeness

*Guid.* Why, he but sleeps :  
 If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed ;  
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
 And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
 While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
 I 'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack  
 The flow'r that 's like thy face, pale primrose ;  
 nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander.  
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath ; the ruddock  
 would

With charitable bill (O bill sore shaming  
 Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
 Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;  
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are  
 To winter-ground thy cover— [none,

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less :  
 for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
 And, though he came our enemy, remember  
 He was paid for that : though mean and  
 mighty rotting

Together have one dust ; yet reverence [tion  
 (That angel of the world) doth make distinc-  
 Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
 princely ;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
 Yet bury him as a prince.

*Guid.* Pray you fetch him hither.  
 Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
 When neither are alive.

#### *Funereal Dirge.*

*Guid.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak :  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

*Guid.* Fear no more the lightning flash,  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

*Guid.* Fear not slander, censure rash ;

*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

#### *Imogen awaking.*

Yes, Sir, to Milford Haven : which is the  
 way !—

I thank you—by yond' bush ? pray how far  
 thither ?

'Ods pitikins !—can it be six miles yet ?

I have gone all night—'faith, I 'll lie down  
 and sleep. [es !

But soft ! no bedfellow :—O gods and goddess-  
 [Seeing the body.

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the  
 world ; [dream ;

This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I  
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures : but 'tis not so.  
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing

Which the brain makes of fumes : our very  
 eyes [Good faith,

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.  
 I tremble still with fear : but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it : 's

The dream 's here still : even when I awake, it  
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

#### § 18. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE. *Prodigies.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, [dead  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;  
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood  
 fell ;

Disasters veil'd the sun ; and the moist star,  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire  
 stands,

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the Crowing of the Cock ;  
 and the Reverence paid to Christmas-time.*

*Bar.* It was about to speak, when the cock  
 crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,  
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant and erring spirit' hies  
 To his confine : and of the truth 's

This present object made probation.

*Mar.* 'T faded on the crowing of the cock.  
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season com-  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning doth all night long ;  
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;

The nights are wholesome ; then no planets  
 strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charin-  
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

#### *Morning.*

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

#### *Real Grief.*

Seems, madam : Nay, it is : I know not  
 seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of  
grief, [seem,  
'That can denote me truly: these, indeed,  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I have that within, which passeth show;  
These, but the trapping and the suits of woe.

*Immoderate Grief discommended.*

— "Sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
'That father lost, lost his; and the survivor  
In filial obligation, for some term [bound,  
'To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere  
In obstinate conceit, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;  
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;  
An understanding simple and unschool'd;  
For what we know, must be, and is as com-  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense, [mon  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
'This must be so.

*Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd. [God!  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
'That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature [this!  
Possess it merely. That it should come to  
But to my mind would say, not so much, not  
So excellent a king; that was, to this, [two,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
'That he might not let 'er on the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
'Must I remember!—why, she would hang on  
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,  
By what it fed on: and yet within a month—  
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is  
woman!  
A little month;—or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's  
body,  
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she—  
O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of  
reason, [mine uncle,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with  
My father's brother; but no more like my fi-  
Than I to Hercules: within a month, [ther,  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes.  
She married: O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

*A complete Man.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Cautions to young Ladies.*

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,  
No more.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs;  
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure  
open

To his unmaster'd importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:  
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:  
The canker galls the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd:  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

*A Satire on ungracious Pastors.*

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep  
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my bro-  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, [ther,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read.

*A Father's Advice to his Son going to travel.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption trial,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-  
ware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.  
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all, to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Hamlet on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !  
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts  
 from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
 That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee  
 Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :  
 Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,  
 Why the canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements ? why the sepulchre  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again ? What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete  
 steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our disposition [souls ?]  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our

*The Mischief it might tempt him to.*

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff, [lord,  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
 reason,  
 And draw you into madness ? Think of it :  
 The very place puts toys of desperation,  
 Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,  
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
 And hears it roar beneath.

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me ? speak,  
 I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
 Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost !

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious  
 To what I shall unfold. [hearing]

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou

*Ham.* What ? [shalt hear.

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit ;  
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,  
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house, [forbid  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young  
 blood ; [spheres ;  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand on end  
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :  
 But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood : list, list, O list !  
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

*Ham.* O Heaven ! [murder.

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural

*Ham.* Murder ! [is ;

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it ; that I, with  
 wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
 May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt ;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fine weed  
 That roots itself in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,  
 Wouldst thou not stir in this ? Now, Hamlet,  
 hear :

'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,  
 A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of *Den-*  
 is by a forged process of my death [mat-  
 Rankly abus'd ; but know, thou noble youth,  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,  
 Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate  
 beast, [gifts,

With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous  
 (O wicked wits and gifts, that have the pow'r  
 So to seduce !) won to his shameful lust  
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen :  
 O Hamlet, what a falling off was there !  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage ; and to decline  
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven  
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;—  
 Brief let me be : Sleeping within mine or-

My custom always of the afternoon, [chard,  
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ear, did pour

The lasperous distilment ; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body ;

And, with a sudden vigor, it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood : so did it

mine ;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd :

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head :

*Ham.* O horrible ! O horrible ! most hor-

rible !

*Ghost.* If thou hast nature in thee, bear it  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be [not;  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Hea-

ven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at  
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:

*Adieu, adieu!* remember me. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* O, all you host of heaven! O earth!  
what else? [my heart!

And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold,  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a  
seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee?  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down, [lain;  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-  
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*]

So uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, "Adieu, adieu! Remember me."

*Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Ad-  
dress to her.*

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,  
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each  
And with a look so piteous in purport, [other;  
As if he had been loos'd out of hell  
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he? [me hard:

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so—  
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being. That done, he let me go;  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out of doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and him-  
self.*

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd?  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do,  
That he should weep for her? what would he  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? he would drown the stage with  
tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free.  
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I—

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, speak.  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the  
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?  
Ha! why, I should take it:—for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless  
villain!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with  
And fall a cursing like a very drab, [words,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! Humph!

I have heard,  
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will  
speak [players

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these  
Play something like the murder of my father.  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,  
I know my course. The spirit, that I have  
seen,

May be a devil: and the devil hath pow'r  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits)  
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative than this: the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king

*Hypocrisy.*

We are to blame in this— [visage  
'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* O, 'tis too true! how smart  
A lash that speech does give my conscience!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
'Than is my deed to my most painted word.

*Life and Death weighed.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune:  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them: To die—to  
sleep—

No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks  
That flesh is heir to:—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there 's  
the rub; [come,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause:—there 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life; [time,  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life; [bear,  
But that the dread of something after death—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

*A noble Mind disordered.*

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,  
sword:  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.  
Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite  
down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and  
harsh; [youth,  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown  
Blasted with ecstasy.

*On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.*

Nay, do not think I flatter:  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the  
poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath seal'd thee for her husband: for thou hast  
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are  
those, [mingled,

Whose blood and judgment are so well cou-  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please: Give me the  
man [him

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear  
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart.  
As I do thee.

*Midnight.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself  
breathes out [hot blood,

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink  
And do such business as the better day  
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my  
mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature: let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*The King's despairing Soliloquy. and Ham-  
let's Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't.  
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will;  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves  
But to confront the visage of offence? [mercy,  
And what 's in prayer, but this twofold force;  
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul  
murder!

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice:

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In its true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
To give in evidence. What then ? what  
rests ?

Try what repentance can : what can it not ?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?  
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !  
O limed soul ! that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !  
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings  
Of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;  
All may be well ! [The king kneels.

*Enter Hamlet.* [praying ;  
Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is  
And now I'll do't ; and so he goes to heav'n :  
And so am I reveng'd ? that would be scann'd :  
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heav'n !

Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush &  
May ; [Heaven ?

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save  
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him — and am I then reveng'd  
To take him in the purging of his soul.  
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?  
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;  
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;  
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't : [v. 3 ;  
on trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n  
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black,  
As hell whereto it goes.

#### *Hamlet and his Mother.*

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st  
In noise so rude against me ? [wag thy tongue

*Ham.* Such an act,  
That wets the grace and blush of modesty ;  
Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows  
As false as dicors' oaths : O, such a deed,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul ! and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words.

*Queen.* Ah me, what act ? [this,  
*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on  
The counterfeits presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on this brow,  
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
A station like the throne of Mercury,  
Now-lighted on a dark, unspeaking hill ;  
A combination and a figure, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man ;

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This was your husband.—Look you now, what  
follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you  
eyes ?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor ?

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more ;  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Enter Ghost.* [your wings,  
*Ham.* Save me, and hover o'er me with  
You heavenly guards !—What would your grace

*Queen.* Alas ! he's mad. [cleans figure ?  
*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to  
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
Th' important acting of your dread command ?  
O, say—

*Ghost.* Do not forget : this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :  
O step between her and her fighting soul !  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works ;  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady ?

*Queen.* Alas ! how is it with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up and stands on end. O, gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

*Ham.* O, him ! on him ! look you how  
pale he glares ! [stones,  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to  
Would make them capable. Do not look on  
me ;

Least, with this piteous action, you convert  
My stern effects : then, what I have to do  
Will want true color : tears, perchance, for  
blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this ?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there ?  
[Pointing to the Ghost.

*Queen.* Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear ? [see.

*Queen.* No, nothing, but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there ! look how it  
steals away !

My father, in his habit as he liv'd !  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the  
portal. [Exit Ghost.

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your  
This bodiless creation ecstasy [brain :  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy ! [time,  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep  
And makes as healthful music : it is not mad-  
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test, [ness  
And I'll the matter with re-word ; which mad-  
ness



Would gambol from. Mother, for love of  
grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness  
speaks :

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place ;  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to heaven ;  
Repent what 's past ; avoid what is to come.

*Queen.* O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart  
in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night : but go not to my uncle's bed :  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on : refrain to-night ;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence : the next more easy :  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature ;  
And either curb the devil or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-  
night !

And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you.

*Queen.* What shall I do ? [you do :

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid  
Let the bloated king tempt you again to bed ;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his  
mouse ;

And let him for a pair of reechy kisses, [gers,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fin-  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness, [know.  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made  
of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England, you know that ?

*Queen.* Alack, I had forgot ;  
'Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There 's letters seal'd ; and my two  
schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,  
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my  
way,

And marshal me to knavery : let it work ;  
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard : and it shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon.

*Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution.*

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he, that makes us with such large dis-  
Looking before and after, gave us not [course,  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fast in us unus'd : now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,  
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one  
part wisdom,

And over three parts coward), I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, This thing 's to do ;  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and  
means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me ;  
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge :

Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event ;  
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument ;

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, [then.  
When honor 's at the stake. How stand I

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep ? while to my shame I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men

That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain !—O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

#### *Description of Ophelia's Drowning.*

There is a willow grows ascant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
stream ;

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long pur-  
ples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name. \*  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call  
them :

There on the pendant boughs her coronet  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;

When down her woedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread  
wide

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up ;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tune ;

As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element ; but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

#### *A spotless Virgin buried.*

Lay her i' the earth ;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

My violets spring ! I tell thee, gaudy priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,

When thou hast done. Her little bed, that will  
Lies tumbled in the grass.

And thus a while the fit will work on him ;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When first her golden couplets are disclosed  
His silence will sit drooping

*Providence directs our Actions*

And that should teach us,  
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will

*A Hecate*

Give me the copy;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens; the heavens to  
'Now the King drinks to Hecate.' [cath.]

§ 19 THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

*SHAKESPEARE*

*Scene after civil War*

So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new  
broils

To be commene'd in strands afar remote  
No more the thirsty Erynnys of the soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's  
blood,

No more shall trenching war channel her  
Nor bruiſe her flow'ers with the armed hoofs  
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,  
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred—  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And ſubſequent cloſe of civil butchery,

Shall now, in mutual well-beſeeming ranks,  
Meet like old acquaintance, kindred, and allies  
The deep of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master

*King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry*

Yet, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st  
In envy, that my lord Northumberland [me sin  
should be the father of so blest a son  
As one who is the theme of honor's tongue;  
Among a grave the very straightest plant,  
Which a fortune's minion, and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the price of him,  
Secret and close nor stain thy love  
Of my young Henry

*Prince Henry's Soliloquy*

I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyok'd humor of your idleness  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he pleaseth to reſtore himſelf,  
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the fog and ugly mist  
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
Put, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents  
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promis'd,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time, when men think least I will

*Hotspur's Description of a funeral (outter*

But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,  
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new  
reap'd,

Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home  
He was perfum'd like a milliner,  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pommet box, which e'er and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again —  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came  
there, [talk'd,

Took it in stuff — And still he smil'd and  
And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
He call'd them unsight knaves, unmanly  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me, among the rest, demanded  
My prisoner, in your majesty's behalf [call  
I then, all smarting with my wounds, being  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience  
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,  
He should or he should not; for he made me  
mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God give  
the mark!)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was pharmacy, for an inward bruise,  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the humble earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly, and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier

*Danger*

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteady footing of a spear

*Honor*

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,  
To plant bright Honor from the pale-foot'd  
Or drive into the bottom of the deep, [moon,  
Where fathom line could never reach the  
ground,

And pluck up drowned Honor by the locks,  
So he that dith redemption thence might wear  
With it to rival all her dignities,  
But out upon this half-bred fellowship!

*Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband*

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
I know what offence have I thus tonight, when  
A foolish woman from my Henry's bed?  
Tell me sweet lord what is it takes from thee  
Thy comfort, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou art alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy  
cheeks

And give up my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
To thick-eyed musing, and curd melancholy?  
In thy farm slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,  
Speak terms of manège to thy bounding steed,  
Cry, 'Courage' to the field!' and thou hast  
talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisades, frontiers, parapets,  
Of battlements, of cannon, cuirassins;  
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,  
And all the currents of a heady fight  
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so besurr'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden haste O, what por-  
tents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he leaves me, not.

*Prodigies ridiculed*

I cannot blame him at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of bary shapes,  
Of burning cressets, and, at my birth,  
The firm and huge foundation of the earth  
Shook like a coward

Hot Why so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
Had kitten'd—tho' yourself had ne'er been  
born

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions off the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd,  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind [striving,  
Within her womb, which, for enlargement  
Shakes the old belamie Earth, and topples  
Steeple and moss-grown towers {down

*On miserable Rhymers*

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers,  
I had rather heat a kitchen than tickle a rhyme,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as rhyming poetry,  
That makes the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag

*Punctuality in Bargain*

I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend,  
But, in the way of bargain mark ye me  
I'll civil on the ninth part of a hair

*A Husband sung to Sleep by a fair Wife*

She bids you  
Upon the wapon rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness  
Making such difference 'twixt day and sleep  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east

*King Henry the Fourth to his Son*

Had I so lov'd of my presence been,  
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
So staid and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
Had still kept loyal to possession,  
And left me in reputation's baseness,  
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood  
By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
But like a comet, I was wonder'd at [The  
That men would tell their children, 'This is  
Others would say, "Where? which is his  
lingbroke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths  
Even in the presence of the crowned king  
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,  
My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at and so my state  
Seldom, but sumptuous showed like a feast,  
And won, by rareness, such solemnity  
The skipping king he embled up and down  
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits  
Soon kindled, and soon burned curd his  
state.

Mingled his royalty with crippling fool  
Had his great name profaned with their scorn  
And gave his countenance against his name  
To laugh at ling boys, and tattle push  
Of every beardless vane and spirit  
Grew a companion to the common streets  
Enfeoffed himself to popularity  
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes  
They surfeited with honey, and began [little  
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a  
More than a little is by much too much  
So when he had occasion to be seen,  
He was but as the cuckoo in June,  
Heard, not regarded, seen, but with such eyes,  
As mock and mock'd with countenance,  
Afford no extraordinary state,  
Such as is bent on such-like majesty  
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes  
But rather drows'd, and hung their eye lids  
down,

Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect  
As cloudy men use to their adversaries; [full.  
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and

*Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.*

God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good though away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the chapel of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son.  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,  
Which wash'd away, shall scour my shame  
with it.

And that shall be the day, whenever it shall be  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought of Harry chance to meet;  
For ev'ry honor sitting on his helm,  
Would they were mudknobs, and on my head  
My shame redoubled: for the time will come  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which, if he be pleas'd I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may save  
The long grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life can cure all this;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*A gallant Warrior.*

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—  
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble boismanship.

*Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.*

Let them come:  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh, [horse,  
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my  
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a  
O, that Glendower were come! [course.

*Prince Henry's modest Challenge.*

Tell your nephew, [world  
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the

In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes—  
This present enterprise set off his head—  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry;  
And so I hear he doth account me too:  
Yet this before my father's majesty—  
I am content that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.*

Brave Percy—fare thee well, great heart!  
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou  
shrank!

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But how, two pages of the vilest earth [dead,  
Is room enough?—This earth that bears thee  
Bears not alive to stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself,  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!  
Thy glorious sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

*Life demands Action.*

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.  
SHAKESPEARE.

*Contention.*

CONTENTION, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, mally hath broke loose,  
And bears down before him.

*Post-Messenger.*

After him, came, spurring hard,  
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied  
horse:

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:  
With that, he gaye his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*Messenger with ill News.*

Yea, this man's brow, like to a tittle-leaf,

Foretels the nature of a tragic volume :

So looks the stroud whereon th' imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation. [chook

Thou tremblest : and the whiteness in thy  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dusk of night ;

And would have told him half his Troy was  
burn'd.

I see a strange confusion in these eyes : fain,  
Thou shak'st thy head ; and hold'st it fast or

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so  
The tongue offends not that reports his death :

And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a loving office ; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen ball,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

#### *Greater Griefs destroy the less.*

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,

Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs

Weaken'd with grief, being now strung'd with  
grief, [also critics]

Are thrice themselves : Hence therefore, thou  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,

Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly  
quail ;

Thou art a guard too wanton for the hand ;  
Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to

hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach

The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare  
bring

To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland ;  
Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's

hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! Let order die !

And let this world no longer be a stage  
To feed contention in a ling'ring act ;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, with heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burial of the dead.

#### *On Sleep.*

O gentle sleep,

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids

And steep my senses in forgetfulness ! Down,  
Why rather, sleep, hast thou in smoky cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy

slumber ;  
Than in the parlour's chambers of the great,

Under the canopy of costly state,  
And lul'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly

couch,  
A watch-case, or a cushion lull'd-bell ?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;  
And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging

them  
With deafning clamors in the slippery clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?

*Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.*

Come hither to me, Harry :—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.  
[Exit Lord.

P. H. I never thought to hear you speak  
again. [that thought :

K. H. Thy wish was father, Harry : to  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine

honors,  
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm  
thee.

Stay but a little : for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.  
Thou hast stolen that, which after some few

hours  
Were thine without offence ; and, at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :  
Thy life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself :

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear  
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :

Only compound me with forgotten dust,  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
For now a time is come to mock at form,

Henry the Fifth is crown'd :—up, vanity !  
Down, royal state ! All you sage counsellors,

hence !  
And to the English court assemble now,

From ev'ry region, ape of ill-nice ; [scum :  
Now, neighbor-countries, tempt you of your

Have you a rascal that will swear, drink,  
dance,

Revel the night, and murder, and commit  
The strict sin that is the worst kind of ways ?

Be happy, he will make you so more :  
England shall double-gild his treble guilt :

England shall give him office, honor, might :

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy  
riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*P. H.* O pardon me, my liege! but for my  
tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had f'gestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. 'There is your crown;  
And He that wears the crown immortally,  
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
'Than as your honor, and as your renown,'  
Let me no more from this obedience rise  
(Which my most true and inward duteous spirit  
'Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bonding!  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your  
Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die!  
And never live to show the incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposed!  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead  
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you  
were),

I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee  
depending,

Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
'Therefore, thou best of gold, art worst of gold:  
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
Preserving life in medicine potable:  
But thou most fine, most honor'd, most re-  
nown'd, [liege,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal  
Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
To try with it—as with an enemy  
That had before my face murdered my father—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
Give entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for ever keep it from my head:  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
That thou might'st win the more thy father's  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it. [Roses.  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows,  
my son,

By what by-ways, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,

Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honor snatch'd with boisterous  
And I had many living, to upbraid [hand;  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: All these bold  
Thou seest, with peril I have answered: [fears,  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode: for what in me was pur-  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort: [chas'd,  
So thou the garland wear'st successively. [do,  
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are  
green; [thy friends.  
And all thy friends, which thou must make  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en  
out,

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
I cut them off; and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land; [look  
Least rest, and lying still, might make them  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my  
Harry,

Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence  
borne out,

May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
Then plain and right must my possession be:  
Which I, with more than with a common  
pain,

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

### Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!  
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night—sleep with it now!  
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,  
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen  
bound,  
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost  
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day, [sit  
That scales with safety.

### Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!  
For this she scoldeth; over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their  
Minds with care,  
Their bones with industry;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises :  
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r  
The virtuous sweets, [honey,  
Our thighs packed with wax, our mouths with  
We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains.

*The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom  
he had imprisoned.*

If the dead were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your  
person ;

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case  
Be now the father, and propose a son : [yours,  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd, [ed,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slight-  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd :  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son.

## § 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V.

SHAKSPEARE.

### *Consideration.*

CONSIDERATION like an angel, came,  
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

### *King Henry V. his Perfections.*

Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish [late :  
You would desire the king were made a pre-  
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs :  
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study :  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle rendered you in music.  
Turn him to any course of policy,  
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

### *The Commonwealth of Bees.*

So work the honey-bees :  
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king, and officers of sorts  
Where some, like magistrates, correct it in  
home ;  
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
Which pillage they with merry march bring  
To the tent-royal of their emperor. [house  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing-queens, the building bees of gold ;  
The chief, the tending up the honey ;  
The poor, the swarming multitude crowding in

Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate ;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone.

### *Warlike Spirit.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;  
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's though  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits expectation in the air ;  
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

### *False Appearances.*

O ! how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance ! show men dutiful ?  
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and  
learned ? [nuly ?  
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble fa-  
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?  
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;  
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the  
blood ;  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment :  
Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
And, but in purged judgment, trusting nei-  
ther ?  
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :  
And thus thy full bath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,  
With some suspicion.

### *Description of a Fleet setting Sail.*

Suppose, that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier  
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet [ning.  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-  
Play with your fancies ; and in thom behold,  
Upon the hempo tackle, ship-boys climbing :  
Hear the shrill whistles, which doth order give  
To sounds confus'd : behold the threaten'd sails,  
 borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd  
Breasting the lofty surge. [sea,

### *Description of Night in a Camp.*

From camp to camp, through the foul womb  
of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire ; and through their pale flames  
Each battle sees the other's number'd face :  
Sneak threats, and in high and boastful  
noise, [tents,  
Flashing the night's dull ear ; and from the  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers clashing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned

English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger; and their gesture and  
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon [coats,  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band, [behold  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to

tent,  
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!  
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;  
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;  
And calls them—brothers, friends, and coun-  
Upon his royal face there is no note [trymen.  
How dread an army hath enrouned him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color  
Unto the weary and all-watched night:  
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,  
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;  
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to ev'ry one,  
Thawing cold fear.

#### *The Miseries of Royalty.*

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of every fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own  
wringing!

What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy! [to  
And what have kings, that private have not  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more  
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents, what are thy comings,  
ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is the soul of adoration? [form  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and  
'Creating awe and fear in other men,  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in fearing? [sweet  
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage,  
But poison'd flattery? O, the sick, great great-  
And did thy ceremony give thee cure, [ness,  
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blows from the sick bed?  
Will it give place to solitude and low-riding?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-  
gar's knee, [dread

Command the health of it? No, thou proud  
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;  
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,  
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of this world—  
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful  
bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
But, like a laquey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse:  
And follows so the ever-running year,  
With profitable labor, to his grave;  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, [sleep,  
Winding up days with toil, and nights with  
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

#### *A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.*

You island carcasses, deep-rate of their bones,  
Happily become the morning field:  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd  
host.

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hands; and the poor  
jades [hips,  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and  
The gum down-roping from their pale dead  
eyes.

And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit  
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless:  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

#### *King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.*

What's he, that wishes so? [sin:  
My cousin Westmoreland!—No, my fair cou-  
sin, we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country's loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold; [more.  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;  
Speak outward things dwell not in my desires;  
But, it is a sin to covet honor.

I am the more offending soul alive. [land:  
No, faith, I do not wish not a man from Eng-  
land's peace: I would not lose so great an  
honor, [me,

As one man more, methinks, would share from  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one  
more. [host,

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,



Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian.  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his  
scars,  
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's day.  
Old men forget; yet all not all forget,  
But they'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats they did that day: then shall our

names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall not go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother; be he neerer or riler,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed [here;  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not  
And hold their manhoods cheap, [while any  
speaks,  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

#### *Description of the Duke of York's Death.*

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,  
"Commend my service to my sovereign."  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck [slips;  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his  
And so, expos'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it shew'd  
Those waters from me which I would have  
stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

#### *The Miseries of War.*

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-plash'd,  
Like prisoners, widely over-grown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow grass  
The darnel, hemlock, and rank tansy,  
Doth root upon; while that the summer sun,  
That should despatchate such rank weeds,  
The even mow'd, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled corn, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the sickle, all unsorcerer'd, rank,  
Conceives his fullness; and, with nothing sown,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, tares,  
Losing both beauty and utility. [bars,

#### § 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKESPEARE.

##### *Glory.*

GLORY is like a circle in the water;  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

##### *Marriage.*

For marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

#### § 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI. SHAKESPEARE.

##### *A guilty Countenance.*

Upon the eye-balls murder's tyranny  
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

##### *Description of a murdered Person.*

See how the blood is settled in his face!  
Oft have I seen a tinctured ghost. [less,  
Of any semblance, meagre, pale, and blood-  
Being all descended to the laboring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the ene-  
my; [returneth  
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er  
To blush and beautify the cheek again.  
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with  
struggling;  
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength sub-  
dued. [ing;  
Took on the sheets: his hair, you see, is stick-  
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and  
rugged,  
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;  
The least of all these signs were probable.

##### *A good Conscience.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-  
tainted?  
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just:  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

##### *Remorseless Hatred.*

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I  
curse them? [groat,  
Would curse them with the mandrake's  
I would invent bitter-searching terms,  
As cur'd, as hush, as horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With all the signs of deadly hate,  
As least should envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest  
words,

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;  
 Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract ;  
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban :  
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their  
 drink !

Gall, worse than gall, the deadliest that they  
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees !  
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks !  
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings ;  
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss ;  
 And boding screams, as if from hell, make the concert  
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— [full]

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
 Though standing, naked on a mountain top,  
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

#### Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee.  
 Go, speak not to me, even now be gone—  
 O, go not yet !—Even thus two friends con-  
 demn'd [leaves,  
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand  
 Leather a hundred times to part than die.—  
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with  
 thee ! [finishes]

*Suff.* Thus is poor Suffolk ten times ba-  
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by  
 thee !

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;  
 A wilderness is populous enough,  
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.  
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,  
 With every several pleasure in the world !  
 And where thou art not, desolation.

#### Dying with the Person beloved, preferable to Parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live :  
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,  
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap !  
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,  
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

#### The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will :  
 Died he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?  
 Can I make men live, whether they will or no ?  
 O ! torture me no more, I will confess—  
 Alive again ? Then show me where he is ;  
 I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.  
 Comb down his hair ; look, look ! it stands  
 upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch his winged soul !  
 Give him some drink ; and let the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that's the thought of him.

#### 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

##### A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
 That trembles under his devouring paws ;

And so he walks insulting o'er his prey ;  
 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

#### The Duke of York on the gallant behavior of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanced  
 them : [solves  
 But this I know—they have demean'd them-  
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.  
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me,  
 And thrice cried, " Courage, father ! fight it  
 out !"

And full as oft came Edward to my side,  
 With purple falchion painted to the hilt  
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :  
 And when the hardest warriors did retire,  
 Richard cried, " Charge ! and give no foot of  
 ground !"

And cried, " A crown, or else a glorious tomb !  
 A sceptre, or an earthen sepulchre !"  
 With this we charg'd again ; but out, alas !  
 We bode it again ; as I have seen a swan  
 With bodiless labor swim against the tide,  
 And spend her strength with over-matching  
 waves.

#### A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favor-ite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !  
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the  
 child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?  
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;  
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-  
 less.

That face of his the hungry cannibals  
 Would not have touch'd, would not have  
 stain'd with blood ;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—  
 O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.  
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :  
 This cloth thou dippest in blood of my sweet  
 boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
 Keep thou the napkin, and do boast of this :  
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
 Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears ;  
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,  
 And say, " Alas, it was a piteous deed !"

#### The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest  
 troop,  
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat ;  
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,  
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them  
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. [cry,

#### The Morning.

See how the morning opens her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !  
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love !

*The Morning's Dawn.*

The battle fares like to the morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing  
light;  
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.

*The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.*

O God! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live:  
When this is known, then to divide the times:  
So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yearn;  
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and  
years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how  
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherd, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.  
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely  
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

*Mob.*

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.

*A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.*

Why, then, do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!  
And chides the sea that sunders him from  
thence,  
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way.

*Gloucester's Deformity.*

Why, love forswore me in my mother's  
womb,

And, for I should not deal in her soft ~~laws~~,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size:  
To disproportion ~~me~~ in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an ~~unhappy~~ bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

*Gloucester's Desimulation.*

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:  
And cry, content, to that which grieves my  
heart;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;  
And frame my face to all occasions: [shall;  
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid  
I'll alay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:  
I can add colors to the camelion;  
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

*The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.*

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or  
foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? My mangled body shows;  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart  
shows  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.  
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpoor'd Jove's spreading  
tree, [wind.  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful  
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's  
black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world.  
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with  
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; [blood,  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his  
brow?  
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
E'en now forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

*Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.*

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I  
should say,  
My tears gathering, for every word I speak,  
To see, I think the water of my eyes.  
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your  
sovereign,  
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,  
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;  
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil :  
You fight in justice : then, in God's name,  
lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

### *Omens on the Birth of Richard III.*

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;  
The night-crow cry'd a boding lackliss tune ;  
Bats howl'd, and hideous tempests shook  
down tress ;

The raven rook'd her in the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung :  
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's  
To wit—an indigest, deformed lump, [hope ;  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,  
Teeth had'st thou in thy head when thou wast  
To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world :  
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st "into the world with thy legs  
forward."

### § 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### *Anger.*

To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full-hot horse ; who, being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.

#### *Action to be carried on with Resolution.*

If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither  
know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not  
Our necessary actions, in the fear [stint  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trim'd ; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

#### *A good Wife.*

A loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre :  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her,  
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless a king.

#### *The Blessings of a low Station.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,

'Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

#### *Queen Katharine's Speech to her Husband.*

Alas, Sir,

In what have I offended you ? What cause  
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable :  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, [sorry  
Yea, subject to your count'nance ; glad or  
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire, [friends  
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
Ho were mine enemy ? What friend of mine,  
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice,  
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to  
mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years ; and have been  
bless'd

With many children by you. If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice.

#### *Queen Katharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.*

You are meek and humble mouth'd ;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seem-  
ing.  
With meekness and humility : but your heart  
Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his highness' fa-  
vors, [mounted,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are  
Where pow'rs are your retainers : and your  
words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell  
you,  
You tender more your person's honor, than  
Your high profession spiritual.

#### *Queen Katharine compared to a Lily.*

Like the lily, [rish'd,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flour-  
ish'd  
I 'll hang my head, and perish.

#### *Horror, its outward Effects.*

Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple : straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts

His eye at the moon in most strange  
We see can him set himself [p]tures

### *I am Allegiance*

Though perils did [and  
Aloud is thick as thought could make can  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,  
A dith a rock against the chiding flood  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours

### *Anger its external Effects*

What sudden anger is this? How have I  
recap'd it?  
He pured frowning from me, as if run  
I cap'd from his eyes so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then makes him nothing

### *Falling Greatness*

Nay then farewell! [greatness,  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting I shall fall,  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more

### *The Vicissitudes of Life*

So farewell to the little good you bear me  
Farewell a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man to dry he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope to-morrow blossoms  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And when he thins a dawning morn full surely  
His greatness is a quaking mine his root,  
And then he falls, as I do I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders  
I like many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth my high-blown  
pink  
At length broke under me, and now has left  
Wearied, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
I feel my heart new open'd O how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
'There is, betwixt that snail we would aspire,  
'The sweet respect of princes, and our ruin, [to,  
More poase and fears than war or women  
have,  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again

### *Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman  
I'th' dry our eyes and thus far beu me,  
Cromwell;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-  
tion [ther,  
Of me must more be heard, say then, I taught

Say Wolsey that once rode the waves of glory,  
And sound'd all the depths and shoals of ho-  
nor

I found there a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,  
A sure and safe one, tho' thy master mis'd it  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me -  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man  
then,  
(Th' image of his Maker) hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last cherish those hearts that  
hate thee,

Corruption wins not more than honesty  
Still in thy right hand carry gently peace  
To silence envious tongues He just, and fit to  
not [try s  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy coun-  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou wilt (O  
Cromwell,

Thou shalt be a blessed martyr Save thee, k,  
And prithee, lead me in —  
There take an inventory of all I have  
To the last penny tis the king's. We rely  
And my integrity to Heaven is all  
I dare now call mine own O Cromwell  
Cromwell

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd the king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me liv'd to mine enemies!

### *Cardinal Wolsey's Death*

At last with easy roads he came to the  
ter, [abbat  
I led in the abbey, where the dead  
With all his convent honourably received him  
To whom he gave these words O father  
abbat

An old man broken with the storms of state  
Is come to try his weary bones among ye  
Give him a little earth for charity  
So went to bed, where only his sickness  
Pursued him still, and three nights after this  
About the hour of eight (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance  
Continual meditations tears and sighs  
He gave his hours to the world again  
His blessed part to Heaven and rest to peace

### *His Vices and Virtues*

So my heart is, his faults lie gently on him  
Yet thus far, Guilt give me leave to speak  
And yet with charity — he was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach ever ran in  
Himself with princes out that by suggestion  
I led all the kingdom — money was for play  
His own opinion was his law P the presence  
He would say untruths and lie over double  
Both in his words and manners He was  
never,  
But where he meant to ruin pitiful  
His projects were, as he then was mighty!  
But his performance as he now is, nothing  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example  
[Miss Noble Madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass : their virtues  
We write in water.

This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his  
cradle

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :  
Lofly and sour to them that lov'd him not ;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting  
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely ; ever witness for him,  
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little.  
And, to add greater honors to his age [God.  
'Than man could give him, he died fearing

*Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.*

Let me speak, Sir, [utter  
For Heav'n now bids me ; and the words I  
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them  
truth. [her !]

This royal infant (Heaven still move about  
Though in a cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings.  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall  
be

(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
'Than this pure soul shall be. All princely  
graces,

'That mould up such a mighty piece as this,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall  
nurse her ;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall  
bless her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good  
grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
'Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.  
God shall be truly known : and those about  
her

From her shall read the secret ways of honor,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by  
blood. [when

'Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but, as  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes now create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself :

No shall she leave her blessedness to one  
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud  
of darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was.  
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth,  
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honor and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall  
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him : our children's  
children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING  
JOHN. SHAKESPEARE.

*A Description of England.*

THAT pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring  
tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders ;  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the  
main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west,  
Salute thee for her king.

*Description of an English Army.*

His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother queen,  
An Até stirring him to blood and strife ;  
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;  
With them, a bastard of the king deceas'd ;  
And all the unsettled humors of the land—  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their  
backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.  
The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance ; they are at hand.

*Description of Victory, by the French.*

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in ;  
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath  
made [her,

Much work for tears in many an English mo-  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding  
ground ;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolor'd earth ;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors.

*By the English.*

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your  
bells; [approach,  
King John, your king, and England's, doth  
Commander of this hot malicious day!  
Their armors that march'd hence so silver  
bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colors do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd  
forth;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

*A Woman's Fear.*

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus fighting  
For I am sick, and capable of fears; [me,  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears; [fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And tho' thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

*Tokens of Grief.*

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy  
head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of  
thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?  
Be these sad signs configners of thy woe?  
Then speak again; not all thy former joys,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.*

If thou, that bidd'st me be content, were  
grim,  
Ugly, and stand'st rose to thy mother's wrath;  
Full of unpleasant blot, and night-mare stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, with prodigious  
Patch'd with foul moles, and are spreading  
marks,  
I would not care, I would then be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, not thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and as thy birth, dear boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou wast with little loss;  
And with the half-blown rose.

*The Horror of a Conscience.*

I had a thing to say—but let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of glee,  
To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
Did, with his hoarse tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one unto the drowy race of night;  
If this same were a church-yard where we  
stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
(Which else runs tickling up and down the  
veins,  
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purpose);  
Or if that thou couldst see me with thine eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of  
words;  
Then in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts;  
But, ah! I will not.

*A Mother's Ravings.*

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad—I would to Heaven I were!  
For their 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.  
If I were mad, I should forget my son.  
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:  
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.

*Apostrophe to Death.*

O miable, lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household  
worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And make a carrion monster like thyself  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou  
art't,  
And buss thee as thy wife! misery's love,  
O, come to me!

*A Mother's Grief.*

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-  
child him that did but yesterday aspire, [child,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,

As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
And so he 'll die ; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,  
I shall not know him : therefore, never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more. [grief.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of  
*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phil.* You are as fond of grief as of your  
child. [child,

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent  
Arthur in his bed, walks up and down with me ;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words ;  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

#### *Despondency.*

There's nothing in this world can make me  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [joy :  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

#### *Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.*

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long.

Have you the heart ? when your head did  
but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows  
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
And I did never ask it you again : [head ;  
And with my hand at midnight held your  
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,  
Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your  
grief ?

Or, What good love may I perform for you ?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it cunning : do, an if you will ;

If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
• Why then you must.—Will you put out mine  
eyes ?

These eyes that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as ~~from~~ on you ?—

Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be  
bound !

Nay hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the ~~men~~ angrily. [you,

• Christ but these men away, and I 'll forgive  
Whatever torment you do put me to.—  
Is there no remedy ?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Art.* O Heaven ! that there were but a  
note in yours,

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A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous  
there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

#### *To add to Perfection, superfluous and sus- picious.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured :  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;  
Startles and frights consideration ; [pected,  
Makes sound opinions sick, and truth sus-  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

#### *Murderer's Look.*

This is the man should do the bloody deed,  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much troubled  
breast.

#### *Struggling Conscience.*

The color of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

#### *Newstellers on the Death of Arthur.*

Old men and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously : [mouths ;  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
And, when they talk of him, they shake their  
And whisper one another in the ear ; [heads,  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
wrist ;

Whiles he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling  
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news ;  
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

#### *Kings' evil Purposes too secretly and hastily executed.*

It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant  
To break into the bloody house of life ;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law ; to know a meaning



Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it  
frowns  
More upon humor than advis'd respect.

*A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind :  
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a  
pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purpos'd ;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
break off, [in me.  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears

*Hypocrisy.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum ;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

*Despair.*

If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest  
thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a  
beam [thyself,  
To hang thee on : or, wouldst thou drown  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

*A Man's Tears.*

Let me wipe off this honorable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation ;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed,  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm.  
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes  
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd ;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

*Drums.*

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue  
of war  
Plead for our interest.  
Do but start  
An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brad'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine :  
Sound but another, and another shall.  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mountain's thunder.

*The Approach of Death.*

It is too late, the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwell-  
ing house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*Madness occasioned by Poison.*

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room :  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.  
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
'That all my bowels crumble up to dust :  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment ; and again this fire  
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off :  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his icy fingers in my navel :  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Thro' my burnt bosom ; nor entreat the north  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,  
And comfort me with cold.

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKESPEARE.

*Patriotism.*

WHAT is it that you would impart to me ?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other.  
And I will look on both indifferently :  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cassius, in Contempt of Cæsar.*

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,  
Cæsar says to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ? "—Upon the word,  
Accounted as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of  
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man [Tiber  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—  
He had a fever when he was in Spain ;  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did  
shake ;  
His coward lips did from their color fly ;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the  
world,  
Did lose his lustre ; I did hear him groan :

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the  
Romans [books,  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their  
Ages! it cried—"Give me some drink, Titimius!"—

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me;  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of this majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone. [Shout—Flourish.

Brut. Another general shout!  
I believe that these applauses are  
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that  
Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as  
well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art  
sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
When went there by an age, since the great  
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one;  
When could they say till now, that talk'd of  
Rome, [man?  
That her wide walks encompass'd but one

#### *Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.*

Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks [physi-

Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music.

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit:

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

#### *Spirit of Liberty.*

I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak must  
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

#### *Ambition, covered with specious Humility*

But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back.  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend:

#### *Conspiracy dreadful till executed.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

#### *Sleep.*

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men,  
Therefore thou sleepest so sound.

#### *Portia's Speech to Brutus.*

You have ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:  
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungently looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your  
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry westure of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience, [al,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, with-  
Hoping it was but an effect of humor, [man;  
Which sometime hath his hour with ev'ry  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my  
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

#### *Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.*

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies.  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets; [dead:  
And graves have yaw'n'd, and yielded up their  
Fierce fiery-warriors fight upon the clouds,

In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capito :  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air ;  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan :  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Caesar.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
Yet Caesar shall go forth : for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen :  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death

#### *Against the Fears of Death.*

Cowards die many times before their death ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange, that men should  
Seeing that death, a necessary end, [hear]  
Will come, when it will come.

#### *Antony's Soliloquy.*

O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, — [lips,  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ; —  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar, [hold  
That mothers shall but smile, when they be-  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of War ;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deed ;  
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial !

#### *Antony's Funeral Oration.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lead me  
your ears ;  
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him !  
The evil that men do, lives after them ;  
The good is often interred with their bones ;  
So let it be with Caesar ! The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious :  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it :  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;  
So are they all, all honorable men)  
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious ? [pleb.  
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown, [pleb.  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious :

And, sure, he is an honorable man. .  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he  
And none so poor to do him reverence. [there.  
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong.  
Who, you all know, are honorable men .  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here is a parchment with the seal of Caesar ;  
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will ;  
Let but the commons hear this testament  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),  
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's  
wounds,  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : read it, Mark  
Antony. [Caesar's will.

4 *Ant.* The will, the will ; we will hear  
4 *Pleb.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must  
not read it ;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, — O, what would come of it !

4 *Pleb.* Read the will : we will hear it,  
Antony.

You shall read the will ; Caesar's will.  
4 *Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay  
a while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it,  
I fear, I wrong the honorable men [it  
Whose daggers have stab'd Caesar — I do fear

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors :—honorable men !

*All.* The will ! the testament ! [will ?]

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed  
them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger  
through :

See what a rent the envious Cæsa made ;—  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd !  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
'This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty  
heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue, [fell.  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
'Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls ! what, weep you when you but  
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you here !  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd : revenge !

About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay ! let not  
a traitor live. [not stir you up

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honorable ;  
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know  
not, [honorable,

That made them do it : they are wise and  
And with, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is :

But, as you know me all, plain blunt man,  
That love my friends, that they know full  
well

That gave me public leave to speak of him,  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor  
dumb mouths ! [tus,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Bru-  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth ap-  
pear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in  
such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his com-  
ment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your  
last. [corruption.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement ! [remember !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,  
For so much trash as may be grasp'd thus ?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman !

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not [self ;

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget my-  
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no

*Bru.* Away, slight man ! [further.

*Cas.* Is't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure  
all this ? [proud heart break ;

*Bru.* All this ! ay, more : fret, till you  
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I  
budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch  
Under your fusty humor ? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Tho' it do split you : for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this ?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : for mine own  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. [part,

*Cas.* You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong  
me, Brutus :

I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus  
have mov'd me. [tempted him.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ; you durst not so have

*Cas.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ! durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not. [love,

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my  
I may do that I shall be sorry for. [sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied  
For I can raise no money by vile means : [me ;  
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to  
wring [trash,

From the hard hands of peasants their vile  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius ?  
Which you denied me : was that done like  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not ;—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath  
riv'd my heart :

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius, [come,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my  
dagger,

\*And here my naked breast ;—within, a heart  
Dearer than Pylus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st  
Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius. [him better

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint-bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood-ill-temper'd, vexeth  
him ? [too.

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me  
your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too. [Embracing.

*Cas.* O Brutus !

*Bru.* What is the matter ? [with me,

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear  
When that rash humor, which my mother  
gave me,

Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so.

*Bru.* O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better.—Portia

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia ? [is dead.

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd  
you so ?

O, insupportable and touching loss !—

Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ; [Antony  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark  
Have made themselves so strong—for with her  
death

That tidings came—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendant absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods !

[Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

*Bru.* Speak no more of her—Give me a  
bowl of wine :

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks.

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.*

**Bru.** No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He beats too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March began:  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

**Cas.** For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; [tus-  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

**Bru.** Why then, lead on.—O, that a man  
might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

*Antony's Character of Brutus.*

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

## § 23. KING LEAR. SHAKESPEARE.

*An alienated Child.*

LET it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:  
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous  
Scythian,  
Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou, my sometime daughter.

*Bastardy.*

'Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound; wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit  
Th'curiosity of nations to deprive me, [shines  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard! Wherefore  
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? 'with bastards? bastardy? base,  
base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality,  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'twixt asleep and wake?

*A Father cursing his Child.*

Hear, Nature, hear;  
Dear goddess, hear! suspend thy purpose, if  
'Thou didst intend to make this creature fruit-  
Into her womb convey sterility! [ful!  
Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;  
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!

*Plain, blunt Men.*

This is some fellow, [affect  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth  
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter.  
[truth  
An honest mind and plain—he must speak  
An they will take it, so: if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this  
plainness  
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Description of Bedlam Beggars.*

While I may scape,  
I will reserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime  
with filth;  
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms,  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary,  
And with this horrible object, from low fens,  
Poor pelling villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
Enforce their charity. [play'rs,

*The Fault of Infirmary pardonable.*

Fiery! the fiery duke? tell the hot duke,  
that—  
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:  
Infirmary doth still neglect all office. [selves  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-  
When nature, being oppress, commands the  
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; [mind  
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.

*Rising Passion.*

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

We'll no more meet, no more see one another.  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bane,  
A plague-sore, an imbossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

*The Necessaries of Life few.*

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

*Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.*

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural  
I will have such revenges on you both, [hags,  
That all the world shall—I will do such  
things— [be  
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll  
No, I'll not weep: [weep;  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

*Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.*

*Kent.* Where 's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful element;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change, or cease: tears his  
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
Strive in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would  
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Lear's passionate Exclamation amidst the Tempest.*

Blow, wind! and crack your cheeks! rage!  
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow!  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Sing me my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at  
That make ingrateful man!

Rumble thy belly-full! spit, fire! spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription. Why then let  
fall [slave,

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this! O! O! it is foul!

*Kent.* Alas, Sir! are you here? Things  
that love night, [skies  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,  
And make them keep their caves: since I was  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thun-  
der,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-  
The affliction nor the fear. [not carry

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou  
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd-of justice: hide thee, thou bloody  
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,  
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up  
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed!  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the  
tempest.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this  
contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a  
bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When  
the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Fili! ingratitudo!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home.  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Poor [I will endure:  
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave  
all—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that—

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Prythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:  
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

[*you*  
Your loop'd and raggedness, defend  
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this!—Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!  
'Tis that thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Enter Edgar disguised like a Madman.*

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two  
And art thou come to this? [*daughters?*]

Didst thou give them all?  
Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have  
subdued nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh bogot  
Those pelican daughters.

#### *Patience and Sorrow.*

Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest. You have  
seen [*tears*]

Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and  
Were like a better day: those happy smiles,  
'That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

#### *Description of Dover Cliff.*

Come on, Sir; here's the place:—stand  
still:—how fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low! [*air,*  
The snows and choughs, that wing the midway  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way  
down [*trade!*]

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her coccyzian cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring  
surge,

That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

#### *On the Abuse of Power.*

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:  
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine  
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer  
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin  
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able  
'em: [*pow'r*]

Take that of me, my friend, who have the  
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

#### *Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.*

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made! [*blakes*]

Had you not been their father, these white  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
'To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thun-  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke [*der?*  
Of quick cross lightning? to watch (poor  
perdu!)

Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night [*ther,*

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor fa-  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!  
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
I had not concluded all.

#### *Scene between Lear and Cordelia.*

*Cord.* How does my royal lord? how fares  
your majesty? [*the grave,*

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'  
'Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cord.* Sir, do you know me? [*you die?*  
*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know; when did  
*Cord.* Still, still far wide! [*a while.*

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone  
*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I?—  
Fair day-light! [*pity*]

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with  
To see another thus.—I will not swear

These are my hands.

*Cord.* O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.  
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind. [*man*  
Methinks I should know you, and know this  
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant



What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know  
not [at me,  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cord.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I  
pray weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cord.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me. [great rage,

*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam: the  
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in; and trouble him no more  
'Till further settling.

*Cord.* Will 't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old  
and foolish.

#### *Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.*

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel  
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and  
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them  
too— [out—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's  
And take upon us the mystery of things, [out,  
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great  
That ebb and flow by the moon. [ones,

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense.

#### *Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.*

List a brief tale:—

And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would  
The bloody proclamation to escape, [news!  
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweet-  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,  
Rather than die at once!), taught me to shift  
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; became his  
guide, [spair]

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
Until some half-hour past, when I am'd,  
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)

'Twist two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Bast.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you  
on;

You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold  
For I am almost ready to dissolve, [it in;  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have been a period  
To such as love not sorrow: but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity. [man,

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a  
Who having seen me in my worst estate, [ing  
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but, then, find-  
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong  
arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
As he'd burst heaven, threw him on my fa-  
ther:

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
That ever ear receiv'd; which, in recounting,  
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet  
sounded,

And there I left him tranc'd.

#### *Lear on the Death of Cordelia.*

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O you are men  
of stones!

I had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is  
gone for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth: lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O, my good master!

*Lear.* Prythee away—

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for  
ever!—

Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha! [soft,  
What is 't thou say'st!—Her voice was ever  
Gentle, and low.

#### § 29. MACBETH. SHAKSPEARE.

##### *Witches described.*

WHAT are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on 't!—hine you, or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to under-  
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be wo-  
men;

And yet your beads forbid me to interpret  
'That you are so.

*Macbeth's Temper.*

Yet do I fear thy nature:  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;

Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou  
wouldest highly, [false,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play  
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

*Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.*

The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, come you  
spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's  
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering  
Wherever in your sightless substances [night,  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it  
makes; [dark,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
To cry, "Hold! hold!"—

*Macbeth's Irresolution.*

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere  
well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these  
cases, [teach

We still have judgment here; that we but  
Bloody instructions, which being taught, re-  
turn [justice

To plague the inventor: this even-handed  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice

To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the  
door, [Duncan

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Hath borne his fealties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
The deep damnation of his taking-off; [against  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, [spur

That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other

*True Fortitude.*

I dare do all that may become a man!  
Who dares do more, is none.

*The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which I now draw—

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use. [senses,  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of  
blood, [thing:  
Which was not so before—There 's no such  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
'Tis to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half  
world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf, [thy pace,  
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his steal-  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his  
design [earth,  
Moves like a ghost—Thou sure and firm-set  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for  
fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it—While I threat,  
he lives— [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
'That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*[Exit.]**Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* That which hath made them drunk,  
hath made me bold: [Hark! peace!  
What hath quenched them, hath given me fire:  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which gives the stern'st good night.—He is  
about it:—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores; I have  
drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die. [ho!

*Macb.* [Within] Who 's there?—what,  
*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the  
deed, [ready,

Confounds us!—hark!—I laid their daggers  
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had don't. — My husband?

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed : — didst thou not hear a noise ? *[crickets cry.]*

*Lady.* I heard the owls scream and the Did not you speak ?

*Macb.* When ?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended ?

*Lady.* Ay. *[her ?]*

*Macb.* Hark ! who lies i' the second cham-

*Lady.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight ! *[Looks on his hands.]*

*Lady.* A foolish thought ! to say a sorry sight. *[and one cried, "murder !"]*

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, That they did wake each other ! I stood and heard them : *[them]*

But they did say their prayers, and address'd Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, "God bless us !" and "Amen !" the other ; *[hands]*

As they had seen me, with these hangman's Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen, When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply. *[Amen ?]*

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce I had most need of blessing, and Amen Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought After these ways ; so it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more !

Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care, The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second Chief nourisher in life's feast." *[course]*

*Lady.* What do you mean ? *[all the house]*

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to "Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor *[more !]*

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no *Lady.* Who was it that thus cried ? Why,

worthy Thane, You do unbend your noble strength, to think So brain-sickly of things : go, get some water, And wash this filthy witness from your hand : Why did you bring these dangers from the place ? *[smear]*

They must lie there : go, carry them ; and The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ; Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady.* Infam'd purpose !

Give me the daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,

And but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. — How do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal : For it must seem their guilt. *[Exit]*

*Knocking within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking ? *[Starting.]* How is't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me ?

What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will The multitudinous seas incarnadine *[rather]* Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your color ; but I *[washes]* *[Knock.]*

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking At the south entry. Softly we to our chamber : A little water clears us of this deed : *[her ;]* How easy is it then ! Your constancy Hath left you unattended : hark ! more knock-

ing : *[Knock.]* Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchmen : be not lost

So poorly in your chamber.

*Macb.* To know my deed — 'twere best not know myself

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking ! I would thou couldst !

*Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.*

*Enter Macbeth to his Lady.*

*Lady.* How now, my lord ? Why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making ? Using those thoughts which should indeed

have died *[all remedy]* With them they think on ? Things without Should be without regard : what's done, is

done. *[kill'd it ;]* *Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor

malice Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead *[peace.]*

Than wake to gain our place, have sent to Their on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy. — Duncan is in his grave ; After life's sinful fever, he sleeps well ; *[son,*

Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poi- Malice domestic, foreign levy ; nothing

Can touch him further !

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife ! Thou know'st that Banquo and his

Issue *[eternally.]* *Lady.* But in the future, they's not

Macb. They's common yet, they are as

Than by the hand, see the path down

His bloody sign ; ere, black Hecate's autumn

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's warning peal; there shall be  
A deed of dreadful note. [done]

*Lady.* What 's to be done? [start, chuck,

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dear-

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling

Scarf up the tender age of pitiful day; night,

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and

Maker wing to the flight of birds; [the glow

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their prey do

toil on.

*Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared.*

*Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and*

*Attendants.*

*Lady.* My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold;

That is not often touch'd while to a making,

'Tis given with welcome: the deed was best at

home;

From thence, the praise to most is ceremony:

Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in*

*Macbeth's Place.*

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health be both!

*Len.* May 't please your highness sit?

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's ho-

nor roof'd;

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

Whom I may rather challenge for unkindness,

Than pity for mischance,

*Ross.* His absence, Sir. [highness

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full! [Starting.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord.

What is 't that moves your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord? [shake

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never

Thy gory locks at me. [well.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness leaves.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is

often thus, [start;

And hath been from his youth: pray you, leave

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well: if much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[*To Macb.*

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look

Which might appal the devil. [start, then

*Lady.* Approach, my lord.

This is the very painting of your fear;

This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said

I used you to. Dumb things: O that we were so dead!

[*Impostors to trust, but women's names.*

A woman's story is a winter's tale.

Author'd by his grandson. Shew it self!

Why do you make such faces? when all 's  
You look but on a stool. [done,

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak

too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury, back—our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

[*The Ghost vanishes.*

*Lady.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady.* Fie, for shame! [olden time,

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the

Ere human statute purg'd the gen'ral weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man

would die;

And there an end: but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more

strange

Than such a murder is.

*Lady.* My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget:

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and

health to all; [full:

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, I'll

drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we

miss: [thirst,

Would he were here! to all, and him, we

And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let

the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,

Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady.* Think of this, good peers,

But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the Russian rugged bear,

The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,

And dare me to the desert with thy sword;

If trembling I inhibit thee, protect me

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being

gone, [The Ghost vanishes.

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

[*The Lords rise.*

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke

the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

*Macb.* Give such things be,

And become as like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ? You make me  
Even to the disposition that I owe, [strange,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruly of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord ?

*Lady.* I pray you, speak not ; he grows  
worse and worse ;  
Question enrages him : at once, good night :  
Stand not upon the order of your going :  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty.

*Lady.* A kind good night to all.

[*Exit Lords.*  
*Macb.* It will have blood, they say ; blood  
will have blood : [speak ;  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
Aungurs, and understood relations, have [forth,  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
The secret'st man of blood.

*Witches : their Power.*

I conjure you, by that which you profess  
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me ;  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up : [down ;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the  
treasure  
Of nature's germings tumble altogether,  
Even till destruction sickens, answer me  
To what I ask you.

*Malcolm's Character of himself.*

*Mal.* But I have none : the king-becoming  
graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them ; but should  
In the division of each several crime, [should  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r I  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak ;  
I am as have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !  
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shall thou see thy wholesome days  
again ?

Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands exil'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed : Thy royal  
father [thee,  
Was a most sainted king ; the queen that bore  
Of'n'er upon her knees this sin, on her feet  
Died ev'ry day the liv'd. But these well  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,

Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here !

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my  
thoughts [beth

To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Mac-  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power ; and modest wisdom plucks me  
Front over-credulous haste ; but God above  
Deal between thee and me : for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, [I  
Unspoke mine own detraction ; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
(Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;  
At no time broke my faith ; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow ; and delight [ing  
No less in truth than life ; my first false speak-  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

*An oppressed Country.*

Alas ! poor country ;  
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where  
nothing  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile :  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent  
the air, [seems  
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow  
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's  
Expire before the flowers in their caps, [dying  
Dying, or ere they sicken,

*Macduff on the Murder of his Wife and Children.*

*Rosse.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like ! but I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?  
The general cause f or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast ?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
Begins it shares some woe ; tho' the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* Fit be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue  
for ever, [sound  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humpht I guess'd it. [and babes

*Rosse.* Your wife is murder'd ; your wife  
Savageously slaughter'd ; to relate the manner,  
Were, on the execution, like murther'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Macd.* Murder'd Heaven ! [brows ;  
What, man, what, pull your hat upon your  
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not  
speak, [break.  
Whispers the s'er-fraught heart, and bids it

*Macd.* My children too? [could be found.

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! my

*Rosse.* I have said. [wife kill'd too?

*Mal.* Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children!—All my pretty  
Did you say all? what, all? O hell-kiss'd child!  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Display it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven  
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Mac-  
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [am,  
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest  
them now! [let grief

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword;  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage  
it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with  
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle  
Heaven,

Cut short all intermission: front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he  
Heaven forgive him too! [escape,

*Mal.* This tune goes manly:  
Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer  
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.  
[Exeunt.

### *Despised Old Age.*

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-hungry,  
breath, [dare not,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but

### *Diseases of the Mind incurable.*

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

### *Reflections on Life.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterday have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

### § 30. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

#### *In Dispraise of Honesty.*

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doth on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and, when he is  
old, cashier'd:

Whip the such honest knaves. Others there  
are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And throwing but shows of service on their  
lords, [lin'd their coats,

Do well thrive by them; and when they have  
Do themselves homage: these fellows have  
some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,  
For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

#### *Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approved good masters—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my  
speech,  
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years'  
pith, [us'd

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious  
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs,  
what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic  
[For such proceeding I am charg'd withal],  
I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year; the battles, sieges, for-  
That I have pass'd. [tunes,  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
Of being taken by the insubstantial foe, [breach;  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;  
And portance in my travels history.

These things to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline;  
But still the house afflairs would draw her  
thence;

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse; which, I observing,  
Took once a plantain hour; and found good  
means.

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimages dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas pass-  
ing strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderful pitiful—  
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she  
wish'd

That Heaven had made her such a story;—she  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake:

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

#### *Perfect Content.*

O my soul, joy!

If after ev'ry tempest some such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
death,

And let the laboring bark find hills of seas,  
Olympus high; and dice again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,  
'I were now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

#### *Othello's first Suspicion.*

Think, my lord! by Heaven, my soul says me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown:—would he might make  
something! [that—  
I heard thee say but now thou lov'dst not  
When Cassio left my wings what didst not  
like?

And when I told thee—his was of my counsel,  
In my whole course of wooing—thou didst  
"Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow to-  
gether,

As if thou hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them  
breath— [more:]

Therefore, these stops of mine fright me the  
For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,  
They are close denotements working from the  
That passion cannot rule. [heart,

#### *Reputation.*

Good name, in man and woman, dear my  
In the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis some-  
thing, nothing; [thousands:]

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked  
up to Jealousy by Iago.*

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings: If I prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-  
strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have: or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years; yet that 's not much—  
She 's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage!  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon, [toat  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses.

#### *Jealousy.*

Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous; confirmation strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

#### *The Tortures of Jealousy.*

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes! not poppy  
Or mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou shalt never enjoy.

Oth. How do you come to me?

Iago. Why how now, general? no more  
of this!

Oth. What's become of you last night?  
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know 's a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me: I slept the next night well, was free and merry; I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen, Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this. \* [all.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp, Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body, So I had nothing known: O now, for ever, Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell con-

stant!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars, That make ambition virtue! O farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, The royal banner; and all quality, [war!

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious And, O you mortal engines, whose rude

throats [scit, Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counter-

farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

*Iago.* Is 't possible, my lord? [whore;

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Catching hold on him. Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,

Thou hadst better have been born a dog, Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this? [so prove it,

*Oth.* Make me to see it; or, at the least, That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,

To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord— [me,

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture Never pray more: abandon all remorse:

On horror's head horrors accumulate: Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth

amaz'd; For nothing canst thou to damnation add, Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O Heaven defend me! Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?

God be wi' you: take mine office.—O wretched fool,

That hast to make thine honesty a vice! O monstrous world! take note, take note, O

To be direct and honest, is not safe! [world, I thank you for this profit; and from hence,

I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise: for honesty 's a And loses that it works for. [fool,

*Oth.* By this world, [not; I think my wife be honest, and think she is

I think that thou art honest, and think thou art not: [fool,

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black

As mine own face. If there be cords, or Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, [knives, I'll not endure it!—Would I were satisfied!

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*Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.*

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give; She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it, [ther

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my fa- Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye [hunt Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me; And bid me, when my fate would have me

wiv'd, To give it her. I did so; and take heed of 't,

Make it a darling, like your precious eye; To love 't, or give 't away, were such perdi-

As nothing else could match.— [tion.

There 's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work: [silk; The worms were hallow'd that did breed the

And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate: when confirmed in his Suspicions.*

Ay, you did wish that I would make her

tarn: Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, Sir, weep: And she 's obedient, as you say—obedient—

Very obedient—Proceed you in your tears. Concerning this, Sir—O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home—get you away; I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the man-

date, And will return to Venice—hence, avaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And—Sir, to-I do entreat that we may sup together. [night,

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus— Goats and monkeys! [Exit Othello.

*His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.*

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?

I understand a fury in your words, But not your words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou? [loyal wife. *Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true and

*Oth.* Come, swear it; damn thyself; Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils

themselves [damn'd; Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double

Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell. [How am I false?

*Des.* To whom, my lord? With whom? *Oth.* O, Desdemona, away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day! who do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord? If, truly, you my father do suspect



An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost  
Why, I have lost him too. [him,

*Oth.* Had it pleased Heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; [head;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—  
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion  
there! [him;

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cheri-  
Ay, there, look grim as hell! [thought.

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer-flies are in the  
shambles, [weed,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee; would thou hadst  
ne'er been born! [blinded]

*Des.* Alas! what ignorant sin have I com-

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly  
book,

Made to write whore upon! what, committed!  
Committed! O thou public companion!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks  
That would to cinders burn up modesty, [ted!  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What, commit-  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon  
winks:

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it: what, committed!  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By Heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are you not a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other foul, unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be eved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O Heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that scolding whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.

#### *Desdemona's Faithfulness.*

O good Iago,

shall I go to win my lord again?

friend, go to him; for, by this light of

heaven,

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—  
[kneeling]

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed:  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort, forswear me! Unkindness may do  
much,

And this unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered  
asleep in her Bed.*

*Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my  
soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars:  
It is the cause,—Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*[Lays down the Sword.]*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore, [light.  
Should I repeat me; but once put out thy  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellency nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume.

*[Sets down the Taper.]*

When I have pluck'd thy rose,  
I cannot give it vital growth again;  
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

*[Kissing her.]*

O bloody breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice herself to break her sword! One  
more. [thee,

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill  
And love thee after—one more, and this the  
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's hus-  
d strikes where it doth love. [ven];

*Othello's Confusion after having murdered his  
Wife.*

Yea 'tis Emilia:—by and by—she's dead,  
The like she comes to speak of Cassio's death:  
The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?  
Still 's the grave. Shall she come in? we're't  
good? [best?]

I think she stirs again:—no.—What 's the  
If she comes in, she'll sure speak to my  
wife:— [wife]

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no  
O insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now some eclipse  
Of sun and moon, or that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

*His Love for her.*

Had she been true,  
If Heaven would make me such another world,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*His bitter Remorse.*

Behold ! I have a weapon :  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I've seen the day,  
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain  
 Who can control his fate ? it is not so now.  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;  
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires : where should Othello go ?  
 Now—how dost thou look now ? O ill-star'd  
 wench !  
 Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at  
 Thus look of thine will hurl my soul from hea-  
 ven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my  
 E'en like thy chastity—  
 O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !  
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?  
 Dead ? O ! O ! O !

*His last Speech.*

Soft you ; a word or two before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and they  
 know it ;  
 No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am : nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice : thou must  
 speak  
 Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;  
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,  
 Like the base Judas, threw a pearl away  
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose sub-  
 duc'd eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this.  
 And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him—thus. [State himself.]

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING  
RICHARD II. SHAKESPEARE.*Banishment—Consolation under it.*

ALL places have the eyes of Heaven's visits.  
 Are to a wise man past, and happy havens :  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou, the king, woe doth the heavier sit  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honor,  
 And not the king exil'd thee.—Or suppose,

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou  
 Suppose the singing-birds, musicians ; com'et :  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence  
 strow'd ; [more  
 The flow'rs, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no  
 Than a delightful measure or a dance :  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.*

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast ?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?  
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*Popularity.*

Ourself, and Bushy, Bogot here, and Green,  
 Observ'd his courtship to the common people :  
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts  
 With humble and familiar courtesy ;  
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;  
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of  
 smiles  
 And patient under-bearing of his fortune,  
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him.  
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench ;  
 A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,  
 And had the tribute of his supple knee :  
 With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving  
 friends ;"

As were our England in reversion his,  
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Grief.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty sha-  
 dows,  
 Which show like grief itself, but are not so :  
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;  
 Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,  
 Show nothing but confusion ; eyed awry,  
 Distinguish form.

*Hope doubtful.*

I will despair, and be at enmity  
 With cozening hopes ; he is a flatterer,  
 A parasite, a keeper back of death,  
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*The Prognostics of War.*

The bay trees in our country all are wither'd,  
 And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;  
 The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the  
 earth ; [change :  
 And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

*Richard to England, on his Arrival.*

As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;

So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favor with my royal hands.  
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :

But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*The Sun rising after a dark Night.*

Know'st thou not,

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at them—

*On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.*

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak ;  
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills ;  
And not yet so—for what can we bequeath,  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own, but death ;  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and covering to our bones.

For Heav'n's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;  
Some poisoned by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;

All murdered—For within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable : and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores thro' his castle walls, and, farewell king !  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn rev'rence ; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;  
For you have but mistook me all this while :  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
Need friends : subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

*Melancholy Stories.*

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,  
With good old folks, and let them tell thee  
Of woful ages long ago betid : [tales  
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their  
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me, [grief,  
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

*A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.*

Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [broke,  
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course ;  
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke ! [spoke,

You would have thought the very windows  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,  
With painted imagery, had said at once,  
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Respoke them thus—I thank you, country—  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*Duch.* Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

*York.* As in a theatre the eyes of men,  
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious : [eyes  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's  
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him !

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still comforting with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience—  
That had not Gods, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perceive have  
And barbarous itself have pitied him.

*Violets.*

Who are the violets now [spring ?  
That strew the green lap of the new-come

*King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.*

I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison, where I live, unto the world :  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it—yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;  
My soul, the father ; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little  
world ;  
In humors, like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented—

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves.  
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame—  
That many have, and others must sit there :  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,  
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king ;  
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar ;  
And so I am : then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
Then am I king'd again : and, by and by,  
That I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,  
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be cas'd  
With being nothing.

§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING  
RICHARD III. SHAKESPEARE.

*Richard, on his own Deformity.*

Now are our brows bound with victorious  
wreaths ;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings :  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grum-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front ;

And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass ;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's  
majesty ;  
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them—  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on my own deformity :

And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

*Richard's Love for Lady Anne.*

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn  
salt tears, [drops ;  
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish  
These eyes, which never shed remorseful  
tear—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at  
him ;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death ;  
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad  
time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
And what these sorrows could not thence  
exhale, [weeping.  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
I never sued to friend, nor enemy ; [words ;  
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing  
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue  
to speak.

*On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.*

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while :  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body :  
Since I have crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.

*Queen Margaret's Execration.*

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy  
soul. [liv'st.  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be when some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !  
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity  
The slave of nature, and the son of hell !  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !  
Thou rag of honor, thou detested—

*High Birth.*

I was born so high,  
Ourerie builded in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Richard's Hypocrisy.*

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scrip-  
ture,

Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ.  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Clarence's Dream.*

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

*Clar.* Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster ;  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we pass'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches, [falling  
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and in  
Struck me, that thought to stay him overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in my ears !  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea, [holes,  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep, [by,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brak.* Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

*Clar.* O no, my dream was lengthen'd after O, then began the tempest of my soul !

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud—“ What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark, murky, shoreful false Clarence ?”

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud—

“ Clarence, thou com'st false, feeling perjury  
That stabs me in the field by Townebury ;

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !”

With that, methought, a legion of foul  
Invirion'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling wak'd ; and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell.  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done those things

That now give evidence against my soul.  
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misde  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone. [dren  
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-

*Description of the Murder of the two young Princess in the Tower.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;  
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story. [babes !”

“ O thus,” quoth Dighton, “ lay the gentle  
“ Thus, thus,” quoth Forrest, “ girdling one  
another

Within their alabaster innocent arms ;  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;  
Which once, quoth Forrest, “ almost chang'd  
my mind ;

But, O the devil !”—there the villain stopp'd ;  
When Dighton thus told on—“ We smother'd  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.”  
Hence both are gone with conscience and

morse :  
They could not speak ; and so I left them both  
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

*Queen Margaret's Exprobration.*

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;

One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below.  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;

A dream of what thou wast, a garnish flag,  
To be the aim of every dang'rous shot ;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?

Where be thy two sons ? where dost thou  
Who sees, and knows, and says, God save the queen !

Where be the bending peers that fatter'd thee?  
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd  
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;  
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time. [wert,  
Having no more but thought of what thou  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

*A fine Evening.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set;  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*Day-break.*

The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

*Richmond's Prayer.*

O thou! whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us thy mistress of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee do I commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

*Richard starting out of his Dream.*

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds;  
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict  
me!

The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by.

*Conscience.*

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

*Richard before the Battle.*

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, *St. George*,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! victors sit on our helms.

*Alarm. Enter King Richard.*

*K. Richard.* A horse! a horse! my kingdom  
for a horse!

*Catesby.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you.

*K. Richard.* Slave, I have set my life upon  
a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.  
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKESPEARE.

*On Dreams.*

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with  
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes,  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies,  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep; [legs;  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;  
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;  
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm,  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:  
Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
Made by the joiner-squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night,  
Through lovers' brains; and then they dream  
of love; [straight;  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on  
foes;  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted  
are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's  
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice:  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or  
two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night,  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once entangled, much misfortune  
bodes. [backs,  
This is the hag, when maids lie on their  
That presses them, and learns them first to  
bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mef.* True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;  
Which is as thin as substance as the air;

And more inconstant than the wind, who  
wooes  
E'en now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*A Beauty described.*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear :  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

*The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.*

*Enter Romeo.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a  
wound— [breaks ?]  
But, soft ! what light thro' yonder window  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !

*[Juliet appears above at the Window.]*

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.  
Be not her maid, since she is envious ;  
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off—  
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of  
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. [that ?]  
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :  
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?  
The brightness of her cheek would shame those  
stars,

As day-light doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven,  
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,  
That birds would sing, and think it were not  
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks—

O speak again, bright angel ! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him ;  
When he bestrides the lazy-paced clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo !—wherefore art  
thou Romeo ?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet. [at this ?]

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak  
[Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—

What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet :  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name ;  
And for that name which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :  
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;  
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus be-  
screen'd is night,

So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am ;  
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
Because it is an enemy to thee ;

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred  
words [sound]

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ? [like.]

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dis-  
Jul. How cam'st thou hither ? tell me, and  
wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;  
And the place death, considering who thou art.  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-  
perch these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out.  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt :  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder  
thee. [fear.]

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine  
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but  
And I am proof against their enmity. [sweet.]

Jul. I would not for the world they saw  
thee here. [their sight.]

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here ;  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out  
this place ? [inquire.]

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to  
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot ; yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on  
my face ;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-  
night.

Fain would I dwell on form ; fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke ; but farewell, compliment !  
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—

Ay, [swear'st,]  
And I will take thy word—yet, if thou  
Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or, if thou lovest, I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;

And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light :

But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess, but that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware, My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me ; And not impute this yielding to light love, Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow, That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all—

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, Which is the god of my idolatry, And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love— [thee,

Jul. Well, do not swear : altho' I joy in I have no joy of this contract to-night ; It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ; [be, Too like the lightning, which doth cease to Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good night !

'This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath, May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.

[rears Good-night, good-night !—a sweet repose and Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ? [vow for mine.

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? For what purpose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within : dear love, adieu !

[Nurse calls within.

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true. Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night ! I am afraid,

All this is but a dream I hear and see ;

Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

[Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable, Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee, Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[Within : Madam !]

I come anon—But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee—[Within : Madam !] By and by, I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief : To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good-night ! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

[Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist ! Romeo ! hist ! O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than

With repetition of my Romeo's name. [mine.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name : [night,

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by Like softest music to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. My sweet !—

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. At the hour of nine. [then.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it. [there,

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,

And with a silk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good-night, good-night ! Parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow. [Exit.

### Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, [beams Which ten times faster glide than the sun-Driving back shadows over lowering hills :

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid [wings.

### Lovers light of Foot.

O, so light a foot

Will never wear out the everlasting flint :

A lover may bestride the gossamers,



That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Romeo, on his Banishment.*

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his look  
Much more than death: do not say banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona! art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona's  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself. [wails,

Hence banished, is banished from the world,  
And world's exile is death; then banishment  
Is death misterr'd: calling death banishment.  
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankful  
[prince.]

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven  
is here

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. More validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
But Romeo may not, he is banished! [knife.  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
But—banish'd—to kill me; banish'd? [mean,  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,  
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but  
speak a word. [ment!]

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banish-  
ment!

*Fri.* I'll give thee armor to keep off that  
Adversity's sweet talk, philosophy. [word;  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished? Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

*Fri.* O then I see that madmen have no  
eyes. [men have no eyes?]

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise  
Friar Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* They canst not speak of what thou  
dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then might'st thou  
tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.*

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a Window;  
a Ladder of Ropes set.*

*Jul.* Wilt thou begone? it is not yet near  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark, [day:  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:  
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the  
morn, [streaks

No nightingale: look, love, what envious  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die. [I;

*Jul.* Yea, light is not day-light, I know it,  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so. [death;

I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,  
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay, than will to go.  
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it  
so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Juliet's Resolution.*

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring

bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house;

Or cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
bones,

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud—  
Things that to hear them told have made me

tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.*

Farewell—God knows when we shall meet  
again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills thro' my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll tell thee how again to comfort me.—  
Nurse!—what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:  
Come, phial.—What if this mixture do not

work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?  
No, no! this shall I do: I will not marry.

What if it turn out false, and I am left  
What if it turn out false, and I am left

Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead ;  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd,  
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
 I fear it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :  
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.—  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air

breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, [bone  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they

say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort—  
 Alack ! alack ! is it not like that I  
 So early waking—what with loathsome smells ;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the  
 earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—  
 O ! If I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Involved with all these hideous fears ?  
 And muddle play with my forefathers' joints ?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his  
 shroud ? [bone,

And in this rage, with some great kinsman's  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?  
 O look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point !—Stay, Tybalt, stay !  
 Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

*Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with,  
 the Apothecary.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
 Let's see for means :—O mischief ! thou art  
 swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
 I do remember an apothecary—  
 And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brow,  
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones ;  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins,  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and many such  
 Remnants of sackthread, and old

roses,  
 Were throng'd together to make up a show.  
 Noting this, I went, to my friend's said—  
 An if a man did need a poison now,  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a craftsman would sell it him ;  
 O, this same thought did but for-run my need ;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house :  
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.  
 What, ho ! apothecary !

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud ? [art poor  
*Rom.* Come hither, man—I see that thou  
 Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have  
 A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 As violently as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have ; but Man-  
 Is death to any he that utters them. [thou's law

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretch-  
 edness,

And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks ;  
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes ;  
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery ; [law  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will.

And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to  
 men's souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst  
 not sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none—  
 Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

*Romeo and Paris.*

*Par.* Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Mon-  
 tague ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?  
 Condemn'd villain ! I do apprehend thee .  
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed ; and therefore came  
 I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man ;  
 Fly hence and leave me—think upon these  
 gone ;

Let them affront thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
 Heap not another sin upon my head,  
 By urging me to fury. O, be gone !  
 By Heaven, I love thee better than myself ;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,  
 And do attack thee as a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me ? then have  
 at thee, boy. [They fight, Paris falls.

*Par.* O, I am slain ! if thou be merciful,  
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.

*Rom.* In faith, I will :—let me peruse this  
 face ;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris.  
 What said my man, when my betossed soul  
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think  
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :  
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

*Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.*

O my love! my wife! [breath,  
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy  
Hath no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favor can I do to thee, [twain,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet!

Why art thou yet so fair? 'twill I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;

And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again; here, here, will I remain,

With worms that are thy chambermaids.—O,

Will I set up my everlasting rest; [here

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last!

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—

Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark!

Here's to my love! O true apothecary!

[Drinks the Poison.

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[Dies.

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKESPEARE.

*The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.*

THEY answer, in a joint and corporate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, can-

not [notable—

Do what they would; are sorry—you are ho-

But yet they could have wish'd—they know

not—but

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature

May catch a wrench—would all were well—

'tis pity—

And, so, intending other serious matters,

After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,

With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: these old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is cask'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;

'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again towards earth,

Is fashioned for the journey, dull and heavy.

*Against Duelling.*

Your wounds have took such pains, as if they

had

To bring manslaughter into form, set quar-

relling

Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,

Is valor misbegot, and came into the world,

When sects and factions were but newly born.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make

his wrongs [carelessly;

His outades; wear them, like his raiment,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

*Without the Walls of Athens.*

*Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.*

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,

That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the

earth, [tinent!

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incon-

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,

Pluck the grave-wrinkled senate from the

bench,

And minister in their steads! to general filths

Convert o' the instant, green virginity!

Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold

fast;

Rather than render back, out with your knives,

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound ser-

vants, steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping

sire,

With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,

Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,

Instruction; manners, mysteries, and trades,

Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries, [men,

And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to

Your potent and infectious fevers heap

On Athens, ripe for stroke!—Thou cold

sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may

strive,

And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop

Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;

That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from

But nakedness; thou detestable town! [thee,

*A Friend forsaken.*

As we do turn our backs—

From our companion thrown into his grave.

So his familiar to his buried fortunes

Slink all away; leave their false vows with

him,

Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air.

With his disease of abject poverty,

Walks, like contempt, alone.

*On Gold.*

What is here? [gods:  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,  
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear hea-  
vens! [foul, fair;  
Thus much of this will make black, white;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young;  
coward, valiant. [gods? why this  
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you  
Will lug your priests and servants from your  
sides; [heads:  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
This yellow slave [ears'd;  
Will knit and break religions; bless the ac-  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench: this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house and tedious sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and  
spices  
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st  
odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.

*Timon to Alcibiades.*

Go on—here's gold—go on;  
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:  
Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;  
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit  
It is her habit only that is honest, [matron;  
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for these milk  
paps, [eyes,  
That thro' the window-bars bore at men's  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;  
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare  
not the babe, [mercy.  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle [cut,  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against  
objects;  
Put armor on thine ears and on thine eyes,  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor  
babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's a gold to pay thy  
soldiers:  
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! speak not, begone.

*Timon's Reflections on the Earth.*

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! Common mother,  
thou; [great  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is  
made,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,

The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below crisp hea-  
ven, [shine;  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate;  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root  
Ensue thy fertile and conceptious womb!  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and  
bears, [face  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward  
Hath to the marble mansion all above  
Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn  
leas, [draughts,  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Timon's Discourse with Apemantus.*

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected:  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade?  
this place?  
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie  
soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these  
woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which hath undone thee: hinge thy  
knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious  
strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid  
welcome  
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth  
again, [likeness.  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my  
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away  
myself. [like thyself,  
*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being  
A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd  
trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out?—will the  
cold brook,  
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the  
creatures  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wretched heavens, whose bare unhoused  
To the condensing elements expos'd, [trunks,  
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find—  
Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's  
tender arm  
With favor clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd  
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect; but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts  
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare.  
For every storm that blows—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burthen.  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time  
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst  
thou hate men? [given]

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou  
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! begone.  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

#### On Gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcer  
[Looking on the gold.]  
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate  
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the conservative snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! thou false god,  
That soldier'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that sweetest with  
every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of sin!  
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire.

#### Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth  
hath roots! [springs;  
Within this mile break forth an hundred  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why  
want? [rich, water,

I Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the  
birds, and fishes; [con.  
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you  
That you are thieves profess: that you work  
not

In holier shapes: for spite is boundless than  
In limped professions. Rascal thieves, for aye,  
Here 's gold: go, suck the subtle blood of the

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-  
gether;

Do villany, do, since you profess to do 't,  
Like workmen. I 'll example, as with thiev-  
ery:

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;  
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief;  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough  
pow'r [away;

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves:  
Rob one another. There is more gold: cut  
throats;

All that you meet are thievers: to Athens, go,  
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,  
But thieves do lose it.

#### § 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### An Invitation to Love.

THE birds chant melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit;  
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the  
horns,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns.  
As if a double hunt were heard at once—  
I let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise.  
And after conflict—such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,  
And certain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes down, possess a golden slumber!  
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melody  
Be unto us as a nurse's song. [ous birds,  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

#### Vale, a dark and melancholy one described.

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:  
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
Overcome with moss, and baleful misseckoe.  
Here never shines the sun; here nothing  
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven, breeds,  
And when they shov'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins  
Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
As any mortal body bearing;  
Should straight full mad, or else die suddenly.

#### Young Lady playing on a lute and singing.

Fair Phillis, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a ladies camp, [sings:  
But, lovely Phillis, she but lost her tongue;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss  
them; — [life:  
He would not then have touch'd them for his  
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

*A Lady's Tongue cut out.*

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
That slabb'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence,  
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*A Person in Despair compared to one on a  
Rock, &c.*

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea; [wave,  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

*Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.*

When I did name her brothers, then fresh  
tears  
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Reflections on killing a Fly.*

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly!  
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and  
mother!  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting down in the air!  
Poor harmless fly!  
That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast  
kill'd him!

*Revenge.*

Lo, by thy side, where rape and murder  
stands;  
Now give some surance that thou art revenge.  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;  
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globe.  
Provide thee two proper paltries, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;  
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea.

*SS. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.*

SHAKESPEARE.  
[Enter Troilus and Cressida.]  
Cressida my father's daughter again.

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their  
strength, [valiant;  
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness  
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractic'd infancy.

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—  
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie  
drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair,  
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice:  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her  
Handiest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft  
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughmen! This thou  
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, [me  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given  
The knife that made it.

*On Degree.*

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark! what discord follows! each thing  
meets

In mere confusance. The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the weak son should strike his father dead:  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and  
wrong

[Between whose endless jar justice resides)  
Should lose their names, and so should justice

Then every thing includes itself in power,  
Power into will; will into appetite;  
And appetite, a universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce a universal prey,  
And last eat up itself.

*Adversity the Trial of Man.*

—Why then, you princes,  
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,  
And think them shameful, which are indeed  
nought else.  
But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persuasive constancy in men!  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and  
daring,  
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :  
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,  
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*Achilles described by Ulysses.*

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns  
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—  
Having his ear full of his airy fame,  
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent  
Lies mocking our designs : with him Patroclus,

Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day  
Breaks scurril jests ;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action  
(Which, slanderer ! he imitation calls) [non,  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-  
Thy topless deputation he puts on ;  
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,  
Such to be pitied and o'erwrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,  
'Tis like a chime a-mending : with terms un-  
squad'd, [dropt,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff.  
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling.  
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;  
Cries—"Excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just !  
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy  
As he, being drest to some oration." [heard,  
That's done—as near as the extremest ends  
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :  
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent !  
'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patro-  
Arming to answer in a night-alarm." [celus  
And then, forsooth, the faint defence of age  
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough and spit,  
And, with a palsy fumbling on his garter,  
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this worst  
Sir Valor dies ; cries—"O ! enough, Patroclus,  
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this  
fashion

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*Respect.*

I ask, that I might weaken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning, when she coldly sees  
The youthful Phœbus.

*The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Simplicity of Ajax.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the  
engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself : is it not strange ?

[Aside.

Ulys. Achilles will not to the field to-mor-

Aga. What's his excuse ? [row.

Ulys. He doth rely on none ;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in self-admission. [quest,

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair re-

Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's  
sake only, [ness ;

He makes important : possess he is with great-  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath : imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot dis-  
course,

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself : what should I say ?  
He is so plagu' proud, that the death tokens  
Cry, "No recovery." [of it

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent :

'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulys. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,  
When they go from Achilles : shall the proud  
lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd,  
Of that we hold an idol more than he ?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord  
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles :  
That were to enlarge his fat-already pride,  
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid !

And say in thunder "Achilles go to him."

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of  
him. [Aside.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this  
applause ! [Aside.

Ajax. If I go to him with my armed fist  
I'll push him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll phreece  
his pride : let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon  
our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow !

Nest. How he describes himself ! [Aside.

Ajax. Can he not be so table ?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness. [Aside.

Ajax. I'll let his humors bleed.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should  
be the patient. [Aside.

Ajax. As all men were of my humors.  
Ulys. With him be out of fashion. [Aside.

*Ajax.* He should not bear it so; [it ?]  
 He should eat swords first: shall pride carry  
*Nest.* An 'twould, you 'd carry half. [aside]  
*Ulys.* He would have ten shares. [aside]  
*Ajax.* I will knead him, I'll make him  
 supple. [him]  
*Nest.* He is not yet thorough warm; stir'd  
 With praises; pour in; his ambition's dry. [aside]  
*Ulys.* My lord, you feed too much on this  
 dislike,  
*Nest.* O noble general, do not do so.  
*Dio.* You must prepare to fight without  
 Achilles. [him harm]  
*Ulys.* Why, 'tis this naming of him does  
 Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—  
 I will be silent.  
*Nest.* Wherefore should you so ?  
 He is not emulous, as Achilles is. [liant]  
*Ulys.* Know the whole world; he is as va-  
*Ajax.* A whorson dog! that shall palter  
 Would he were a Trojan. [thus with us]  
*Nest.* What a vice were it in Ajax now—  
*Ulys.* If he were proud ?  
*Dio.* Or covetous of praise ?  
*Ulys.* Ay, or surly borne ?  
*Dio.* Or strange, or self-affected ?  
*Ulys.* Thank the heavens, lord, thou art  
 of sweet composure. [suck :]  
 Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee  
 Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature  
 Thrice fam'd beyond all erudition;  
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,  
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,  
 And give him half: and for thy vigor,  
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield  
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,  
 Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,  
 Instructed by the antiquary times—  
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;  
 But pardon, father Nestor; were your days  
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,  
 You should not have the eminence of him,  
 But be as Ajax.  
*Ajax.* Shall I call you father ?  
*Ulys.* Ay, my good son.  
*Dio.* Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles]  
*Ulys.* There is no tarrying here; the hart  
 Keeps thicket: please it our great general  
 To call together all his state of war; [friends,  
 Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,  
 We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,  
 And here 's a lord; come knights from east to  
 west,  
 And call their bow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.  
*Ag.* Go we to council. Let Achilles  
 sleep. [draw deep]  
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks  
 [Essent]  
*An expecting Lower.*  
 No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,  
 Like a serpent coil upon the Stygian banks  
 Staying her waste. O, be thou my Charon,  
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And give me swift transporance to those  
 Where I may wallow in the lily beds [fields,  
 Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,  
 From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted  
 And fly with me to Cressid! [wings,  
 I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
 The imaginary relish is so sweet  
 That it enchants my sense; what will it be,  
 When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed  
 Love's thrice-reputed nectar? Death, I fear  
 me;  
 swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
 Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,  
 For the capacity of my ruder powers;  
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides  
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
 The enemy flying.  
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;  
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
 Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
 The eye of majesty.

*Constancy in love protested.*  
*Troilus.* True swains in love shall in the  
 world to come [rhymes,  
 Approve their truths by Troilus; when their  
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
 Want smiles; truth tir'd with iteration—  
 As true as steel, as plantago to the moon,  
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—  
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
 As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,  
 And sanctify the numbers:  
*Cres.* Prophet may you be!  
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
 When water-drops have worn the stones of  
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, [Troy,  
 And mighty states characterless are grated  
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory  
 From false to false, among false maids in love,  
 Uphold my falsehood! when they have said—  
 as false  
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son—  
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-  
 As false as Cressid. [hood,

*Greatness contemptible when it declines.*  
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with  
 fortune, [is,  
 Must fall out with men too; what the declin'd  
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
 As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;  
 And not a man, for being simply man,  
 Hath any honor; but honor for those honors  
 That are without him, as place, riches, favor,  
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [ers,  
 Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-  
 The love that lean'd on them is slippery too,



Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.

*Honor : continued Acts necessary to preserve  
its Lustre.*

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes :  
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are  
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon.  
As done : perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright : to have done, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail, [way,  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant  
For honor travels in a strait so narrow, [path ;  
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost—  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on ; then what they do  
in present, [yours :  
Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top  
For time is like a fashionable host, [hand ;  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not  
virtue seek [wit,

Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty,  
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time. [kin—  
One touch of nature makes the whole world  
That all with one consent praise new-born  
gauds, [past ;  
Though they are made and model'd of things  
And give to dust, that is a little gift  
More laud than guilt o'er-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object.

*Love shook off by a Soldier.*

Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak, wan-  
ton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to air.

*Diomedes' Manner of Walking.*

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;  
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*Description of Cressida.*

There's language in her smile, her cheek Jv-  
lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look  
out

At every joint and motive of her body.  
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader ! set them down  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,  
And daughters of the game.

*The Character of Troilus.*

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight.  
Not yet mature, yet matchless : firm of word ;  
Speaking in deeds, and seamless in his tongue ;  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon  
calm'd :

His heart and hand both open, and both free ;  
For what he has, he gives ; what thinks, he  
shows ; [ly,  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his boun-  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath .  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindictive than jealous love.

*Hector in Battle.*

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,  
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youths : and I have  
seen thee,  
As hot as Pegasus, spur thy Phrygian steed,  
Despising many forfeits and subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword  
i' the air,  
Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;  
That I have said to some my standers-by,  
" Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !"  
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy  
breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd  
thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling.

# ' PART II.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

§ 1 *Sforza Duke of Milan pleading his Cause before the Emperor Charles V*

MASINGER

*Sforza* I come not, emperor, t' lavade thy mercy,

By fawning on thy fortune, nor bring with me  
Excuses, or denials I profess [instant  
(And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this  
That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy;  
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy, one that wish'd  
Confusion to thy person and estates, [ouls,  
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,  
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it  
Nor will I now although my neck were under  
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable  
Confess, but that I honor'd the French king  
More than thyself, and all men

Now, give me leave,  
(My hate against thyself, and love to him  
I truly acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons  
That made me so affected In my wrath  
I ever found him faithful, had supplies  
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes  
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up  
again

He was, indeed, to me as my good angel,  
To guard me from all dangers I dare speak  
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high  
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.  
The benefits he sow'd in me met not  
Unthankful ground but yielded him his own  
With fair increase and I still glory in it.  
And though my fortunes (poor compar'd to his  
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as  
nothing)

Are as the fury burnt, let it be mention'd,  
Thy serv'd but as small tapers to attend  
Thy solemn flame at this great funeral,  
And with them I will gladly waste myself,  
Rather than undergo the imputation  
Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful  
For courtesies receiv'd; or not to leave  
A friend in his necessities, be a crime  
Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations  
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and  
cherish'd

Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head  
To pay the forfeit Nor come I as a slave,  
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,

Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,  
For a forestall'd remission that were poor,  
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest  
Over base foes is a captivity,  
And not a triumph I ne'er fear'd to die,  
More than I wish'd to live When I had reach'd  
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,  
This crown upon my head, and to my side  
This sword was girt, and, witness truth, that,  
now

'Tis in another's pow'r, when I shall part  
With them and life together, I'm the same  
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor  
now [stands

They shrink for fear — Know, sir, that Sforza  
Prepar'd for either fortune.

But, if example

Of my fidelity to the French (whose honors,  
Titles, and glory, are now mix'd with yours,  
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names)  
His pow'r t' invite you to make him a friend  
That hath given evident proof, he knows to  
love,

And to be thankful, this my crown, now yours,  
You may restore me, and in me instruct  
These brave commanders (should your fortune  
change,

Which now I wish not) what they may expect  
From noble enemies for being faithful  
The charges of the war I will defray,  
And, what you may (not without hazard) force,  
Bring freely to you I'll prevent the cries  
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,  
Which, in a city sick, call on Heaven's  
justice,

And stop the course of glorious victories  
And when I know the captains and the soldiers,  
That have in the late battle done best service,  
And are to be rewarded, I myself,  
According to their quality and merits, [said,  
Will see them fully recompens'd — I go  
And now expect my sentence.

*Charles* Thou hast as far  
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,  
(I or such I hold thee) and true constancy,  
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm  
And privilege with it that, where we behold it,  
Though in an enemy, it does commend us  
To love and honor it — By my future hopes,  
I'm glad, for thy sake that, in seeking favor,

Thou didst not borrow of Vice her indirect,  
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,  
That (since my purposes must now be chang'd  
Touching thy life and fortunes) the world can-  
Tax me of levity in my settled councils; [and  
I being neither wrought by stamping bribes,  
Nor servile flattery; but fix'd unto it  
By a fair war of virtue.

All former passages of hate be buried;  
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,  
And as a friend embrace it; and so far  
I am from robbing thee of the least honor,  
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,  
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;  
And do not only style thee duke of Milan,  
But vow to keep thee so; yet, not to take  
From others to give only to myself,  
I will not hinder your magnificence  
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;  
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you  
To be your own disposer.

§ 2. Sebastian and Doras.

DRYDEN.

*Re-enter Doras, having taken off his Turban  
and put on an European Habit.*

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;  
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself  
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my  
wrongs,

And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?  
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my inju-  
ries

Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;  
And death should give you back to answer me.  
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy  
wings

Over these eyes; but ever, when they clos'd,  
Your tyrant image forc'd them open again,  
And dried the dews they brought.  
The long expected hour is come at length,  
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:  
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is wel-  
come.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,  
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:  
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;  
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever  
done me;

Then, tho' I loathe this woman's war of tongue,  
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:  
And, honor, be thou judge.

Seb. Honor befriend us both.

Beware! I warn thee yet to tally griefs  
In terms becoming majesty to hear:

I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper  
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:

How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,  
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;

And with past service, nauseously repeated,  
Reproach'd even me, thy prince! [reward,

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot  
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment  
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.

I must and will reproach thee with my service  
Tyrant!—it like me so to ~~claim~~ <sup>claim</sup> ~~prince~~ <sup>prince</sup>

But just resentment and hard usage can'd  
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,  
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant!

[echo back;

Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not  
That robe of infamy, that circumcision

I'll hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;  
And, if a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think and blush, thou  
tyrant,

Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,  
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,  
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.

All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,  
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,  
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance  
again,

That bred my first dislike, and then my loath-  
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy  
king.

[no more:

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king  
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,  
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd  
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;  
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round  
Met nothing but a lie in every face;  
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,  
Envious who first should catch and first ap-  
plaud

The stuff of royal nonsense: when I spoke,  
My honest homely words were carp'd and cen-  
sur'd

For want of courtly style: related actions,  
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:  
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,  
The hungry minions thought their rights in-  
And the bread snatch'd from pinps and para-  
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie, [sites.  
To save his king's, the boot was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now,  
by Heaven,

Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,  
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd, scurril tau-  
s.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that  
I nam'd him,

[smile;

That thing, that nothing but a cringe and  
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,  
Corrupted to a woman; thy max-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,  
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign  
fields:

[it,

By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with  
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

*Seb.* I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,  
If those great acts were done alone for me;  
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?

*Dor.* Why, love does all that's noble here below,

But all th' advantage of that love was thine:  
I was brought back, in either hand  
With palm and olive, victory and peace,  
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own  
(For Violante's vows were thine before):  
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;  
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

*Seb.* I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

*Dor.* Where justice wanted, could reward  
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty  
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him  
first? [love.]

*Seb.* He had my promise ere I knew thy

*Dor.* My services deserv'd thou shouldst  
revoke it. [service;]

*Seb.* Thy insolence hath cancell'd all thy  
To violate my laws, even in my court,  
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;  
Even to my face, and done in my despite,  
Under the wing of awful majesty,  
To strike the man I lov'd!

*Dor.* Ev'n in the face of Heaven, a place  
more sacred,  
Would I have struck the man who, prompt  
by pow'r,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love.  
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,  
The hasty product of a just despair,  
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,  
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy  
own! [begg'd with tears]

*Seb.* He durst: nay, more, desir'd and  
To meet thy challenge fairly; twas thy fault  
To make it public: but my duty then  
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,  
Betwixt your swords.

*Dor.* On pain of infamy  
He should have disobey'd. [to me:]

*Seb.* The indignity thou didst was meant  
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,  
As who should say, the blow was there intended;

But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands  
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd  
To let sovereign justice to myself,  
And spurn thee from my presence.

*Dor.* Thou hast dar'd

To tell me what I durst not tell myself:  
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;  
And live to hear it boasted to my face;  
All my long avarice of honor lost,  
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;  
Has honor's fountain then suck'd back the  
stream?

He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,  
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.

Give me my love, my honor; give them back:  
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

*Seb.* Now by this honor'd order which I wear,

More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask  
Nor shall the sacred character of king  
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.

If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:  
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.  
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;  
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

*Dor.* Thou know'st I have:  
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,  
And prove my charge a lie. [draw:]

*Seb.* No; to disprove that lie I must not  
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul  
What thou hast done this day in my defence:  
To fight thee after this, what wore it else  
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?  
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;  
Which mounting view each other from afar,  
And strive in vain to meet.

*Dor.* I'll cut that isthmus:  
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,  
But to retrieve it, for my own revenge.  
I sav'd thee out of honorable malice.  
Now draw; I should be loath to think thou  
dar'st not;

Beware of such another vile excuse.

*Seb.* O, patience, Heaven!  
*Dor.* Beware of patience too;

That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,  
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:  
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,  
I have thy oath for my security:

The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:  
Fight, or be perjurd now; that's all thy choice.

*Seb.* Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst  
be thank'd: [Drawing.]

Never was vow of honor better paid,  
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.  
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night  
More gladly enters not the lists of love.

Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.  
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,  
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

*Dor.* His ghost! then is my hated rival  
dead? [purpose.]

*Seb.* The question is beside our present  
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

*Dor.* A minute is not much in either's life,  
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in  
And give it him of us who is to fall.

*Seb.* He's dead: make haste, and thou  
may'st yet o'ertake him. [longer.]

*Dor.* When I was hasty, thou delay'st me  
I prythee let me hedge one moment more  
Into thy promise: for thy life pressur'd,  
Be kind: and tell me how that rival died,  
Whose death next thine, I wish'd.

*Seb.* If it would please thee, thou shouldst  
never know,

But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,  
Which found, will torture thee. He died in  
fight:

Fought next my person, as in concert fought;  
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;

Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,  
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound :  
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,  
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,  
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

*Dor.* I never can forgive him such a death !

*Seb.* I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.

Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.  
I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as Heaven  
Foreknew among the shining angel host  
Who should stand firm, who fall. [fall'n ;

*Dor.* Had he been tempted so, so had he  
And so, had I been favor'd, had I stood.

*Seb.* What had been, is unknown ; what  
is, appears :

Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee. [stars.

*Dor.* Had I been born with his indulgent  
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.  
O, worse than hell ! what glory have I lost,  
And what has he acquir'd by such a death !  
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,  
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king :  
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,  
Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life :  
It suited better with my life than his  
So to have died : mine had been of a piece,  
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

*Seb.* The more effeminate and soft his life,  
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,  
And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud  
spirit

(For I will have it from thy very mouth),  
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

*Dor.* O, whither wouldst thou drive me ?

I must grant,

Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,  
Henriquez had your love with more desert ;  
For you he fought and died : I fought against  
you :

Through all the mazes of the bloody field  
Hunted your sacred life ; which that I miss'd  
Was the propitious error of my fate,  
Not of my soul ; my soul's a regicide.

*Seb.* Thou mightst have given it a more  
gentle name :

Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.  
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo ?

*Dor.* Can I speak ?

Alas ! I cannot answer to Alonzo :  
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo :  
Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms,  
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your  
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd :  
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax ;  
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

*Seb.* Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to  
Dorax. [my grief.

*Dor.* I sav'd you but to kill you : there's

*Seb.* Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou  
canst repeat : [wouldst :

Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou  
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast  
err'd :

And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

*Dor.* O, stop this headlong torrent of your  
goodness ;

It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,  
Half drown'd in tears before ; spare my confu-  
sion,

For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.  
For yet I have, not dar'd, thro' guilt and shame  
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade ;  
'Tis just you should ; nor will I more complain.

*Seb.* Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgive-  
ness first,

But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble.  
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :

Thy Violante's heart was ever thine ;  
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,

Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :  
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing court-

Effect the consummation of his love : [ship,  
So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,  
A widow and a maid. [Heaven bless'd me !

*Dor.* Have I been cursing Heaven, while  
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy :

What, in one moment to be reconcil'd  
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love :

But pity is my friend, and stops me short,  
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

*Seb.* Art thou so generous too, to pity him ?  
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.

Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ;  
And all our quarrels be but such as these,

Who shall love best and closest shall embrace :  
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.

*Dor.* What, My Alonzo, said you ? my  
Alonzo !

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak ;  
And if I could, [as mine.

Words were not made to vent such thoughts  
*Seb.* Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er  
be silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend  
This vast profusion, this extravagance

Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,  
It cannot bear the stamp without alloy.

Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away :  
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign :

But let my love and friend be ever mine.

### § 3. Antony and Ventidius.

DAYDEN.

*Ant.* THEY tell me 'tis my 'th-day ; and  
I'll keep it

With double pomp of sadness. [bret'h.

'Tis what the day deserves which gave me  
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,

Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,  
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast

To be trod out by Cesar ? [downwards

*Vent.* [Aside.] On my son  
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful !

*Ant.* Count thy gains ;  
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this ?

Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth  
Hast starv'd thy wanting age.

*Vent.* [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him !

So now the tempest tears him up by the roots,  
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

*Ant.* [*Having thrown himself down.*]

Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;  
The place thou preseat on thy mother earth  
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;  
Some few days hence and then 'twill be too  
late.

When thou 'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,  
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia  
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),  
Octavia then will have thee all her own,  
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.  
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,  
To see his rival of the universe [more on 't.  
Lie still and peaceful there. I 'll think no  
Give me some music; look that it be sad;  
I 'll soothe my melancholy till I swell  
And burst myself with sighing—

'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy  
I 'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature,  
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;  
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene; [oak,  
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted  
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,  
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:  
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,  
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmur'ing brook  
Runs at my foot—

*Vent.* Methinks, I fancy  
Myself there too.

*Ant.* The herd come jumping by me, [on,  
And fearless quench their thirst while I look  
And take me for their fellow-citizen.  
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

*Vent.* I must disturb him: I can hold no  
longer. [*Stands before him.*

*Ant.* [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

*Vent.* Are you Antony?

I 'm liker what I was, than thou to him  
When that I left you last.

*Ant.* I 'm angry.

*Vent.* So am I.

*Ant.* I would be private: leave me.

*Vent.* Sir, I love you,  
And therefore will not leave you.

*Ant.* Will not leave me? [*Am I?*]

Where have you learnt that answer? Who

*Vent.* My emperor: the man I love next  
Heaven.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:  
You 're in that 's good and godlike.

*Vent.* All that 's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

*Vent.* 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;  
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence  
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

*Ant.* Now thou hast seen me, art thou  
satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;  
And, if a foe, too much. [*dew,*

*Vent.* Look, emperor, this is no common  
I have not wept these forty years; but now  
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness. [man! he weeps!

*Ant.* By Heaven he weeps, poor good old  
The big round drops course one another down  
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,  
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

*Vent.* I 'll do my best.

*Ant.* Sure there 's contagion in the tears  
of friends;

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not  
For my own griefs, but thine,—nay, father—

*Vent.* Emperor! [*victory.*

*Ant.* Emperor! why that 's the style of  
The conquer'ing soldier, red with unfelt wounds,  
Salutes his general so: but never more  
Shall that sound reach my ears.

*Vent.* I warrant you.

*Ant.* Actium, Actium! O—

*Vent.* It sits too near you. [*day;*

*Ant.* Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by  
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,  
The hag that rides my dreams.

*Vent.* Out with it: give it vent.

*Ant.* Urge not my shame—  
I lost a battle.

*Vent.* So has Julius done.

*Ant.* Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not  
half thou think'st;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:  
But Antony—

*Vent.* Nay, stop not.

*Ant.* Antony—

(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,  
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ven-  
tidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.  
I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

*Vent.* I did. [*Ventidius.*

*Ant.* I 'll help thee—I have been a man,

*Vent.* Yes, and a brave one: but—

*Ant.* I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd  
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.  
In the full vintage of my flowing honors  
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands. [it,  
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd  
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.  
When first I came to empire. I was borne  
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;  
The wish of nations, and the willing world  
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.  
I was so great, so happy, so below'd,  
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,  
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from  
me,

And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.  
My careless days and my luxurious nights  
At length have wearied her, and now she 's  
gone: [*soldier,*

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever! Help me,  
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,  
Who labor'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse

*Vent.* No. [*me.*

*Ant.* Why?

*Vent.* You are too sensible already  
Of what you've done, too conscious of your  
failings,  
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first  
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.  
I would bring balm, and pour it in your  
wounds,  
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your  
*Ant.* I know thou wouldst.  
*Vent.* I will.  
*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
*Vent.* You laugh.  
*Ant.* I do, to see officious love  
Give cordials to the dead.  
*Vent.* You would be lost then!  
*Ant.* I am.  
*Vent.* Isay you are not. Try your fortune.  
*Ant.* I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think  
me desperate  
Without just cause? No, when I found all  
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,  
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do  
So heartily, I think it is not worth  
The cost of keeping.  
*Vent.* Caesar thinks not so:  
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.  
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you?  
Do;  
Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.  
*Ant.* No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.  
*Vent.* I can die with you too, when time  
shall serve:  
But fortune calls upon us now to live,  
To fight, to conquer.  
*Ant.* Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.  
*Vent.* No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away  
your hours  
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy. (you,  
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait  
And long to call you chief. By painful jour-  
neys  
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,  
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.  
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,  
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's  
virtue in 'em:  
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer  
Than yon trim bands can buy.  
*Ant.* Where left you them?  
*Vent.* I say, in Lower Syria.  
*Ant.* Bring 'em hither;  
There may be life in these.  
*Vent.* They will not come.  
*Ant.* Why didst thou mock my hopes with  
promis'd aids,  
To double my despair? They're mutinous.  
*Vent.* Most firm and loyal.  
*Ant.* Yet they will not march  
To succor me. O trifle!  
*Vent.* They petition  
You would make haste to head 'em.  
*Ant.* I am besieg'd.  
*Vent.* There's but one way shut up—how  
*Ant.* I will not stir.  
*Vent.* They would perhaps desire

A better reason.  
*Ant.* I have never us'd  
My soldiers to demand a reason of  
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?  
*Vent.* They said they would not fight for  
*Ant.* What was't they said? [Cleopatra.]  
*Vent.* They said they would not fight for  
Cleopatra.  
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her  
And make you more alive? to gain you  
kingdoms,  
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,  
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her  
jewels,  
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;  
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.  
*Ant.* Ventidius, I allow your tongue free  
license  
On all my other faults; but, on your life,  
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves  
More worlds than I can lose.  
*Vent.* Behold, you pow'rs,  
To whom you have intrusted human kind;  
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;  
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless  
woman!  
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,  
Like prodigals, this wether world away  
To none but wasteful hands.  
*Ant.* You grow presumptuous.  
*Vent.* I take the privilege of plain love to  
*Ant.* Plain love! plain arrogance, plain  
insolence!  
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious trai-  
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented  
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.  
O that thou wert my equal, great in arms  
As the first Caesar was, that I might kill thee  
Without stain to my honor!  
*Vent.* You may kill me.  
You have done more already; call'd me trai-  
*Ant.* Art thou not one?  
*Vent.* For showing you yourself, [been  
Which none else durst have done. But had I  
That name, which I disdain to speak again,  
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,  
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.  
What hinder'd me I have led my conqu'ring  
To fill Octavius' band? I could have been  
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor.  
And not have been so call'd.  
*Ant.* Forgive me, soldier;  
I've been too passionate.  
*Vent.* You thought me false;  
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me,  
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkind-  
Has left your sword no work.  
*Ant.* I did not think so;  
I said it in my rage; pray thee forgive me.  
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery  
Of what I would not hear?  
*Vent.* No prince but you  
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,  
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:

But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,  
Were sure the chief and best of human race,  
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

*Ant.* But Cleopatra—  
Go on; for I can bear it now.

*Vent.* No more.

*Ant.* Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but  
Thou ~~gaily~~ lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

*Vent.* Heaven's blessing on your heart, for  
that kind words.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

*Ant.* Indeed I do. Speak this, and this,  
and this.

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,  
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou  
wilt;

Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

*Vent.* And, will you leave this—

*Ant.* Prythee do not curse her, [love  
And I will leave her; though Heaven knows I  
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honor;  
But I will leave her.

*Vent.* That's my royal master.  
And shall we fight?

*Ant.* I warrant thee, old soldier:

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;  
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat  
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

*Vent.* O, now I hear my emperor! In that  
word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;  
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;  
I'll thank you for the exchange.

*Ant.* O, Cleopatra!

*Vent.* Again!

*Ant.* I've done. In that last sigh she  
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to lose a lover  
From all he holds most dear.

*Vent.* Methinks you breathe

Another soul; your looks are more divine;  
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

*Ant.* O, thou hast fir'd me! My soul's up  
in arms,

And man each part about me. Once again  
The noble eagerness of fight hath seiz'd me;  
That eagerness, with which, I darted upward  
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steep hill  
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears  
Sung round my host, and planted all my shield;  
I won the trophies, while my foremost men  
Lagg'd on the plain below.

*Vent.* Ye gods, ye gods,  
For such another honor!

*Ant.* Come on, my soldier;

Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long  
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,  
Like Time and Death, marching before our  
troops,

May ~~begeth'ring~~ to 'em; now 'em out a passage,  
And, entering where the utmost squadrons  
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [yield,

§ 4. *Priuli and Jaffier.* OTWAY.

*Pri.* No more! I'll hear no more! Be  
gone and leave me.

*Jaff.* Not hear me! By my sufferings, but  
you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch  
You think me. Patience! where's the dis-  
tance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak [me!  
In right, though proud oppression will not hear

*Pri.* Have you not wrong'd me?

*Jaff.* Could my nature e'er

Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrong.  
I need not now thus low have bent myself,  
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.

Wrong'd you?

*Pri.* Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,  
The honor of my house, you've done me  
wrong:

When you first came home from travel,  
With such hopes as made you look'd on

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,  
Pleas'd with your seeming virtue, I received  
you; [merits;

Courted, and sought to raise you to your  
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,  
My very self was yours: you might have us'd  
me

To your best service: like an open friend  
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:  
When, in requital of my best endeavors,  
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;  
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,  
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

*Jaff.* 'Tis to me you owe her;

Childless you had been else, and in the grave  
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.  
You may remember, scarce five years are past,  
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see  
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;  
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot  
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat  
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself:  
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,  
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,  
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;  
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,  
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,  
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.  
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,  
And, with the other, dash'd the saucy waves,  
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my  
prize. [arms:

I brought her; gave her to your despairing  
Indeed, you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude  
Rose in her soul; for, from that hour, she  
lov'd me,

Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.

*Pri.* You stole her from me; like a thief,  
you stole her

At dead of night; that cursed hour you chose  
To rife me of all my heart held dear.

May all your joys in her prove false as mine;  
A sterile fortune and a barren bed

Attend you both; continual discord make  
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still;  
May the hard hand of a vexatious need  
Oppress and grind you; till at last, you find



The curse of disobedience all your portion.

*Jaff.* Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain :

Heaven has already crown'd our faithful loves  
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's  
beauty. [grandairé,

May he live to prove more gentle than his  
And happier than his father.

*Pri.* No more.

*Jaff.* Yes, all ; and then—adieu for ever.  
There's not a wretch, that lives on common  
charity,

But 's happier than I : for I have known  
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night  
Have slept with soft content about my head,  
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning ;  
Yet now must fall ; like a full ear of corn,  
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet 's wither'd in the  
ripening. [trench ;

*Pri.* Home, and be humble ; study to re-  
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,  
Those pageants of thy folly ;  
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife  
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state :  
'Then to some suburb cottage both retire :  
Drudge to feed loathsome life : get brats and  
starve.

Home, home, I say.—

[Exit.

*Jaff.* Yes, if my heart would let me—  
This proud, this swelling heart ; home would  
I go,

But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,  
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors.  
I've now not fifty ducats in the world ;  
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.  
(*Belvidera* ! Oh, she is my wife !—  
And we will bear our wayward fate together—  
But ne'er know comfort more.

#### § 5. *Jaffier and Pierre.* OTWAY.

*Jaff.* By Heav'n you stir not,  
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.  
'Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow :  
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?  
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong  
me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries :  
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,  
With pity and with charity behold me ;  
Shut not thy heart against a friend's repent-  
ance ;

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,  
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

*Pier.* What whining monk art thou ? what  
holy cheat, [ears,

That would'st encroach upon my credulous  
And cant thus vilely ? hence ! I know thee not.

*Jaff.* Not know me, Pierre !

*Pier.* No, know thee not ; what art thou ?

*Jaff.* Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-lov'd  
valu'd friend ! [hardly.

Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most

*Pier.* Thou Jaffier ! thou my once-lov'd  
valu'd friend ! [friend,

By Heav'n's thou ly'st ; the man so call'd my

Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and va-  
liant,

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,  
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart :  
But thou a wretched, base, false, worthless  
coward,

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect :  
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest  
thee.

*Pri.* thee avoid, no longer cling thus round me,  
Like something baneful, that my nature 's  
chill'd at. [tears I have not,

*Jaff.* I have not wrong'd thee, by these  
But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant ;  
My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.  
Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart  
Detest me utterly : Oh ! look upon me,  
Look back and see my sad, sincere submission !  
How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst  
my bosom ;

Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee ;  
What shall I do ? what say to make thee hear  
me ? [thou call thyself

*Pier.* Hast thou not wrong'd me ? dar'st  
That once-lov'd valu'd friend of mine,  
And swear thou hast not wrong'd me ? Whence  
these chains ? [this moment ?

Whence the vile death, which I may meet  
Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou  
false one ? [I've done asking.

*Jaff.* All 's true ; yet grant one thing, and

*Pier.* What 's that ?

*Jaff.* To take thy life on such conditions  
The council have propos'd : thou and thy  
friend

May yet live long, and to be better treated.

*Pier.* Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record  
myself

A villain, for the privilege to breathe,  
And carry up and down this cursed city  
A discontented and repining spirit,  
Burdenome to itself, a few years longer.  
To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel  
For some new friend, treacherous and false as  
thou art ! [jangling,

No, this vile world and I have long been  
And cannot part on better terms than now,  
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

*Jaff.* By all that 's just—

*Pier.* Swear by some other powers,  
For thou hast broken that sacred oath too  
lately. [leave thee,

*Jaff.* Then, by that hell I merit, I'll ne-  
Till to thyself at least thou 'rt reconcil'd,  
However thy resentment deal with me.

*Pier.* Not leave me ! [thee ;

*Jaff.* No ; thou shalt not force me from  
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave ;  
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs  
On my poor head ; I'll bear it all with pa-  
tience ;

I'll weary out thy most friendly cruelty :  
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they  
spurn me,

Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,

And raise me to thy arms with dear forgive-

*Pier.* Art thou not— [ness.

*Jaff.* What?

*Pier.* A traitor?

*Jaff.* Yes.

*Pier.* A villain?

*Jaff.* Granted.

*Pier.* "A coward, a most scandalous coward,  
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold  
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life!"

*Jaff.* All, all, and more, much more: my  
faults are numberless.

*Pier.* And wouldst thou have me live on  
Base as thou'rt false—? [terms like thine,

*Jaff.* No; 'tis to me that's granted:

The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,  
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

*Pier.* I scorn it more, because preserv'd by  
thee;

And as when first my foolish heart took pity  
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy mis-  
eries, [state

Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy  
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd  
thee,

To rank thee in my list of noble friends;  
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,

Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,  
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast  
So I restore it back to thee again; [stol'n:

Swearing, by all those powers which thou hast  
violated, [nion,

Never from this curs'd hour to hold commu-  
Friendship or interest with thee, though our  
years

Were to exceed those limited the world.

Take it—Farewell, for now I owe thee no-

*Jaff.* Say thou wilt live then. [thing.

*Pier.* For my life, dispose of it [with.

Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I 'm tir'd

*Jaff.* Oh Pierre!

*Pier.* No more.

*Jaff.* My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,  
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

*Pier.* Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I  
throw thee from me [thee.

And curses great as is thy falsehood catch

§ 6. *Theodosius and Marcian.* *LEX.*

*Theo.* Ha! what rash thing art thou, who  
scit'st so small

A value on thy life, thus to presume  
Against the fatal orders I have given,  
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,  
And urge thy ruin?

*Mar.* Mighty Cæsar,

I have transgress'd, and for my pardon bow  
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:

Now can I seek your mercy, when you know  
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd  
From all the earth to give thee thanks and  
praises, [arms

Thou darling of mankind! whose conquerings  
Already drown the glory of great Julius;

Whose deeper reach in laws and policy

Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!

What mean the Fates by such prodigious  
virtue? [face,

When scarce the manly down yet shades thy

With conquest thus to overrun the world,

And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!

Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,

Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss

Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,

Like his, are solemniz'd with tears of blood.

*Theo.* How, Marcian!

*Mar.* Yes, the raging multitude,  
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;

Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their  
own hair;

With wild despair they bring their infants out,

To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets:

Trade is no more; all courts of justice stopt;

With stones they dash the windows of their

temples, [gods,

Pull down their altars, break their household

And still the universal groan is this—

"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;

Since he is gone, that father of his country;

Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?

O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy

glory?" [thy manners:

*Theo.* I know thee well, thy custom and

Thou didst upbraid me; but no more of this,

Not for thy life—

*Mar.* What's life without my honor?

Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,

Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,

I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:

O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test

Which virtue brings: like sores your vices

shake

Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,

Before I go, I'll rip the malady,

And let the venom flow before your eyes.

This is a debt to the great Theodosius,

The grandfather of your illustrious blood:

And then farewell for ever.

*Theo.* Presuming Marcian!

What canst thou urge against my innocence?

Through the whole course of all my harmless

youth,

Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind [me.

One wicked act which I have done to shame

*Mar.* This may be true: yet if you give the  
sway

To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,

Your negligence to them is as the cause.

O Theodosius, credit me, who know [kings;

The world, and hear how soldiers censure

In after times, if thus you should go on,

Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,

As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd: [ease.

They will despise your cloth, and backward

More than they hate the others' cruelty.

And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!

Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;

Load me with malice, envy, detestation;

Let me be horrid to all apprehension,

And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

*Theo.* Pr'ythee no more.

*Mar.* Nay, when the legions make com-  
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd,  
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge  
To give all France as plunder to the army;  
To poison the whole senate at a feast;  
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,  
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude; (fire,  
That, so obstructing those that quench'd the  
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome.—

*Theo.* O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of  
this?

Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?

*Mar.* Yet some will say, This show'd he  
had a spirit,

However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,  
That savor'd of a Roman: but for you,  
What can your partial sycophants invent,  
To make you room among the emperors?  
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;  
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,  
And never be one. O ye immortal gods!  
Is this the old Cæsarean majesty?

Now in the name of our great Romulus,

Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?

Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus,

One to take care of your celestial voice?

Lie on your back, my lord, and on your  
stomach

Lay a thin plate of lead; abstain from fruits;

And when the business of the stage is done,

Retire with your loose friends to costly ban-  
quets,

While the lean army groans upon the ground.

*Theo.* Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;  
Hence, begone, I say—

*Mar.* Not till you have heard me out.

Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,

As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:

Enclose a pool too in it, like the sea,

And at the empire's cost let navies meet;

Adorn your starry chambers too with genis;

Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,

With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:

Consume with this prodigious vanity,

In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,

Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;

Let naked virgins wait you at your table,

And wanton Cupids dance and clap their  
wings.

No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,

So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;

Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,

Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

*Theo.* Come, you are a traitor!

*Mar.* Go to, you are a boy—

Or by the gods—

*Theo.* If arrogance like this, [punished,  
And to the emperor's face should 'scape un-

I'll write myself a coward; die, then, villain,

A death too glorious for so bad a man,

By Theodosius' hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, where are you?

What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,

Now charms my hand from giving thee thy  
fate?

Has he not cut me off from all my honors?

Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,

Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?

Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me?

Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge  
'em?

What hinders now, but that I mount the  
throne,

And make, besides, this purple youth my foot-  
stool?

The armies court me: and my country's cause,  
The injuries of Rome and Greece, persuade  
me,

Show but this Roman blood which he has  
[drawn,

They'll make me emperor whether I will or  
no:

Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,

Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person  
head

Against his friend a black conspiracy,

And stab the majesty of all the world?

*Theo.* Act as you please: I am within  
your pow'r. [crime

*Mar.* Did not the former Brutus, for the  
[crime

Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his king-  
dom?

And shall this prince too, by permitting others

To act their wicked wills, and lawless plea-

Ravish the empire its dear health, [sures,

Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?

Go on in this dishonorable rest? [troops

Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd

Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;

And like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,

Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?

O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!

Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart

Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,

Rouse him a little from this death of honor,

And show him what he should be.

*Theo.* You accuse me,

As if I were some monster most unheard of!

First, as the ruin of the army; then

Of taking your commission: but by Heaven

I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,

Nor ne'er intended it; nor say I this

To alter thy stern usage; for with what

Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my re-  
membrance,

I grow already weary of my life. [not know

*Mar.* My lord, I take your word: you do

The wounds which rage within your country's

bowels;

The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:

But why will not our Theodosius know?

If you intrust the government to others

That act these crimes, who but yourself's to  
blame!

Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealings,

Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.

I thank you for my banishment: but alas!

My loss is little to what soon will follow!

Resist but on yourself and your own joys;

Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas rumor'd through the city, that you  
lov'd;

That your espousals should be solemniz'd;  
When on a sudden here you send your orders  
That this bright favorite, the lov'd Eudisia,  
Should lose her head. (thou?)

*Theo.* O heaven and earth! What say'st  
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudisia!

*Mar.* 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet  
I swear, (sway,

Though you have given to female hands your  
And therefore I, as well as the whole army,  
For ever ought to curse all womankind;  
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,  
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd  
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

*Theo.* What, on a scaffold! ha! before the  
army? (turn'd

*Mar.* How quickly was the tide of fury  
To soft compassion, and relenting tears!

But when the axe  
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth  
From that fair body—had you heard the groan,  
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran  
Through all the armed host, you would have  
thought,

By the immediate darkness that fell round us,  
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,  
And all the gods were angry.

*Theo.* O Pulcheria!  
Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be  
'Thy doing. O, support me, noble Marcian!  
Now, now 's the time, if thou dar'st strike: be-  
hold,

I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,  
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my  
blood.

Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;  
But 'tis too late— (cious!

*Mar.* He faints! What, ho, there! Lu-  
My lord the emperor! Eudisia lives;  
She 's here, or will be in a minute, moment!  
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the  
temple.

O, Lucius, help!—I 've gone too far; but see,  
He breathes again.—Eudisia has awak'd him.

*Theo.* Did not you name Eudisia?

*Mar.* Yes, she lives:  
I did but feign th' story of her death,  
To find how far you plac'd her to your heart:  
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon  
me,

If ever I rebuke you thus again!

'Tis most certain that you sign'd her death,  
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,  
Who left it in my hand to startle you:  
But, by my life and fame, I did not think  
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,  
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal ma-  
ster:

Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,  
And was a madman. By the immortal gods  
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said, [tears,  
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these  
Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.

I swear that there are seeds in that sweet  
temper,

T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

*Theo.* I thank thee first for my Eudisia's  
life. (life

What but my love could have call'd back that  
Which thou hast made me hate? But, O,  
methought (thee,

'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard from  
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,  
To hear so harsh a message! But no more;  
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt  
not rise,

And let me fold my arms about thy neck,  
I'll not believe thy love: in this forgive me.  
First let me wed Eudisia, and we'll out;  
We will, my general, and make amends  
For all that's past: glory and arms, ye call,  
And Marcian leads me on!

*Mar.* Let her not rest, then;  
Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a heat.  
May this great humor get large growth within  
you;

And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods:  
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,  
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armor,  
To head the shouting squadrons! O ye gods!  
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,  
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;  
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,  
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;  
And with beholding you, grow fat again!  
Nothing but gazing eyes, and opening mouths,  
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about  
you;

Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down  
With broken lo's, and with sobbing raptures;  
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor 's  
come

To win the world! Why, is not this far better  
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,  
Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall  
be merry:

And for Eudisia, she is yours already!  
Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be yours.

*Theo.* O Marcian! O my brother, father,  
all!

Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!  
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,  
To make thee love me. For, when thou art  
with me, (I'm nothing.

I'm strong and well; but when thou 'rt gone,

#### § 7. *Gloster and Hastings.* ROWE.

*Glost.* My lord, y' are well encounter'd;  
here has been

A fair petitioner this morning with us;

Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:

Alas, her gentle nature was not made

To buffet with adversity. I told her

How worthily her cause you had befriended;

How much for your good sake we meant to do;

That you had spoke, and all things should be

well. (service.

*Hast.* Your highness binds me ever to your

*Glost.* You know your friendship is most potent with us,  
And shares our power. But of this enough,  
For we have other matter for your ear:  
The state is out of tune; distracting fears,  
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;  
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,  
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,  
With open scorn of government; hence credit,  
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,

The golden streams of commerce are withheld,  
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artisans, [bellion.

Who therefore curse the great, and threat re-  
*Hast.* The reaty knaves are overrun with  
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction: cease,  
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd  
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is  
Because the reins of pow'r are held too slack,  
And reverend authority of late  
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

*Glost.* Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd [wonder  
The source of these disorders. Who can  
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,  
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?  
Plainly to speak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,  
And sum of all complaint: 'Twill ne'er be well  
With England (thus they talk) while children govern. [of that?

*Hast.* 'Tis true the king is young; but what  
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,  
While Glo'ster's valor and most princely wisdom

So well supply our infant sovereign's place.  
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

*Glost.* The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for 't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,  
Barren of pow'r, and subject to control;  
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.  
O worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,  
I think I should not suffer rank offence  
At large to lord it in the commonweal;  
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,  
Thus fear and doubt, betwixt disputed titles.

*Hast.* Of this I am to learn; as not sup-  
A doubt like this— [posing

*Glost.* Ay, marry, but there is; [heard  
And that of much concern. Have you not  
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw [ness  
Has mov'd the people much about the lawful-  
Of Edward's issue? by right grave authority  
Of learning and religion plainly proving,  
A bastard scion never should be grafted  
Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full  
Discoursing on my brother's former contract  
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before  
His jolly match with that same buxom widow,  
'The queen he left behind him—

*Hast.* Ill befall [fusion,  
Such meddling priests, who kindle up vain  
And vex the quiet world with their vain  
scruples!

By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.  
Did not the king,  
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence  
With his estates assembled, well determine  
What course the sovereign rule should take  
henceforward?  
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,  
When shall our long-divided land have rest,  
If every peevish, moody malcontent  
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,  
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their  
brains.

Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

*Glost.* What if some patriot, for the public  
good, [state?

Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the  
*Hast.* Curse on the innovating hand at-  
tempts it!

Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,  
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the  
traitor,

And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,  
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,  
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

*Glost.* You go too far, my lord.

*Hast.* Your highness' pardon—  
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,  
When York and Lancaster drew forth the  
battles?

When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons  
And cast beside some common way, a specta-  
Of horror and affright to passers by. [cle

Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;  
When murders, rapes, and massacres pre-  
vail'd;

When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;  
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,  
And swept away distinction; peasants trod  
Upon the necks of nobles; low were laid  
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,  
And desolation cover'd all the land;

Who can remember this, and not, like me,  
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart  
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those  
horrors, [us?

And set once more that scene of blood before

*Glost.* How now! so hot!

*Hast.* So brave, and so resolv'd, moment.

*Glost.* Is then our friendship of so little  
That you could arm your hand against my  
life? [I meant it;

*Hast.* I hope your highness does not think  
No, Heaven forefend that e'er your prince's  
person [intent.

Should come within the scope of my resent-  
*Glost.* O noble Hastings! Nay, I must  
embrace you;

By holy Paul, 'y are a right honest man.  
The time is full of danger and distrust,  
And warns us to be wary: hold me not  
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,  
If, when I mean to lodge you next my heart,  
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,  
And live your king and country's best support.  
For me, I ask no more than honor gives,

To think me yours, and rank me with your friends. [should pay.

*Hast.* Accept what thanks a grateful heart  
O princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,  
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,  
If, when the public safety is in question,  
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

*Gloster.* Enough of this; to deal in wordy  
compliment

Is much against the plainness of my nature;  
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit;  
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.  
Farewell, and be my friend. [*Exit.*

*Hast.* I am not read, [ness,  
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of great-  
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.  
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me  
E'en on the tend'rest point, the master-string  
'That makes most harmony or discord to me.  
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,  
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd:  
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,  
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:  
On this foundation would I build my fame,  
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;  
'Think England's peace bought cheaply with  
my blood,

And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 8. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

*1st Dale.* LET us all see him!

*2d Dale.* Yes, and hear him too.

*3d Dale.* Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

*4th Dale.* Our general. [can be found.

*5th Dale.* And we will fight while weapons

*6th Dale.* Or hands to wield them.

*7th Dale.* Get on the bank, Gustavus.

*Anderson.* Do, my lord.

*Gus.* My countrymen!—

*1st Dale.* Ho! hear him!

*2d Dale.* Peace!

*3d Dale.* Peace!

*4th Dale.* Peace! [your hearts,

*Gus.* Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd  
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd  
'Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and  
deaths, [ye.

'Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before  
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,  
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and  
vengeful;

Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,  
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.  
'Not for that my sister's early innocence,  
And mother's age, now grind beneath capti-  
vity;

Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour  
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side,  
For ~~these~~ *Gustavus* weeps not; ~~the~~ *my* eyes  
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.  
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!  
The numberless, thy nameless, shameful infa-  
mies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think  
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—

And vengeance that would choke them—tears  
will flow. [them.

*And.* O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of  
Practis'd to stab and snile, to stab the babe  
That smiles upon them.

*Arr.* What accursed hours [these,  
Roll o'er these wretches who to fiends like  
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more  
Than worlds will rate for! [rogative!

*Gus.* O Liberty, Heaven's choice pre-  
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,  
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!

For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!  
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flat'ring  
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,  
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,  
Cleave to the cold and rost upon the storm.  
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms  
Of empire offer'd at the hands of tyrants.

With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee  
These fav'rite sons I sought: thy sons, O Li-  
berty!

For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,  
Lift their low-rafterd cottage to the clouds,  
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their moun-  
tains beam glory to the nations. [tain tops

*All.* Liberty! Liberty! [earlia,

*Gus.* Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dale-  
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world

As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?  
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,  
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?  
Why else have you, and your renown'd fore-  
fathers, [throne

From the proud summit of their glitt'ring  
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,  
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but  
liberty, [years.

Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred  
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills, [ye  
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will  
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;  
Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult;  
And in one hour give up to infamy  
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

*1st Dale.* No.

*2d Dale.* Never, never.

*3d Dale.* Perish all first

*4th Dale.* Die all!

*Gus.* Yes, die by piece-meal! [triumph!  
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may  
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,  
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes  
Do justice to your valors! There they be,  
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder  
host,

Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.  
And, O, when I look round and see you here,  
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,  
My heart swells high, and burns for the en-  
counter.

True courage but from opposition grows;  
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,  
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm

That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save.  
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,  
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,  
And his large honors from eternal infamy?  
What doubt we then? Shall we, shall we  
stand here,  
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,  
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve  
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!  
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;  
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on  
them—

This is indeed to triumph, where we hold  
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,  
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,  
And push yon torrent back, till every wave  
Flee to its fountain? [word more

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; cne  
Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,  
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,

Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus  
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!  
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,  
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at  
once,

Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:  
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,  
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,  
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,  
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.  
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,  
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts  
beat high!

Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our hands,  
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.  
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom  
Each singly equal to an host of foes: [close,  
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight!  
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!  
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high [eye!  
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his

#### § 9. *Gustavus and Cristiern.* BROOKE.

Crist. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me why is  
this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks  
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those  
Upon a dry unthrippen'd enterprise [men  
To turn their indignation? Are the lives  
Of my misguided people held so light, [buke  
That thou dost push them on the keen re-  
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,  
All awful and resistless, to assert  
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,  
And blast rebellion!

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,  
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights,  
thou tyrant?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r, [chief,  
If wrongs give right, O then, supreme in mis-  
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st  
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,  
To be the means, the speciality of lust,  
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st  
That empire is of titled birth or blood;  
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,  
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,  
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke  
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,  
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, he  
Not claim hereditary, not the trust [fold,  
Of frank election,

Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,  
Can authorize oppression, give a law  
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,  
On reason build misrule, or justly bind  
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny  
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,  
Howe'er his own commence, can never be  
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee [kind,  
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd man-  
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,  
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk  
it largely.

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,  
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue  
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,  
To throw defiance in the front of duty?  
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes  
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,  
A war of waters, borne against the rock  
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,  
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man! [weakness;  
I come empower'd and strengthen'd in thy  
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne  
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world.  
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs, and  
tears,

And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base.  
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it.  
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,  
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruc-  
tion. [Heaven!

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of  
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,  
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou  
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out, [not  
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd  
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents  
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up  
As sacred to damnation?

Gus. Yes, I know,  
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,  
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,  
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves  
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates  
That heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts  
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet  
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs  
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words  
Of Christian meekness! mission all-divine!  
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,  
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd

The words of sweet, but indigested peace,  
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallows'd men,  
In whom vice sanctifies, whose presence takes  
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue,  
Who never preach heaven, but with a down-  
ward eye, <sup>flourish</sup>  
That turns your souls to dross! whos' shouting,  
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,  
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the  
realm, <sup>chief!</sup>

Receive your sanction. O, 'tis glorious mis-  
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,  
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye  
Of saintly elevation, bleaseth sin,  
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven  
A sign of blood, a label for decrees  
That hell would shrink to own.

*Crist.* No more of this.  
Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,  
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,  
Acceptance might be found.

*Gus.* Imperial spoiler!  
Give me my father, give me back my kindred!  
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,  
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword  
Has left our widows childless. Mine they  
were, <sup>breast</sup>  
Both mine and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot  
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou  
caust not! <sup>then</sup>

Thou hast outsin'd all reck'ning! Give me  
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,  
And spare yon little trembler.

*Crist.* Yes, on terms  
Of compact and submission.

*Gus.* Ha! with thee? <sup>[country,</sup>  
Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my  
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,  
Altho' it wring for 't, tho' blood drop for tears.  
And at the sight my straining eyes start  
forth—

They both shall perish first.

§ 10. *Lady Randolph. Lord Randolph, and  
young Norval, not known at the time to be  
Lady Randolph's Son.* <sup>Home.</sup>

*Lady Ran.* How fares my lord?  
*Lord Ran.* That it fares well, thanks to  
this gallant youth,  
Whose valor sav'd me from a wretched death.  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,  
At the cross way four armed men attacked me,  
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,  
—so would have quickly laid Lord Randolph  
low,

Had not this brave and generous stranger come.  
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm  
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose  
no more.

The fiercest two, the others fled again,  
And left him master of the bloody field.  
Speak, Lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue  
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.

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Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy  
lord. <sup>[now I feel.</sup>

*Lady Ran.* My lord, I cannot speak what  
My heart o'efflows with gratitude to Heaven,  
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown  
To you and yours, deliberated not,  
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanely brave,  
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.  
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should  
thank, <sup>[life?</sup>

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's  
*Lord Ran.* I ask'd that question, and he  
answer'd not;

But I must know who my deliverer is.

<sup>[To the Stranger.</sup>

*Norv.* A low-born man, of parentage ob-  
scure,

Who nought can boast but his desire to be  
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

*Lord Ran.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is  
ennobled

By the great King of kings: thou art ordain'd  
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand  
Of nature! Blush not, flow'r of modesty  
As well as valor, to declare thy birth.

*Norv.* My name is Norval: on the Gram-  
pian Hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his  
store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles: and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
This moon, which rose last night round as my  
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shep-  
herds fled

For safety, and for succor. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road he took: then hasted to my friends;  
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was  
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I  
wear.

Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life: and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold  
peers

To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps: [ster.  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his ma-  
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these  
towns;

And, heaven directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.



*Lord Ran.* He is as wise as brave: was  
ever tale

With such a gallant modesty rehear'd?  
My brave deliver! thou shalt enter now  
A nobler list; and, in a monarch's sight,  
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.  
I will present thee to our Scottish king,  
Whose valiant spirit ever valor lov'd.

His! my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?  
*Lady Ran.* I cannot say; for various af-  
fections,

And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell:  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe; and I admire  
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy  
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought;  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death  
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword  
To gain distinction which his birth denied.  
In this attempt unknown he might have pe-  
rish'd,

And gain'd with all his valor but oblivion.  
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more  
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,  
He stands conspicuous: fame and great re-  
nown

Are brought within the compass of his sword.  
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,  
And bless'd the wonder-working hand of Hea-  
ven. [thoughts!]

*Lord Ran.* Pious and grateful ever are thy  
My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the  
way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,  
In honor and command shall Norval be. [I am  
*Norv.* I know not how to thank you; rude  
In speech and manners: never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,  
There's something in my breast which makes  
me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favor.

*Lady Ran.* I will be sworn thou wilt not.  
Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,  
With happy valor guard the life of Randolph.

*Lord Ran.* Well hast thou spok'd. Let me  
forbid reply. [To Norval.

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
O'er tops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
As was at first intended, to the camp;  
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,  
Impatient doubtless of their lord's delay.  
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see  
The chosen warriors of thy native land,  
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air  
With brandish'd swords.

*Norv.* Let us begone, my lord.

§ 11. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph  
by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in  
the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most re-  
And inaccessible by shepherds trod, [note

In a deep cave dug by no mortal hand,  
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,  
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.  
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,  
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed.  
Water his drink, his food the shepherd's share.  
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd  
With reverence and with pity. Mild and low  
And entering on discourse, such stories told  
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.  
For he had been a soldier in his youth;  
And fought in famous battles, when the peers  
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,  
Against the usurping infidel display'd  
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.  
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire  
His speech struck from me, the old man would  
shake

His years away, and act his young encounters:  
Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him  
down.

And all the live-long day discourse of war.  
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;  
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use  
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,  
The square, the crescent, and phalanx firm;  
For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known

——Unhappy man!

Returning homewards by Messina's port,  
Loaded with wealth and honors bravely won,  
A rude and boisterous captain of the sea  
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;  
The stranger fell; and with his dying breath,  
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!  
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!  
——They exchange'd forgiveness:

And happy, in my mind, was he that died;  
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,  
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.  
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,  
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;  
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 12. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, wait-  
ing for Lady Randolph, after he was known  
to be her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.  
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood!  
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!  
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Thro' skies, where I could count each little  
star. [leaves;  
The fanning wind scarcely stirs the  
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a sullen sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in sight believ'd,  
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day! Now hast thou chang'd my state!  
 Once on the cold and wintry shaven hills  
 Of bleak hill minchance, but now thou art  
 A living, thriving, child of sun and air,  
 A nurtur'd man, O the gay sunny day,  
 The green thorn, or May, my fortune  
 Hath made me! [He looks at his watch.]  
 O glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent  
 Firmament I oft have of my lot complain'd,  
 Heav'n and record my soul's unalter'd wish!  
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!  
 May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane  
 To give a bold defiance to our host!  
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept:  
 Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

§ 13. *Cato.* ADDISON.

*Enter Cato.*

*Cato.* FATHERS, we once again are met in  
 council;  
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,  
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.  
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?  
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;  
 Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since  
 Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is  
 Cæsar's.  
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,  
 And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands  
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should  
 decree  
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,  
 And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.  
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they  
 still fix'd  
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?  
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and  
 wrought  
 By time, and ill success, to a submission?  
 Sompronius speak.  
*Sem.* My voice is still for war.  
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate  
 Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?  
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,  
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array  
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon  
 him.  
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,  
 May reach his heart, and free the world from  
 bondage.  
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your  
 help;  
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,  
 Or share their fate. The cry of half her  
 senate  
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we  
 Sit here deliberating in cold debates,  
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,  
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
 Rise up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia  
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To  
 battle!  
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are  
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst  
 us.  
*Cato.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal  
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.  
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits  
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;  
 All else is sowing phrensy and distraction.  
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword  
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?  
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,  
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,  
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,  
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?  
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.  
 [turn'd on peace.  
*Luc.* My thoughts, I must confess, are  
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world  
 With widows and with orphans: Scythia  
 mourns.  
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions  
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:  
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare  
 mankind.  
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,  
 The gods declare against us, and repel  
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle  
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)  
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,  
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.  
 Already have we shown our love to Rome,  
 Now let us show submission to the gods.  
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,  
 But free the commonwealth; when this end  
 fails, [cause,  
 Arms have no farther use. Our country's  
 That drew our swords, now wreaths them from  
 our hands,  
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood  
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,  
 Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,  
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.  
*Sem.* This smooth discourse, and mild  
 behavior, oft  
 Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me  
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.  
 [Aside to Cato.  
*Cato.* Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;  
 Immoderate valor swells into a fault;  
 And fear admitted into public councils,  
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.  
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs  
 Are grown thus desperate; we have bulwarks  
 round us;  
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil  
 In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;  
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,  
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.  
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;  
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach  
 Forces us to yield. 'Twill never be too late  
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?

No: let us draw her term of freedom out  
In its full length, and spin it to the last.  
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:  
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment.  
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Enter Marcus.*

*Mar.* Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd  
The gate,  
Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd  
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old  
Decius,

The Roman knight; he carries in his looks  
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

*Cato.* By your permission, fathers—bid  
him enter. *[Exit Marcus.]*

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects  
[*Cæsar.*]

Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to  
His message may determine our resolves.

*Enter Decius.*

*Dec.* Cæsar sends health to Cato—

*Cato.* Could he send it *[welcome.]*  
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be  
Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato; Cæsar  
sees *[knows]*  
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he  
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of  
Rome. *[try.]*

Would he save Cato, bid him spare his count-  
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato  
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to  
Cæsar;

Her generals and her consuls are no more,  
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his  
triumphs:

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urg'd,  
forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've orders to expostulate,  
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:  
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.  
Still may you stand high in your country's  
honors; *[Cæsar,*

Do but comply, and make your peace with  
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more:  
I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your  
virtues,

And therefore sets this value on your life.  
Let him but know the price of Cato's friend-  
And name your terms. *[ship,*

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And let the judgment of a Roman senate.  
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your  
wisdom— *[ne'er employ'd]*

*Cato.* Nay, *[Cato's voice]*  
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
Myself will mount the rostrum in a day,  
And strive to gain his pardon from the senate.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a  
*Cato.* Decius, a style like this  
Romans

*Dec.* What is a Roman that is Cato's friend?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a  
to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate;  
You don't now thunder in the capital,  
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives  
us hither; *[little,*

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate  
And thin'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown  
upon him; *[him black]*

Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see  
With murder, treason, sacrifice, and crimes  
That strike my soul with horror but to name  
them.

I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to  
Cæsar *[ship?]*

For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friend-  
*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and  
vain: *[Cato.]*

Presumptuous man! the gods take care of  
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,  
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,  
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,  
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes  
you forget

You are a man; you rush on your destruction.  
But I have done. When I relate hereafter

The tale of this unhappy embassy;  
All Rome will be in tears. *[Exit Decius.]*

§ 14. *Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful  
Posture; in his Hand Plato's Book on  
the Immortality of the Soul. ADDISON.*

*A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond  
This longing after immortality? *[sire,*  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward hor-  
ror

Of falling into night? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter.

And intimates eternity to man:  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being, pass?  
Through what new scenes and changes, shall we

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,

But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
 These will I hold. If there's a power above  
 That sees all there is all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works, he must delight in  
 Virtue;

And which he delights in must be happy.  
 But when! or where!—this world was made  
 For Cæsar.

I am weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.  
 [Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 'This in a moment brings me to an end;  
 But this informs me I shall never die.  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon  
 me?

This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?  
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care  
 Sinks down to rest. 'This once I'll favor her,  
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,  
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with  
 life,

An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
 Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,  
 Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

#### § 15. Forest Sports. LAMB.

*Margaret.* In the name of the boy God,  
 who plays at hood-man-blind with the Muses,  
 and cares not whom he catches: what is it  
 you love?

*Simon.* Simply, all things that live,  
 From the crook'd worm to man's imperial form,  
 And God-resembling likeness. The poor fly,  
 That makes short holiday in the sunbeam,  
 And dies by some child's hand. The feeble  
 With little wings, yet greatly venturous bird  
 In the upper sky. The fish in th' other ele-  
 ment,

That knows no touch of cloquence. What  
 You tall and elegant stag,  
 Who paints a dancing shadow of his horns  
 In the water, where he drinks.

*Margaret.* I myself love all these things,  
 yet so as with a difference—for example, some  
 animals better than others, some men rather  
 than other men; the nightingale, before the  
 cuckoo, the swift and graceful palfrey before  
 the slow and asinine mule.  
 Your humor goes to confound all qualities.

What sports do you use in the forest?

*Simon.* Not many; some few, as thus:—  
 To see the sun to bed, and to arise,  
 To see some hot amorist with glowing eyes,  
 The lazy bands of sleep that bound

With all his fires and travelling glories round  
 him.

Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to  
 rest,

Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,  
 And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep  
 Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.

Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,  
 Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,  
 To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,  
 Go eddying round; and small birds, how they  
 fare,

[corn,  
 When another Autumn fills their beaks with  
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn;  
 And how the woods berries, and worms provide  
 Without their pains, when earth has nought  
 To answer their small wants.

[beside  
 To view the graceful deer come tripping by,  
 Then stop, and gaze, then turn, they know not  
 Like bashful yonkers in society. [why,  
 To mark the structure of a plant or tree,  
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

#### The Mourner visited.

*John.* How beautiful,

[handing his mourning.

And comely do these mourning garments show!  
 Sure grief hath set his sacred impress here,  
 To claim the world's respect! they note so  
 feelingly

By outward types the serious man within.—  
 Alas! what part or portion can I claim  
 In all the decencies of virtuous sorrow,  
 Which other mourners use? as namely,  
 This black attire, abstraction from society,  
 Good thoughts, and frequent sighs, and seldom  
 smiles,

A cleaving sadness native to the brow,  
 All sweet condolences of like-grieved friends.  
 (That steal away the sense of loss almost)  
 Men's pity, and good offices

Which enemies themselves do for us then,  
 Putting their hostile disposition off, [looks.  
 As we put off our high thoughts and proud  
 [Pauses, and observes the pictures.

These pictures must be taken down:  
 The portraits of our most antient family  
 For nigh three hundred years! how have I  
 listen'd,

To hear Sir Walter, with an old man's pride,  
 Holding me in his arms, a prating boy,  
 And pointing to the pictures where they hung,  
 Repeat by course their worthy histories,  
 (As Hugh de Widville, Walter, first of the  
 name, [John:]

And Anne the handsome, Stephen, and famous  
 Telling me, I must be his famous John.)  
 But that was in old times.

Now, no more  
 Must I grow proud upon our house's pride.  
 I rather, I, by most unheard of crimes,  
 Have backward tainted all their noble blood,  
 Rased out the memory of an ancient family,  
 And quite revers'd the honors of our house.  
 Who now shall sit and tell us anecdotes?

The secret history of his own times,  
And fashions of the world when he was young :  
How England slept out three and twenty years,  
While Carr and Villiers rul'd the baby king :  
The costly fancies of the pedant's reign,  
Balls, feastings, huntings, shows in allegory,  
And beauties of the court of James the First.

*Margaret enters.*

*John.* Comes Margaret here to witness my  
O, lady, I have suffer'd loss, [disgrace ?  
And diminution of my honor's brightness.

You bring some images of old times, Margaret,  
That should be now forgotten. [gotten, John.

*Margaret.* Old times should never be for-  
I came to talk about them with my friend.

*John.* I did refuse you, Margaret, in my  
pride. [pride,

*Margaret.* If John rejected Margaret in his  
(As who does not, being splenetic, refuse  
Sometimes old play-fellows,) the spleen being  
The offence no longer lives. [gone,

O Woodvil, those were happy days,  
When we two first began to love. When first,  
Under pretence of visiting my father,  
(Being then a stripling nigh upon my age)  
You came a wooing to his daughter, John.

Do you remember,  
With what a coy reserve and seldom speech,  
(Young maidens must be chary of their speech)  
I kept the honors of my maiden pride ?  
I was your favorite then.

*John.* O Margaret, Margaret !  
These your submissions to my low estate,  
And cleaving to the fates of sunken Woodvil,  
Write bitter things 'gainst my unworthiness.  
Thou perfect pattern of thy slander'd sex,  
Whom miseries of mine could never alienate,  
Nor change of fortune shake ; whom injuries,  
And slights (the worst of injuries) which moved  
Thy nature to return scorn with like scorn,  
Then when you left in virtuous pride this  
house,

Could not so separate, but now in this  
My day of shame, when all the world forsake,  
You only visit me, love, and forgive me.

§ 16. *Soliloquy of Lionel.* BRON.

None art, save sleep,  
Which will not be commanded. Let me hope  
it. [Exit Antonio.

Though my breast feels to anxious ; I will try  
Whether the air will calm my spirits : 'tis  
A goodly night ; the cloudy wind which blew  
From the Levant hath crept into its cave,  
And the broad moon has brighten'd. What a  
stillness ! [Goes to an open lattice.

And what a contrast with the scene I left,  
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'  
More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,  
Spread over the reluctant gloom which haunts  
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries  
A dazzling mass of artificial light, [were.  
Which show'd all things, but nothing as they  
Thero Age essaying to recall the past,  
After long striving for the hues of youth

At the sad labor of the toilet, and  
Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,  
Prankt forth in all the pride of ornament,  
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falsehood  
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide  
Believed itself forgotten, and was fool.  
There Youth, which needed not, nor the  
of such

Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom,  
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome press  
Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and wasted  
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was pleasure,  
And so shall waste them till the sunrise streams  
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which  
should not

Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.  
The music, and the banquet, and the wine—  
The garlands, the rose odors, and the flowers—  
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—  
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids  
And bracelets ; swanlike bosoms, and the  
necklace

An India in itself, yet dazzling not  
The eye like what it circled ; the thin robes  
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and  
heaven ; [like,

The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-  
Suggesting the more secret symmetry  
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—

All the delusion of the dizzy scene,  
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature  
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank  
The sight of beauty as the parch'd pilgrim's  
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers  
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst, [ters—

Are gone!—Around me are the stars and wa-  
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier sight  
Than ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~glared~~ <sup>glared</sup> back by a gaudy glass ;  
And the great element, which is to space  
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,  
Softened with the first breathings of the spring ;  
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way.  
Serenely smothering o'er the lofty walls  
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,  
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly  
fronts,

Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,  
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,  
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed  
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less  
strangely

Than those more massy and mysterious giants  
Of architecture, those Titianian fabrics, ~~have~~  
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that  
No other record. All is gentle : nought  
Stirs rudely ; but, congenial with the night,  
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.

The tinklings of some vigilant guitars  
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,  
And cautious opening of the casement showing  
That he is not unheard ; while her young hand,  
Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,  
So delicately white, it trembles in  
The act of opening the forbidden lattice,  
To let in love through music, makes ~~the heart~~



ALBERT D. W. R. 1824.



'Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight ;—the  
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle (dash  
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,  
And the responsive voices of the choir  
Of boatmen answering back with verse for  
verse ;

Some dusky shadow chequering the Rialto ;  
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering spire,  
Are all the sights and sounds which here per-  
vade

The ocean-born and earth-commanding city—  
How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm !  
I thank thee, Night ! for thou hast chased  
away [throng,

Those horrid bodements which, amidst the  
I could not dissipate : and with the blessing  
Of thy benign and quiet influence,—  
Now will I to my couch, although to rest  
Is almost wronging such a night as this—

[*A knocking is heard from without.*

Hark ! what is that ? or who at such a mo-  
ment ?

§ 17. *Last Speech of the Doge.* BYRON.

I SPEAK to Time and to Eternity,  
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.  
Ye elements ? in which to be resolved  
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit [banner,  
Upon you ! Ye blue waves ? which bore my  
Ye winds ! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved  
it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted  
To many a triumph ! Thou, my native earth,  
Which I have bled for, and thou foreign earth,  
Which drank this willing blood from many a  
wound !

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but  
Reek up to Heaven ! Ye skies, which will  
receive it ! [thou !

Thou sun ! which shinest on these things, and  
Who kindest and who quenchest suns !—  
Attest !

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless ?  
I perish, but not unavenged ; far ages  
Float up from the abyss of time to be, [doom  
And show these eyes, before they close, the  
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse,  
On her and hers for ever !—Yes, the hours  
Are silently engendering of the day,  
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,  
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield  
Unto a bastard Attila, without  
Shedding so much blood in her last defence

As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,  
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought  
And sold, and be an appanage to those  
Who shall despise her !—She shall stoop to be

A province for an empire, petty town  
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senators,  
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people !

Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,  
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek  
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his !  
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread  
In thy streets, and in their shameful need

Make their nobility a plea for pity !

Then, when the few who still retain a wreck  
Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn  
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,  
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,

Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,  
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or  
sprung

From an adulteress boastful of her guilt  
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,  
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph  
To the third spurious generation ;—when  
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,  
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the  
victors,

Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,  
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices  
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception  
Defy all codes to image or to name them ;  
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject king-  
dom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame  
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown  
A wider proverb for worse prostitution ;—  
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall  
cling thee,

Vice without splendor, sin without relief  
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,  
But in its stead coarse lusts of habitude,  
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,  
Depraving nature's frailty to an art ;—  
When these and more are heavy on thee, when  
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without  
pleasure,

Youth without honor, age without respect,  
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of wo  
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st  
not murmur,

Have made thee last and worst of peopled de-  
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony, [serts,  
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine !  
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of  
princes !

Gehenna of the waters ! Thou sea Sodom !  
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods !

Thee and thy serpent seed ! [Moner.  
[*Here the Doge turns, and addresses the execu-*  
Slave, do thine office !

Strike as I struck the foe ! Strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants ! Strike deep as  
Strike—and but once ! [my curse !

[*The Doge throws himself upon his knees, and  
as the executioner raises his sword the scene  
closes.*

§ 18. *The Fountain of Siloe—Night.*

MILMAN.

Javan. SWEET fountain, once again I visit  
thee !

And thou art flowing on, and freshening still  
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to  
thee,

Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur  
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.\*



Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on ; the stars  
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight  
beams

Course one another o'er thy silver bosom :  
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,  
And armed men their hot and weary brows  
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.

Even with such rare and singular purity  
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam ! in yon cruel city.  
Men's eyes o'erwearied with the sights of war,  
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee  
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.

*Voice at a distance.* Javan !

*Javan.* It is her voice ! the air is fond of it,  
And anxiously delays its tender sounds  
From the ear that thirsteth for them—Miriam !

*Javan, Miriam.* [lessness.

*Javan.* Nay, stand thus in thy timid breath—  
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide  
Because I gaze too fondly. [me

*Miriam.* Hast thou brought me  
Thy wonted offerings ?

*Javan.* Dearest, they are here ;  
The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegra-  
nate,

The skin all rosy with the imprison'd wine ;  
All I can bear thee, more than thou canst bear  
Home to the city.

*Miriam.* Bless thee ! Oh my father !  
How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame  
Resume its native majesty ! thy words,  
When this bright draught hath slak'd thy  
parched lips,

Flow with thy wonted freedom and command !

*Javan.* Thy father ! still no thought but  
of thy father !

Nay, Miriam ! but thou must hear me now.  
Now ere we part—if we must part again,  
If my sad spirit must be rent from thine.  
Even now our city trembles on the verge  
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,  
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets  
Stands conqueror : and how the Roman con-  
let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata [quers,

Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,  
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes,  
They slew them, Miriam, the old grey man,  
Whose blood scarce tinged their sword—[nay,  
turn not from me, [them

The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung  
From mine own heart, my life blood's dearest  
drops)—

They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's  
breast,

The smiling infants ;—and the tender maid,  
The soft, the loving, and the chaste like thee,  
They slew her not till—

*Miriam.* Javan, 'tis unkind !  
I have enough at home of thoughts like these,  
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and  
make a

A heavier burden of this weary life.

I hop'd with thee to have pass'd a tranquil hour,  
A brief, a happy, yet still tranquil hour !

—But thou art not them all ! the miserable

Have only Heaven, where they can rest in  
peace, [misery.

Without being mock'd and taunted with their  
*Javan.* Thou know'st it is a lover's way-  
ward joy

To be reproach'd by her he loves, or thus  
Thou wouldst not speak. But 't was not to  
provoke [tenderness :

That sweet reproof, which sounds so like to  
I would alarm thee, shock thee, but to save.  
That old and secret stair, down which thou  
stealest

At midnight through tall grass and olive tunks,  
Which cumber, yet conceal thy difficult path,  
It cannot long remain secure and open ;

Nearer and closer the stern Roman winds  
His trenches ; and on every side but this  
Soars his imprisoning wall. Yet, yet 'tis time,  
And I must bear thee with me, where are mist  
In Pella the neglected church of Christ.

*Miriam.* With thee ! to fly with thee !  
thou mak'st me fear

Lest all the while I have deceived my soul,  
Excusing to myself our stolen meetings  
By the fond thought, that for my father's life  
I labor'd, bearing sustenance from thee,  
Which he hath deem'd heaven-sent.

*Javan.* Oh ! farewell then [dream,  
The faithless dream, the sweet yet faithless  
That Miriam loves me !

*Miriam.* Love thee ! I am here,  
Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,  
Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless  
As that which the instinctive infant twines  
To its mother's bosom—Love thee ! when the  
sounds

Of massacre are round me, when the shouts  
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul  
With their importunate and jarring din,  
Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.  
Our famish'd maidens gaze on me, and see  
That I am famish'd like themselves, as pale,  
With lips as parch'd and eyes as wild, yet I  
Sit patient with an enviable smile

On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts  
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee.  
My very prayers are full of thee, I look

To heaven and bless thee ; for from thee I  
hearat [sions.

The way by which we reach the eternal man-  
But thou, injurious Javan ! coldly doubtest.

And—Oh ! but I have said too much. Oh !  
scorn not [utter

The immodest maid, whom thou hast vex'd to  
What yet she scarce dared whisper to herself.

*Javan.* Will it then cease ! will it not  
always sound [me ?

Sweet, musical as thus ? and wilt thou leave  
*Miriam.* My father !

*Javan.* Miriam ! is not thy father [stock !  
(Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a

The curse of Israel ! even his common name  
Simon the assassin ! of the bloody men

That hold their iron sway within yon city,  
The bloodiest !

*Miriam.* O cease, I pray thee cease!

Javan! I know that all men hate my father;  
Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;  
And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,  
Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,  
Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart  
The forfeited affections of his kind.

Is it not written so in our Law? and Ho  
We worship came not to destroy the Law.  
Then let men rain their curses, let the storm  
Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,  
I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs  
Of men upon my scatter'd bones with him.

*Javan.* Oh, *Miriam*! what a fatal art hast  
thou [purpose];  
Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole  
The enamouring one even now too much  
Enamour'd!

I must admire thee more for so denying,  
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.  
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,  
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now  
Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity  
Flying me, leaving me without a joy,  
Without a hope on earth, without thyself;  
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul  
Had smiled on me a passionate consent.  
Go; for I see thy parting homeward look,  
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,  
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,  
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.  
Go! if this dark and miserable earth  
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,  
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.  
Farewell!—

And thou return'et!—

*Miriam.* I had forgot— [thee,  
The fruit, the wine—Oh! when I part from  
How can I think of ought but thy last words?  
*Javan.* Bless thee! but we may meet again  
even here! [tears.  
Thou look'st consent, I see it through thy  
Yet once again that cold sad word, Farewell!

#### § 19. *The Falcon—Conclusion.*

CORNWALL.

#### *A Dramatic Scene.*

*Fred.* *GIANA!* my *Gianna*! we will have  
Nothing but halcyon days: Oh! we will live  
As happily as the bees that hive their sweets,  
And gaily as the summer fly, but wiser!  
I'll be thy servant over; yet not so.  
Oh! my own love, divinest, best, I'll be  
Thy sure, thy faithful through every season,  
And thou shalt be my flower perennial,  
My bud of beauty, my imperial rose,  
My passion flower, and I will wear thee on  
My heart, and thou shalt never wear fade.  
I'll love thee mightily, my queen, and in  
The sultry hours I'll sing thee to thy rest  
With music sweeter than the wild birds' song:  
And I will swear thine eyes are like the stars,  
(They are, they are, but softer) and thy shape  
Fine as the vaulted nymphs who, poets feign'd,  
Dwelt long ago in woods of Arcady.

My gentle deity! I'll crown thee with  
The whitest lilies and thou bow me down  
Love's own idolater, and worship thee.  
And thou wilt then be mine? my love, love!  
How fondly will we pass our lives together;  
And wander, heart-link'd, thro' the busy world  
Like birds in eastern story.

*Gia.* Oh! you rave. [ever:

*Fred.* I'll be a miser of thee; watch thee  
At morn, at noon, at eve, and all the night.  
We will have clocks that with their silver  
chime

Shall measure out the moments: and I'll mark  
The time, and keep love's pleasant calendar.  
To-day I'll note a smile: to-morrow how  
Your bright eyes spoke—how saucily; and  
then

Record a kiss pluck'd from your currant lip,  
And say how long 'twas taking; then, thy  
voice

As rich as stringed harp swept by the winds  
In autumn, gentle as the touch that falls  
On screander's moonlit instrument—  
Nothing shall pass unheeded. 'Thou shalt be  
My household goddess—nay smile not, nor  
shake

Backwards thy clustering curls, incredulous:  
I swear it shall be so: it shall, my love.

*Gia.* Why, now thou'rt mad indeed: mad.

*Fred.* Oh! not so.

There was a statuary once who lov'd [shaped;  
And worshipped the white marble that he  
Till, as the story goes, the Cyprus' queen,  
Or some such fine kind-hearted deity, [came  
Touch'd the pale stone with life, and it be-  
At last, Pygmalion's bride: but thee—on  
whom

Nature had lavish'd all her wealth before,  
Now love has touch'd with beauty: doubly fit  
For human worship thou, thou—let me pause,  
My breath is gone.

*Gia.* With talking.

*Fred.* With delight.

But I may worship thee in silence, still.

*Gia.* The evening's dark; now I must go:  
Until to-morrow. [farewell

*Fred.* Oh! not yet, not yet.

Behold! the moon is up, the bright ey'd moon,  
And seems to shed her soft delicious light  
On lovers reunited. Why, she smiles,  
And bids you tarry: will you disobey  
The lady of the sky? beware.

*Gia.* Farewell.

Nay, nay, I must go.

*Fred.* We will go together. [wait

*Gia.* It must not be to-night: my servants  
My coming at the fisher's cottage.

*Fred.* Yet, [thee,

A few more words, and then I'll part with  
For one long night: to-morrow bid me come  
(Thou hast already with thine eyes) and bring  
My load of love and lay it at thy feet.

—Oh! ever while those floating orbs look  
bright,  
Shalt thou to me be a sweet guiding light.

Once, the Chaldean from his topmost tower  
Did watch the stars, and then assert their  
power

Throughout the world : so, dear Giana, I  
Will vindicate my own idolatry.

And in the beauty and the spell that lies  
In the dark azure of thy love-lit eyes ;  
In the clear veins that wind thy neck beside,  
'Till in the white depths of thy breast they  
hide,

And in thy polish'd forehead, and thy hair  
Heap'd in thick tresses on thy shoulders fair ;  
In thy calm dignity ; thy modest sense ;  
In thy most soft and winning eloquence ;  
In woman's gentleness and love (now bent  
On me, so poor) shall lie my argument.

§ 20. *The Plague.* DRYDEN.

THE raw damps  
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,  
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums  
Through all the lazy air. Hence murrains  
follow

On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds.  
At last the malady grew more domestic,  
And the faithful dog  
Died at his master's feet ; and next his master :  
For all those plagues which earth and air had  
brooded,

First on inferior creatures tried their force,  
And last they seiz'd on man :  
And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd.  
And every dart took place. All was so sudden,

That scarce a first man fell. One but began  
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too ;  
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,  
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that  
groan ?

A troop of ghosts took flight together there !  
Now death 's grown riotous, and will play no  
more

For single stakes, but families and tribes.  
With dead and dying men our streets are  
cover'd,

And earth exposes bodies on the pavements  
More than those she hides in graves.  
Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen  
The nuptial torch do common offices [eyes,  
Of marriage and of death. Cast round your  
Where late the streets were so thick sown  
with men,

Like Cadmus' brood, they jostled for their  
passage ;

Now look for those erected heads, and see  
them,

Like pebbles, paving all our public ways.

§ 21. *The killing of a Boar.* OTWAY.

FORTH from the thicket rush'd another  
boar,

So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,  
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high ;  
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back :  
Foaming he came at me where I was posted,

Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping  
As he already had me for his prey ; [wide,  
Till, brandishing my well-poiz'd javelin high,  
With this bold executing arm I struck  
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 22. *Description of a populous City.* YOUNG.

THIS ancient city,

How wanton sits she amidst nature's smiles !  
Nor from her highest turret has to view  
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,  
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the  
world ;

Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight ;  
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream ;  
While from the banks full twenty thousand  
cities

Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers  
Float on the waves, and break against the  
—Various nations meet [shore.

As in the sea, yet not confin'd in space,  
But streaming freely through the spacious  
streets,

Which send forth millions at each brazen gate ;  
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head  
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 23. *Rural Courtship.* DRYDEN.

HE prefer'd me

Above the maidens of my age and rank ; [mine.  
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought  
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave ;  
And all his gifts though small, yet spoke his  
love. [woods,

He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the  
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes :  
He taught a prating stare to speak my name ;  
And when he found a nest of nightingales,  
Or callow linnets, he would show 'em me,  
And let me take 'em out.

§ 24. *Description of a Person left on a desert Island.* THOMSON.

NEXT night—a dreary night !

Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles.  
Where, never human foot had mark'd the  
These ruffians left me. [shore,

Beneath a shade

I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,  
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt  
Before ; when Philomela o'er my head  
Began to tune her melancholy strain,  
As piteous of my woes : till, by degrees,  
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed  
A kind but short relief. At early morn,  
Wak'd by the chant of birds, I look'd around  
For usual objects : objects found I none,  
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,  
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 25. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* ROWE.

So the Eagle,

That bears the thunder of our grandsire's love,

With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring  
 Forsake the nest, to tread his tender passions  
 In the wide untrack'd till, bold grown,  
 Now, like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold,  
 He darts precipitate, and grips the prey;  
 Or fixing on some dragon's scaly side,  
 Eager of combat, and his future feast,  
 Bears him aloft reluctant, and in vain  
 Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 26. *Filial Piety.* MALLET.

EVER since reflection beam'd her light upon  
 me,  
 You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd  
 Before mine eyes, in every light of life,  
 The father and the king. What weight of  
 duty  
 Lay on a son from such a parent sprung,  
 What virtuous toil to shine with his renown,  
 Has been my thought by day, my dream by  
 night :

But first and ever nearest to my heart  
 Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct  
 'Tow'rd such a father, as were I a father,  
 My soul would wish to meet with from a son.  
 And may reproach transmit my name abhorr'd  
 To latest time—if ever thought was mine  
 Unjust to filial reverence, filial love !

§ 27. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul  
 To bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,  
 Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity  
 The mind grows tough by buffeting the tem-  
 But in success dissolving, sinks to ease, [pest ;  
 And loses all her firmness.

§ 28. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

HE who contends for freedom,  
 Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe ;  
 No ! 'Tis the wretch who tempts him to sub-  
 vert it,  
 The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,  
 Who best deserves that name ; he is a worm  
 That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 29. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,  
 I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,  
 Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself ;  
 Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and  
 red, [wither'd,  
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hand seem'd  
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd  
 The tatter'd remnants of an old strig'd hang-  
 ing, [cold :  
 Which she'd to keep her carcass from the  
 So there was nothing of a piece about her.  
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
 With different color'd rags, black, red, white,  
 yellow,  
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 30. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

To be good is to be happy ; men  
 Are happier than men, because they're honest.  
 Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the seed,  
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
 With whips and stings : the blest know none  
 of this,  
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness.  
 And find the height of all their heaven is good-

§ 31. *The true End of Life.* THOMSON.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to  
 This idle air, and indolently run, -- [breathe  
 Day after day, the still returning round  
 Of life's mean offices and sickly joys ?  
 But in the service of mankind to be  
 A guardian god below ; still to employ  
 The mind's brave ardor in heroic arms,  
 Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,  
 And make us shine for ever—that is life.

§ 32. *The same.* S. JOHNSON.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting  
 sounds,  
 Are only varied modes of endless being.  
 Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
 Derives its value from its use alone ;  
 Nor for itself, but for a nobler end,  
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.  
 When inconsistent with a greater good,  
 Reason commands to cast the less away ;  
 Thus life, without loss of wealth, is well pre-  
 serv'd,  
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

§ 33. *Character of an excellent Man.*

ROWE.

How could my tongue  
 Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise !  
 How could I speak thy nobleness of nature !  
 Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,  
 And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble !  
 Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,  
 In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 34. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.*  
 THOMSON.

I TELL thee, then, whos'er amidst the sons  
 Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue.  
 Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble  
 Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,  
 Sprung from the dust, or where had been our  
 honors ?  
 And such, in radiant bands, will rise again  
 In yon immortal city ; that, when most  
 Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,  
 Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.  
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 35. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.*

THOMSON.

If misfortune comes, she brings along  
 The bravest virtues. And so many great  
 Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,

Have in her school been taught, as are enough  
To conquer the distress, and make ambitious  
Men, who have known beyond the smile of for-

§ 36. *A Description of the Morning.*

ORRIS.

Wish'd morning's come; and now upon  
the plains, [flocks,  
And distant mountains, where they feed their  
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born  
day:

The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger  
calls,

With much content and appetite he eats.  
To follow in the field his daily toil, [fruits:  
And dross the grateful glebe that yields him  
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,  
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are  
up; [tures, raise

And, looking tow'rd's the neighboring pas-  
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-  
morrow:

The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees  
Assemble all in choir; and with their notes  
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 37. *The charming Notes of the Nightin-  
gale.* LEE.

THUS, in some poplar shade, the nightingale  
With piercing moans does her lost young  
bewail:

Which the rough hind observing, as they lay  
Warm in their downy nest had stolen away:  
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,  
Sings all the night, though all her songs are  
And still renews her miserable strain. [vain,

§ 38. *The same.* ROWE.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,  
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;  
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,  
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood,  
Where no rude swains her shady cell may  
know, [blow:  
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may  
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,  
Sits there, and wanders through the grove no  
more;  
Warbling she charms it each returning night,  
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 39. *The Love of our Country the greatest  
Virtue.* THOMSON.

His only plot was this: that, much pro-  
vok'd, [try:  
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country:  
And lo! the righteous gods have now chas-  
tis'd him [fought.  
Even by the hands of those for whom he  
Whatever private views and passions plead,  
No cause can justify so black a deed: [soul,  
These, [seen the angry tempest clouds the

May fate's dread bolts no more come vent'ring;  
But when the gods shall see his starv'd eye  
Must close the cruel strife, and with horror fly,  
On whose side was the cause of his destruction.  
So many injuries will they remember,  
Then be the truth the nation, which we know  
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 40. *The same.* W. WHITEHEAD.

LEARN hence, ye Romans! on how sure a  
base

The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke  
No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate  
Can make his generous bosom quite despair.  
But that alone by which his country falls.  
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed;  
And nature suffer when our children bleed:  
Yet still superior must that hero prove,  
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 41. *In what Philosophy really consists.*

THOMSON.

PHILOSOPHY consists not  
In airy schemes or idle speculations.  
The rule and conduct of all social life  
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells  
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light  
To senates and to kings, to guide their coun-  
sels,  
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.  
All policy but hers is false and rotten;  
All valor not conducted by her precepts  
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,  
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 42. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to  
her Royal Lover.* THOMSON.

WHAT with admiration  
Struck every heart, was this: A noble virgin,  
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,  
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept  
and blush'd, [An eye,  
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn.  
As when the blue sky trembles through a  
cloud  
Of purest white. - A secret charm combin'd  
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through  
them;  
Her shape was harmony. - But eloquence  
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on  
purpose  
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind  
Might see the virtue of a hero tried  
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.  
Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,  
Where gentle sorrows swell'd, and now and  
then  
Dropp'd o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear.  
The Roman legions languish'd, and her war  
Felt more than pity. E'en the fiercest  
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat, [halt  
Turn'd from the sanguine sight, and, feeling  
His officers, if by this gift they mean  
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.



And climbing round on their feet  
 And round on their feet  
 Answered, "I am here, sirs with me  
 To your service, and general joy."

§ 48. *A Shepherd's Song. A happier life than  
 the Hill.*

Th' unbosom'd shepherd, stretch'd beneath  
 the hawthorn,  
 His careless limbs throw out in wanton ease,  
 With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd  
 heavens,  
 And idly whistling while his sheep feed round  
 him,  
 Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies  
 Hemm'd in with cares, and shook by storms  
 of treason.

§ 49. *Virtue its own Reward.* ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with  
 doing good,  
 Though the ungrateful subjects of their favors  
 Are barren in return. Virtue does still  
 With scorn the mercenary world regard,  
 Where object souls do good, and hope reward.  
 Above the worthless trophies man can raise,  
 She seeks not honor, wealth, nor airy praise,  
 But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 50. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Pru-  
 dent and Brave.* ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties  
 By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly  
 Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
 And make the impossibility they fear.

§ 51. *Percy and Elinor.—From Percy's  
 Masque.* HILLHOUSE.

*An oratory opening into Elinor's chamber.  
 A mistal spread upon the altar, before a cruci-  
 fix: over it a large picture of the Virgin.  
 Elinor kneeling, and singing to her harp.*

*Elinor.*

O, holy Virgin, call thy child,  
 Her spirit longs to be with thee,  
 For, threatening lower those skies so mild,  
 Whose faithless day-star dawned for me.

From tears released to speedy rest,  
 From youthful dreams which all beguiled,  
 To quiet slumber on thy breast,  
 O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

Joy from my darkling soul is fled,  
 And haggard phantoms hunt me wild;  
 Despair assails, and hope is dead:  
 O, holy Virgin, call thy child.

*[As the sound of her harp ceases, the picture  
 slides, disclosing Percy, wrapped in a  
 cloud, with a lamp. She starts.*

Grace keep us.  
 Per. Fear not, my angel guardians  
 Surround by night the gates of innocence:  
 No malignant spirit evil shall profane it.

*[Springs down.]*  
 El. What apparition is—

Per. I am Percy, the son of the  
 Duke of Northumberland.

El. How art thou?  
 At midnight?—Hence!

Hence! or I wake the house. How darest  
 Steal on the secrets of my woman's life?—Fly!  
 Thy very life may answer such an outrage.

Per. Sweet lady, hear me.

El. Quit this place.

Per. One word—

El. Heavens! is the Neville's daughter  
 That grooms dispute her chamber?—Ho!

Per. Nay then—

But, by my soul's eternal hope, I swear  
 In gratitude, in honor, but to say  
 Farewell, I came.

El. How?

Per. No matter—when we meet again—  
 Thou'lt better know me. God be with you  
 lady.

El. Nay, now, I know not what thou  
 sayest.

Per. Sweet saint, [meanest]

I would have told thee.

El. Goest thou from our service?

Per. Thus to interpret:—Soon as week I  
 Guilt to a glowing Cherub, perish in his  
 glance,

Than sully, but in thought, thy purity.

El. If I have done injustice—

Per. Speak; I pause.

El. What canst thou have to say?

Per. Thanks, thanks unnumbered,  
 Blessings unspeakable for all thy favors.

Shrined here—while life beats—worshipping,  
 they will dwell,

Altho' thy beauty I behold no more.

El. No more!

Per. My heart is full—yet scarce—  
 Thou know'st, when I became an inmate here,  
 I called myself an orphan; desolate;  
 In the wide earth alone. So far, thou heard'st  
 A mournful truth; yet I deceived you.

El. Ha!

Deceived us, Arthur?

Per. Arthur is not my name:

Neither I what I seem.

El. Shield us! Who art thou?

Per. Tho' in your halls a vassal lady's son,  
 I spring of mighty lineage. Arthur's blood  
 Older than these towers, of any name  
 Leafless with age on yonder hoary hill,  
 Me thou seest alien; but my Father's blood  
 Their country's bulwark. Mine inheritance  
 to keep.

The rumors of their search: their ruin  
 This sea-thunder has sent to her centre  
 El. [Dramatic.] What wouldst thou?

Per. I would—

What wouldst thou say then? What wouldst thou  
 do?

Dum. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

El. [Reveals]

Per. [Reveals]

*Per.* Hast thou, before, found cause my  
faith to question?

*Ever, before this night?—In justice—*

*El.* No. [hour,

*Per.* Believest thou, in this solemn parting  
Lips that dare imprecate heaven's wrath on  
falseness,

Avenching thunders, hell, and penal judgment,  
My lips—can frame a lie? Believest thou  
this? [tale—

*El.* I would not—cannot think it, but this

*Per.* A moment, Elinor, consult your heart  
Have you not something seen, or fancied, in  
me, [baseness?

That seemed ill coupled with this outward  
Arguing a mind above the hireling's pitch.  
A nobler nature—as in some mew'd eagle  
That creeps, degraded, round a peasant a croft,  
Which proves the native of the princely eyry?

*El.* If I may like that—

*Per.* Recall the time [told

When first my face thou saw'st,—the tale I  
Glance back to many a trivial circumstance  
That still belied me, startled thee, so oft,  
And made thee gaze with wilder'd eyes O,  
think,

Think of that night when righteous Providence  
Rescued your honor—when the moon beheld  
Your death-like face, and loose locks on my  
breast;—

When my roused spirit spoke—all else forgot—  
High as her bent, and tender as the hour

'Thou own'st, feel at truth in this Mark' do  
I, now,

Fashion my speech in phrase of servitude?  
Would the carle's tongueless tongue prove false  
the boast [with princes,

That courts have been my home, my walk  
My toil the Antique's iger's lore, my sport,  
Feeling sweet roundelays for ladies' lyres,  
Who paid me with the radiance of their eyes?

*El.* Pray, leave me

*Per.* O, forgive this lordling pomp— [go,  
Vain pride—no more—thy heart believes I  
Go, Elinor, where Destiny conducts me

To be myself, or cast disguise, and life  
Together, off In rank thine equal, peer  
To England's proudest, powerful as thy use,

And crowned with old hereditary laurels,  
Arthur returns, or never more Ah! say,  
If Fate should smile—wilt thou smile too?

—canst thou,

O, canst thou bid me rise—to life, to love,  
To promise with thee?

*El.* My heart—alas!—

I'm oddy all my senses seem bewildered  
*Per.* May hope thy silence construe?—

Tongues more blest'd,

More used to ecstasy, might talk of mine

*El.* Thou goest—But where? Upon what

*Per.* I cannot answer thee? [quest?

*El.* But is there danger? [reague

*Per.* Question me not, for chains are on my  
—choose some more propitious sea—

*Per.* No;

One mystic hour— [pass  
Mark for the enterprising

*El.* What dreadful

I fear, alas! I fear—

*Per.* For me?

*El.* I know not—

methinks I dream, so strange, so wild

This tale When ends the mystery?—

—thou when? [issue

*Per.* My fortunes touch upon a speedy

Nor had thy sympathy been vainly waked,

Could I have torn my trembling heart away,

That clung and would not leave thee—leave  
thee here,

Unconscious of my love—a rival's prize—

Never to be remembered more, or deemed

Senseless of virtues dearer to my soul

Than breath can utter Falling, I could now

Greet death with smiles the rapturous thought

thou know'st

My love, my hopes, and wilt remember me,

Brightens the dark hour like a glimpse of  
Eden—

Adieu! dim glows the matin star—But heed!

If this be not a dream of ecstasy,

A moment comes, is now upon the wing,

When, unexpected, I may rise to claim

My bride, and love—Then, shrink not to con-  
fess me,

For every hope swings on that fated hour

[Presses her hand hastily to her lips; ascends.

The picture closes after him]

*El.* [In a wild tone of despair]

He's gone! for ever gone! to bleed! to perish!

The noblest! bravest!—O! my bursting

heart!—

What will become of me—

## § 52 Hadad and Tamar HILL HOUSE

The garden of Absalom's house on Mount

Zion near the palace, overlooking the city

Tamar sitting by a fountain

Tam How aromatic evening grows! The

flowers,

And spicy shrubs exhale like onycha;

Spikenard and henna enshrine in sweets

Blest hour! which He, who fashioned it so

So softly glowing, so contemplative, [fair,

Hath set, and sanctified to look on man

And lo! the smoke of evening sacrifice

Ascends from out the tabernacle Heaven

Accept the expiation, and forgive

This day's offences!—Hail! the wanted strain

Precursor of his coming!—Whence can this—

It seems to flow from some unearthly hand—

Enter Hadad

Had Does beautiful Tamar view, in this

Herself, or heaven? [clear fount,

Tam Nay, Hadad, tell me whence

Those sad, mysterious sounds

Had What sounds, dear Princess?

Tam Surely, thou know'st; and now I

almost think

Some spiritual creature waits on thee.



*Had*. I heard such strains, but such as ev'ning songs  
Up from the city to the quiet shades,  
A blended murmur sweetly harmonizing  
With flowing streams, feathered minstrelsy,  
And voices from the hills

*Tam*. The sounds I mean  
Floating like mournful music round my head  
From unseen fingers.

*Had*. When?

*Tam*. Now, as thou comest

*Had*. 'Tis but thy fancy wrought  
To ecstasy, or else thy mind's sick sharp  
Resounding from his tower it eventide  
I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones  
Till the broad moon that rose o'er Olivet  
Stood listening in the south, yet have  
declined

Viols and heavenly voices in woe'd hum

*Tam*. But these—

*Had*. Were we in Syria I might say  
The wind of the fount, or some sweet Nymph  
The gods of these shades rejected in thee  
And gave thee salutations, but I fear  
Judah would call me a false prophet

*Tam*. How like my fancy! When these  
strains precede

Thy spirit, is not they do I live to think  
Some gentle being who delights in us  
Is hovering near, and waits for the command,  
But they are distant

*Had*. Youthful fan-

At once to sadness mists then comes I'd  
So even's charming voice is cloaked over  
As signs of rest and peace, the watchman  
call,

The closing gates the Levites' stately tramp  
Announcing the return of the flock  
Of swans the bleat the bark the rattle  
And the holy to the desert's solitude  
Pethoudelou are the voices

I feel upon the fancy at the call!

*Had*. Delicious to the world it cost  
Weeks of a wife's embrace and a termite  
The curse, to clasp the sighing's of his cot  
Held men and shepherd told their flock—  
and hark!

What merry strains they send from Olivet!  
The jir at life is still, the city sleeps  
In gentle murmurs voices come with lutes  
Waked in the street and gardens, loving  
pairs  
I've the red west in one another's arms,  
And nature, breathing new and fragrant,  
yields

A glimpse of happiness which He who formed  
Earth and the stars had power to make  
eternal [praise the Friend

*Tam*. Ah! Hadul, nearest thou to re-  
Who gave so much, because he gave not all?

*Had*. Perfect benevolence methinks had  
willed

Unceasing happiness, and peace and joy,  
Filled the whole universe of human hearts

With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

*Tam*. Our Prophet teaches so, till man  
rebelled [Heaven

*Had*. Mighty rebellion! Had he leagued  
With beings powerful, numberless, and dread-  
ful

Strong is the engine that rocks the world  
When all its pillars tremble, mixed the fires  
Of onset with annihilating bolts  
Decisive vollied from the throne, this, thus  
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,  
Worthy of punishment But what did man?  
Isted in apple and the fragile scene,  
Eden and innocence and human bliss  
The ocean flowing stream left giving fruits,  
Celestial shades and immortal flowers,  
Vainish, and sorrow toil and pain and death,  
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse

*Tam*. Ah! talk not thus

*Had*. Is this benevolence?

New loveliest these things sometimes trouble  
me,

For I was lured in a bitter truth  
Our Saviour's death-lined fount and stream  
Foretold mountain, glad and by dell  
Peopled with kind divinities the friends  
Of man a just and loving

Is him by many sympathy who seek  
He lingers in me him with gay thoughts,  
Cold with their woe, and in him with their  
Of the earth's secret the universe [his  
On Seal of Nature's promises all

With in his love but and unlike resistance,  
Paving way to our vivifying earth  
As spirit does the body full of herbs,  
And beauteous Power and brawny cedrus

And hoots tell us will ever through life  
We remember their death while their lustre

*Tam*. Dear Hadul empty die was

*Had*. Heedless

They may live with cheerful gentle nites  
In his love their life is their  
shines [flowers

Well Nature's bounty fruits and its fruit  
Not life you gory mount that ever seeks—

*Tam*. Canst not repeat up in the heavy  
dew [pleasures

*Had*. Nay sweet—Having enjoyed all  
Thy Nature prompts but cruelly blissful love,  
At death the happy Syrian maiden deems

Her maternal flies into the fields,  
On gnomes' ambient clouds or crystal brooks  
And dwells, a deity, with those she worship-  
ped,

Till time or fate, return her in its course  
To mail once more the sun of human joy

*Tam*. But thou believest not this

*Had*. I almost wish [mar,

Thou didst; for I have feared, my gentle la-  
thy spirit is too tender for a few

Announced in terrors coupled with the threat  
Of an inflexible and dreadful doom

Whose word annihilates, whose awful voice  
thunders the doom of nations, who can change

The sun, the heaven, and all the loosened  
[step]  
Like wind-torn flags, to earth, whose fiery  
The earth-born follows, whose tempestuous

Drinks the sea, whose anger never dies,  
Never smelts, but everlasting burns,  
Burns unextinguished in the deeps of Hell.  
Jealous, implacable—

*Tam.* Peace! impious! peace!

*Hud.* Ha! says not Moses so?  
The Lord is jealous.

*Tam.* Jealous of our faith,  
Our love, our true obedience, justly his;  
And a poor recompense for all his favors.  
Implacable he is not; contrite man  
Never found him so.

*Hud.* But others have,  
If oracles be true.

*Tam.* Little we know  
Of them; and nothing of their dire offence.

*Hud.* I meant not to displease, love; but  
my soul

Sometimes revolts, because I think thy nature  
Shudders at him and yonder bloody rites.

How dreadful! when the world awakes to  
light

And life, and gladness, and the jocund tide  
Bounds in the reins of every happy creature,  
Morning is hushed by a murdered victim,  
Whose wasting members reek upon the air,  
Polluting the pure firmament; the shades  
Of expiring scent of death; almost, the shrine  
Overshadowed by the holy Cherubim;  
And where the clotted current from the altar  
Mixes with Kedron, all its waves are gore.  
Nay, nay, I grieve thee—'tis not for myself,  
But that I fear these gloomy things oppress

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The soul, and shed its native sunshine.

*Tam.* [In tears, clasping her hands.]

Witness, ye Heavens! Eternal Father, wit-  
ness!

Blest God of Jacob! I thank Thee! Pro-  
That with my heart, my soul, and soul,  
I love, adore, and praise thy glorious name.  
Confess thee Lord of all, believe thy Laws  
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.  
O Haded, Haded! you misconstrue much  
The sadness that usurps me—'tis for thee  
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your loss  
And my lost happiness.

*Hud.* O, say not so,  
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith?

*Tam.* Thou know'st, alas, my weakness;  
but remember,

I never; never will be thine, although  
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,  
Though Absalom and David called me bride,  
Till sure thou own'st, with truth, and love  
The Lord Jehovah.

*Hud.* Leave me not—Hear, hear—

I do believe—I know that Being live! [know  
Whom you adore. Ah! stay—by proofs I  
Which Moses had not.

*Tam.* Prince, unclasp my hand. [Exit.

*Hud.* Untwine thy fetters if thou canst—  
How sweet

To watch the struggling softness! It allays,  
The bending tangle of my thoughts, and flows  
Like the nepenthe of Elysium through me.  
How exquisite! Like subtlest essences,  
She fills the spirit! How the gentle clasp  
Her taper waist with its resplendent clasp!  
Her bosom's silvery-avelling network yields  
Ravishing glimpses, like sweet shade and  
Checking Astarte's statue— [moonshine

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS

## POETICAL.

### BOOK THE FOURTH

## SENTIMENTAL, LYRICAL, AND LUDICROUS.

CONSISTING OF

ODES, SONNETS, NARRATIVES, &c.

§ 1 *L'Allegro* *Mus. row.*  
**I**NCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous reign,  
 And the night-raven sings,  
 There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd  
 rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell  
 But come, thou goddess, fair and free,  
 In heav'n's jclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-raising Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus as a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Morning,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonaire,  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jot and jollity,  
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and bows, and wistful smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in quips and jest;  
 Sport that wakes drowsy senses  
 And launches forth both his sides.

Come, and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee Honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprov'd pleasures free,  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And sing, to stir the dull night,  
 From his witch tower in the skies,  
 Till the dapple dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-brier or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine  
 While the cuckoo with lively din  
 Rebuffs the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the star, or the barn door,  
 Stoutly shuts his damper before;  
 Oft hark'ning how the hounds and horns  
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,  
 Fit in the wide expanse of air,  
 Though the high wood echoes still;  
 Some time walking, not asleep,  
 By hedge-row ends, and woods green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dress'd;  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milk-maid singing blithely  
 And the mower whets his scythe,



Of battle when it rose, and assaults  
Their surer steps, and soon resume  
New courages, though now they lie  
Groveling, and on you lake of fire,  
As we are, and surrounded and am'd,  
No wonder, that such a pernicious height.

He rose, and, when the spear  
Flash'd, his shield,  
Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous  
Rhinoceros temper, misty, large and round,  
Behind him cast; this broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon; whose

orb  
Through one glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers of mountains on her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marls, not like those steps  
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire;  
Notless he so endur'd, all on the beach  
Of that infernal sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd embower; or scatter'd sedge  
About, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves

retire  
Bastie and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The remnant of Gibber; who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,  
Aghast and lost by these, covering the flood,  
Under aspect of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the flow'rs of Heaven, once yours,  
now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal spirits, have you chosen this place,  
After the fall of battle, to repose  
Your wearied virtues, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vale of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have you sworn  
To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
Ghern and seraph falling in the flood,  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till he see  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n's gates discern  
To advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked shackles hold  
Thrust us to the bottom of this gulf.  
Always will we be for ever fallen?

They rose, and were about'd; and as they  
Upon the wings of many a winged cherub  
On duty, standing round, whom they descried  
Rous'd, and their own selves did well awake.  
Nor did they set before the eyes of all  
In which they were, as the great power, not

Yet to their General, who thus began to  
Innumerable. As the sun, when he  
Of Amaran's son, to the great and  
Wav'd round the coast, or sail'd upon the  
Of locks, warping on the eastern sea,  
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
So numberless were those bad angels seen,  
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, at a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:  
A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
Rhone or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
Come like a deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gihon to the Lybick sands.  
Farthwith from every squadron and each band  
The hoofs and leaders thither haste, where

stood  
Their great Commander; godlike shapes and  
Excelling human, princely dignities, [thrones;  
And powers that sat in Heaven, sat on  
Though of their names in heavenly records  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd;  
By their rebellion from the books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got their new names, till wandering on the  
earth,

Through God's high suffrance for the trial  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th' invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities?  
Then were they known to men by various  
And various idols through the heathen world.

### § 3. Satan marshals the fallen Angels.

MICHAEL.

All these and more came looking  
With looks  
Downcast and damp, yet each with eyes  
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found  
their officer  
Thus in distress, to have found themselves not  
So lost sleep; while on the contrary side  
Like doubtful fires, till he saw the prince  
Soon recollecting, with such words that had  
semblance of wisdom, not without reason,  
aid'd  
Their fighting countenances, and their  
Then small compass, as the earth  
round

Of trumpet and of drums he appear'd  
Of trumpet and of drums, the proud host  
Ras'd to his knees, and chorus tall  
Went forth with him the glittering  
Th' trumpet and of drums he appear'd  
Shone like a sun, and chorus tall  
With trumpet and of drums he appear'd



Celestial spirits in bow'd, nor th' abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these  
things are not so.

Full counsel and submission, peace is despair'd,  
For who can think submission? War, then,  
Open or secreted, must be resolv'd. [war,  
He spoke; and to confirm his words, on  
few

Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blast  
Surround illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped  
arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of  
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of Heav'n.

#### § 4. Pandemonium. MILTON.

There's stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Boil'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with  
speed

A numerous brigade hasten'd: us when bands  
Of plumeets, with spears and pick-axe arm'd,  
Fore-run the royal camp, to trench a field;  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and  
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine, or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let  
those

Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphis kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame  
And strength and art are easily but done  
By spirit reprobate, and in an hour.  
What in an age they with incessant toil,  
And hands innumerable scarce perform,  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Spic'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Seyring each kind, and scumm'd the billion

A third of whom had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling wells,  
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of pipes the sound-board  
Blew out of the earth a fabric huge, breathed  
From their excavations, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round

Were set, and Doric arches rais'd,  
With golden architecture. None but he  
Cornice or frieze, with many orders in  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Darius  
Nor great Alcibiades such magnificence  
Equal'd in all their glories, to enshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fix'd her stately height, and straight the  
doors

Opening their brazen folds, discover wide  
Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arch'd roof  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
And some the Architect: his hand was known  
In Heav'n by many a tower'd structure high,  
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
And sat as princes, whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unsought  
In ancient Greece; and in Asaph's land  
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell  
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry  
Jove

Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: light morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did  
he scape  
By all his engines, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

#### § 5. Address to Light. MILTON.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n's first  
Or of th' eternal coeternal beam, [born  
May I express thee, unblam'd? Since God is  
And never but in unapproach'd light [light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increas'd.  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the Heav'n thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Worn from the void and ere the sun began  
Thou I reviv'd, now with th' orient wing  
Thou lead'st thy starry host, though long detain'd  
Of that obscure captivity, while in my sight  
Thou art utter'd and through middle darkness  
beginst

With other notes than to the Organ  
I sung of Thee, when first thou wast  
Tuning by the lute, or flutes to me  
The early music of the world, when  
Thou first didst sing, and thus I sung









There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees' industrious hummer oft invites  
To studious musing; where Parnassus rolls [view  
His whirling column: within the walls then  
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next;  
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret  
power

Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes; [sung,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers' best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;  
High actions, and high passions best describ'd  
Thence to the famous orators repair, [ing  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook th' arsonal, and fulmin'd over Greece,  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:  
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From Heav'n descended to the low-roof house  
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd  
Wiseest of men; from whose mouth issued  
forth

Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Surname'd Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;  
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
These rules will render thee a king complete  
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

§ 11. *Courage derived to Virtue from Trust  
in Providence.* MILTON.

Thus way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now; methought it was the  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment, [sound  
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When for their teeming flocks, and granges  
full,

In wanton dance they praise the bounteous  
And thank the Gods' amiss. I should be loth  
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence  
Of such late vassals; yet oh, where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of those pines,  
Stopt, as they said, to the next thicket, and  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As kind hospitable woods provide.

And then, when the gray-headed even,  
Far in the palmier wood, [vain  
And almost wheel'd of Phœbus

But where they are, and what they do, I know  
back,

Is now the labor of my thoughts; but that they  
They had engag'd their wandering souls so far,

And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish  
night,

Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their  
With everlasting oil, to give due light [lamps  
To the miled and lonely traveller?

This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rise and perfect in my list'ning ear;  
Yet thought but single darkness do I find:  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory, [dire,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows  
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not  
astound

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.  
O welcome pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,  
And thou, unblemish'd form of chastity;  
I see ye visibly, and now believe [things ill  
That he, the Supreme Good, 't whom all  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were  
To keep my life and honor unassail'd.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
I did not err; there does a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
And casts a gleam over this tutted grove:  
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits  
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margin green,  
And in the violet embroider'd vale,  
Where the love-born nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth wails,  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That lieth thy Narcissus and?

O if thou have  
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
Tell me, but where.

Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the sphere,  
So may at thou be translated to the skies,  
And give requiting grace to all Heav'n's  
harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's  
mould

Breathe such divine enchanting  
Sure something holy lodges in this breast,  
And gives these spiritual senses the

What could be his attendance:  
 They were all there, look upon the wings  
 Of darkness, though the empty vaulted night,  
 And every thing smothering the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who, as they sang, would take the prison'd  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept, [soul,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention;  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 But snob a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign

wonder, [brood,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never  
 Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine [song  
 Dwell'dst here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog. [wood.  
 To touch the propitious growth of this tall  
 Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that  
 That is address'd to unattending ears; [praise  
 Not any boast of skill, but extrome shift  
 How to regain my sov'rd company,  
 Compell'd up to awake the courteous echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath be-  
 roft you thus? [rith.

Lady. Din darkness and this leafy laby-  
 Comus. Could that divide you from near-  
 ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or  
 why? [friendly spring.

Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool

Comus. And left your fair side all unguard-  
 ed, lady? [quick return.

Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevent-  
 ed them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, besides the pre-  
 sent need? [lose.

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or  
 youthful bloom? [lips.

Lady. As smooth as life's their razor'd

Comus. Two such I saw: what time the  
 labor'd on.

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the sweet hedger at his supper sat;

Now there under a green mashing vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they

Look'd for a fairy vision. [look'd  
 Of some gray creatures of the element,

That in the colors of the rainbow live, struck  
 By the sunbeams, and the lightning's fire.

I was once  
 I was once

I was once  
 I was once

To help you find them. [place?  
 Lady. Gentle village, what readiest way wouldst thou  
 Comus. Due west it lies, through the shrubby  
 point. [suppose,

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley  
 green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky hourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;  
 And if your sury-attendants be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatched pillow rouse; if otherwise  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rulers, than in tap'etry halls

And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended: in a place

Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be; that I should fear to change it.

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead

on.

§ 12. Power of Chastity. MILTON.

E. Bro. UNMUFFLE ye faint stars, and  
 thou fair moon,

That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon;  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,

And disinherit Chaos; that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness and of shades;

Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,

Though a rush candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us

With thy long level'd rule of streaming light;  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,

Or Tyrian Cynosure.

K. Bro. Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear

The folded flock pens'd in their wattled eotes,  
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,

Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,

'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheer-  
 ing

In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister, Thier;

Where may she wander now, whither belike  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude bark and

rusties?

Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm

Leans her wretched head fraught with sad  
 fears.

What if in wild amazement and fright,

What if in wild amazement and fright,

What if in wild amazement and fright,

Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or suffocating heat ? [quiesc.]

*E. Bro.* Fear, brother, be not over-ast-  
To cast the burden of uncertain evils :  
For grant that be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid ?  
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion ?  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book, [ever,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bestows  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm

thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her  
That in the various bosom of resort [wings,  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun :  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Y. Bro.* 'Tis most true,  
That musing meditation most affects  
The pensive seariness of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house ;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?  
But beauty, like the fair Hyperian tree,  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,  
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unsun'd heap  
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on opportunity.  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of sight or loneliness it tecks me not,  
I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
Of our unworn sister.

*E. Bro.* I do not, brother,  
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversy.  
Yet were an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
And glad to shake such squallid suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left

As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not.

*Y. Bro.* What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of chastity, which means  
that ?

*E. Bro.* I mean that true, and that alone,  
Which if Heav'n gave us, may be call'd true  
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity : [Tis  
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity :  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid

shades,  
She may pass on with unbleach'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unkind ghost,  
That breaks his magic charms at curious time,  
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of chastity ?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness,  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid ; Gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'  
th' Woods :

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon which  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd queen,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
With sudden adoration, and blank awe ?  
So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels hie to her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And in clear dream, and ecstasies of vision,  
Tell her of things that yet no man can hear,  
Fill oft converse with heavenly substances,  
Begin to cast a beam on the inward shape  
The unpolished temple of the mind,  
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal : but when first  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul  
But most by low and lewd act of sense,  
Let in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows cloudy by corruption,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her soul's being,  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows  
Oft seen in stagnant humors, and apoplexies,  
Ling'ring and sitting on a pernicious grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it dwells in,  
And link'd in hell by social sanctity  
To a degenerate and degenerate state.

*Y. Bro.* How then, my brother,  
Not learn, and not be taught, but

But must be born a chaste man's son.

And the great God of Israel's throne,  
Who sits upon the high and holy throne.

THE GREAT GOD OF ISRAEL'S THRONE. MILTON.

Remains. [Attendant leading him.]  
A spirit upward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,  
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing pure and  
sweet [respire.—

With day-spring born; here leave me to  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts; that, like a heady  
swain

Of hornets arm'd; no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am  
now [told

O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven fore-  
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column chariotting [act  
His God-like presence, and from some great  
Orbement reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and proscrit'd  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
Honor'd, empty'd; and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in Babylon fetters under task  
With this Heaven-gifted strength? O glori-  
ous strength!

Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd  
Lower than brute-slay:— Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver; &  
Ask for this great deliverance now, and find him  
Eyes in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Humbly in bonds under Philistian yoke:  
Yet would he not have rais'd me up his foot:  
Divine indignation, what thou forsook'st [fault,  
Had been enough to have rais'd mine own de-  
Meaner than the scum of hell myself I me:  
Who this high gift of strength, committed to  
Me, thus put'st low, and thus us'd'st heavy on  
Under the load of slavery could not keep,  
But weakly to a cruel master reveal'd it,  
A wrong with impious hands and tears  
O in the name of God, I will not keep  
This gift of strength, which thou hast given me,  
O in the name of God, I will not keep  
This gift of strength, which thou hast given me,

But to subserve what thou dost bid me command!  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, that I might not  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which I have  
Flaply had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries:  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wait; but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight [cas'd,  
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me;  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own; [half  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!

O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
"Let there be light, and light was over all!"  
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree!  
The Sun to me is dark  
And silent as the Moon,  
When she deserts the night,  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave,  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,

She all in every part; why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as the eye confin'd,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,  
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;  
Buried, yet not exempt;  
By privilege of death and burial  
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the tortures of life;  
Life in captivity  
Among stiffest foes  
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
That daily practice to afflict me more.

POWERS OF BODY AND MIND. MILTON.

Oh how contrary it is, and how contrary  
To the spirit of just man, long oppress'd,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Has given his might,  
To quell the might of the oppressor.

The brute and boasting force of violent men,  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but failing to pursue  
The righteous, and all such as honor truth !  
He all their ammunition  
And seats of war defeats ;  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind,  
And celestial vigor arm'd,  
Their armories and magazines condemns,  
Renders them useless, while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd,  
Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

§ 15. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise.  
 In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;  
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
 All chances incident to man's frail life,  
 Consolatories writ [sought,  
 With studied argument, and much persuasion  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought;  
 But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune [plaint;  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above,  
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 15. *Spirits.* MILTON:

SPIRITS, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompoimd in their essence pure;  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Take tumorous flesh; but in what shape they  
 choose.  
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.

6 17. Pain. MILTON.

What avails  
Valor or strength, through matchless, quell'd  
Which all subdues, and make remiss the  
hands  
Of mightiest ? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life, perhaps, and not repine ;  
But live content, which is the calmest life ;  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils ! and, excessive, overtums  
All patience.

§ 18. *Hypocritae*: MILTON

No flesh man nor angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except in the close  
 Of his own heart, with tho' heaven and earth;  
 And such a sign will wake Suspicion sleep;  
 At ye shall gaze, and so to Simplicy  
 Ye shall come, while Godness thinks ye so.

## 6-19 On Shanghai, 1942

WHAT needs my thanks, that his bones  
 The labor of an age in solid stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a starry pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory! great heir of fame!  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy  
 name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument. [art  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow endeavoring,  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart,  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unstained book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving, [ing,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceit,  
 And so enured in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 20. Song : on *May Morning*. MILTON.

Now the bright morning-star, day's daz-  
 binger, [her  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap  
 throws  
 The yellow cowslip; and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, hounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

6.21. Sonnet on his deceased Wife

METACUIGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me like Alcæstis from the grave,  
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband  
 gave, [and fair]  
 Rescued from death by force, though pale  
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed  
 Purification in the old law did save, [thine]  
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
 Came veiled all in white, pure as her mind;  
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancy's eye  
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person  
 shined  
 So clear, as in no face with more delight  
 But, oh! to embrace me she unwilling  
 I wail'd, she fled, and day brought back my  
 night

§ 22. Sonnet to the Nightingale. Bl. v. 10.

O night, that show's the moon, and stars,  
Warblest all eyes, and all the woods are full  
Thou with fresh tears the lover's heart dost  
fill. (M.)

While the pale moon leads on variations  
Thy lighted face, that flutes the eye,  
Nimbly leads forth the smiling moon,  
Portend success to love, and  
Have link a chain, to make

How strange, that the same bird of fate  
Should sing in some grove  
As thou wert, and in year haat sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 23. *Christmas Hymn.* MILTON.

It was the winter wild,  
While the Heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him,  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She wooes the gentle air,  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace; [aliding  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly  
Down through the turning sphere,

His ready hithering, [viding;  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds di-  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand, [land.  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood,  
Upright with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with aweful eye, [by,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was

But peaceful was the night  
When the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the Earth began:

The winds with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave, [ed wave.  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charm-  
The stars, with deep amaze,

Staring in their silent gaze,  
Beside the way their passion influence;  
And will not take their flight,

For all the morning light  
Or Lucifer that once warn'd them thence;  
But in their glittering orbits did glow, [re,  
Until their Lord himself appeared, and hid them

From the steady gazer's eye,  
And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,

And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,

And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,

And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,

And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,  
And all the stars did glow,

He saw a greater sun appear [could bear.  
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree,

The shepherds on the lawn  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then,  
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, [keep  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook;

Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each hea-  
venly close.

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the sery region thrilling,  
Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
She knew such harmony alone [union.  
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light, [array'd;  
That with long beams the shamesac'd night

The helmeted Cherubim,  
And sworded Seraphim, [play'd,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-

Harping in loud and solemn quire, [Heir.  
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung;

And cast the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltering waves their oozy chan-  
nel keep:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so;

And let your silver chime  
More in melodious time; [blow;  
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ

And with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long, [gold;  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of

And smelted Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die, [mould;  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly

And Hell itself will pass away, [day,  
And leave her delugious missions to the peering

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,

Yes, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,



Orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wear;  
Mercy will sit between [lug,  
Thro' d in celestial shen, [steering;

With rainbow and the tissued clouds down  
And Heaven, as at some festival, [hall,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace

But wisest Fate says no;  
This must not yet be so,  
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorify:  
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder  
through the deep;

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount Sinai rang, [outbrake,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds  
The aged Earth aghast

With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
When, at the world's last session, [his throne,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread  
And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; far, from this happy day,  
The old Dragon, under ground  
In stailier limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway;  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fall,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum [ceiving,  
Runs through the arch'd roof in words de-

Apoll'o from his shrine  
Can us more divine, [leaving,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos

No nightly trance, or breathed spell, [cell,  
Inspires the pale-ey'd priests from the prophetic  
The lonely mountains o'er,

And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edg'd with poplar pile,

The parting genius is with sighing sent;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thick-  
ets mourn.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth, [right plaint;

The Laræ, and Lemures, moan with mid-  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound [qualat;

Affrights the Flamens at their service  
And the chill marble seems to sweat, [heat,  
While such peculiar Power foregoes its wonted

Poor and Begging  
Forsook their temples dim,  
That twice before a god of Palestine;  
And Asherah,  
Queen and mother both,

Is not girt with taper'd holy shrine;

The Lays, Harpings, and dances  
In vain the Tyrians and Phœnicians  
Must mourn.

And sullen Meloch, dead  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue;

In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnaces blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste:

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green, [ings loud;

Trampling the unshowerd grass with low  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest; [shroud;

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his  
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark [ark,  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship

He feels from Judah's land  
The dreaded infant's hand,  
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;

Nor all the gods beside  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snakey twine:

Our babe, to show his Godhead true,  
Can in his swaddling bands control the dam-  
ned crew.

So, when the Sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to the infernal jail;  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;

And the yellow-skirted Furies [lov'd mate,  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moan.

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest; [tending;

'Tis in our tedious song should here have  
Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear, [tending;

Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lump  
And all about the curiously stable  
Bright-harnes'd angels sit in order serviceable.

§ 21. Ode to the Saviour. MISCELLANEOUS.

— For thou wast born of woman! thou  
didst come,  
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and shame;

Not in thy dread omnipotent array  
And not by thunders wroth;  
Was thy temptations road;

Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way  
But thee, a soft and naked child,  
Thy mother's arms held

In the rough manger laid to rest,  
From thy virgin breast,  
The heavens' great not commanded to rise

A glorious crown of golden stars to wear  
Nor robes of purple and of scarlet dress  
To make thee great

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,  
Thou wast a child of lowly birth,

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear  
 Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;  
 Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song  
 From all the cherub choirs,  
 And seraphs' burning lyres,  
 Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed  
 clouds along.  
 One angel-troop the strain began,  
 Of all the race of man  
 By simple shepherds heard alone,  
 That soft Hosanna's tone.  
 And when thou didst depart, no car of flame  
 To bear thee hence in lambent radiance  
 came ;  
 Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping  
 plumes.  
 Nor didst thou mount on high  
 From fatal Calvary [their tombs.  
 With all thy own redeem'd out bursting from  
 For thou didst bear away from earth  
 But one of human birth,  
 The dying felon by thy side, to be  
 In Paradise with thee.  
 Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance  
 brake ;  
 A little while the conscious earth did shake  
 At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;  
 A few dim hours of day  
 The world in darkness lay ;  
 Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the  
 cloudless sun.  
 While thou didst sleep within the tomb,  
 Consenting to thy doom ;  
 Ere yet the white-rob'd angel shone  
 Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not  
 stand  
 With Devastation in thy red right hand,  
 Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew :  
 But thou didst haste to meet  
 Thy mother's coming feet, [few.  
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful  
 Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
 Into thy native skies,  
 Thy human form dissolved on high  
 In its own radiance.

#### VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

##### § 25. *Adonis's Garden.*

But were it not that Time their troubler is,  
 All that in this delightful garden grows  
 Should happy be, and have immortal bliss :  
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,  
 And sweet love gentle fits amongst them

francour, or fond jealousy ;  
 paramour his leman knows,  
 ss. 89 & 90.

Each bird his mate ; ne any does envie  
 Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

Right in the midst of that paradise [top  
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round  
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
 Whose shadie boughs sharp steele did never  
 lop,  
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop :  
 But, like a girlond compassed the hight,  
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gunes did  
 drop, [dight,  
 That all the ground with precious dew be-  
 Threw forth most dainty odours, and most  
 sweet delight !

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,  
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,  
 But of the trees own inclination made,  
 Which knitting their ranke branches part to  
 part,

With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,  
 And eglantine and caprisfole emong,  
 Fashion'd above within her inmost part,  
 That neither Phæbus' beams could through  
 them throng, [wrong.  
 Nor Aëolus' sharp blast could work them any  
 And all about grew every sort of flowre,  
 To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore ;  
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phæbus' paramoure,  
 And dearest love ;  
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore ;  
 Sad Aramanthus, made a flowre but late ;  
 Sad Aramanthus, in whose purple gore  
 Mescemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,  
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless  
 date.

##### § 26. *Affections.*

THEN 'gan the Palmer thus : Most wretched  
 That to affections does the bridle lend : [man,  
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,  
 But soon, thro' suffrance, growe to fearfull end ;  
 Whiles they are weak, betimes with them con-  
 tend : [growe,

For when they once to perfect strength do  
 Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry  
 bend

'Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe :  
 Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'squire have  
 laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell :  
 Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed ;  
 Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell ;  
 The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,  
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed :  
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus  
 decay ; [outweed,

The sparks soon quench, the springing seed  
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away ;  
 So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and  
 decay.

##### § 27. *Ambition.*

A ROUT of people there assembled were,  
 Of every sort and nation under sky,

Which with great uprose pressed, to draw  
 near  
 To th' upper part, where was advanced hie  
 A stately seat of sovereign majestie,  
 And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,  
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie.

That never earthly prince in such array  
 His glory did enchaunce, and pompous pride  
 display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be,  
 That her broad beauties beam great brightness  
 threw [might see :

Through the dim shade, that all men here  
 Yet was not that same her own native hew,  
 But wrought by art ; and counterfeited  
 shew,

Thereby more lovers unto her to call ;  
 Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and  
 She by creation was, till she did fal ; [view  
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke  
 her crimes withall.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,  
 She held a great gold chain ylinked well,  
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was  
 knit,

And lower part did reach to lowest hell ;  
 And all that prease did round about her swell,  
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby  
 To climb aloft, and others to excell ;

That was Ambition, rash desire to stie ;  
 And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high  
 By riches and unrighteous reward ; [degree  
 Some by close should'ring, some by flat-  
 terce ;

Others through friends, others for base reward ;  
 And all, by wrong ways, for themselves pre-  
 par'd. [love ;

Those that were up themselves, kept others  
 Those that were lowe themselves held others  
 hard,

Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe ;  
 But every one did strive his fellow down to  
 throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,  
 And impotent desire of men to raigne !

Who neither dread of God, that devils  
 bindes,

Nor lawes of men that commonweals containe,  
 Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,  
 Can keep from outrage, and from doing  
 wrong,

Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine,  
 No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,  
 No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

#### § 28. *Arbour.*

And over him art striving to compaire  
 With nature, did an arbour green disprede,  
 Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,  
 Though which the fragrant eglantine did  
 spread  
 His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,  
 Which dainty odours round about him  
 threw ;

And all within with flowres was garnished,  
 That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them  
 blew, [colors shew.  
 Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted

#### § 29. *Avarice.*

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Upon a camel loaden all with gold ;  
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
 With precious metall full as they might hold,  
 And in his lap a heap of coin he told ;  
 For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
 And unto hell himself for money sold :  
 Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.  
 And right and wrong ylike in equall balance

At last he came into a gloomy glade, [light,  
 Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's  
 Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,  
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,  
 Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight ;  
 His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes  
 were blear'd ;  
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedight ;  
 His coole-black hands did seem to have been  
 sear'd [claws appear'd.  
 In smith's fire-spiting forge, and nails like

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,  
 Was underneath enveloped with gold, [dust,  
 Whose glist'ring gloss, darken'd with filthy  
 Well it appeared to have been of old  
 A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,  
 Woven with anticks, and wild imagery ;  
 And in his lap a mass of coine he told,  
 And turn'd upside down, to feed his eye,  
 And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,  
 Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent ;  
 Of which, some were ore not purifide  
 Of Mulciber's devouring element ;  
 Some others were new driven, and distant  
 Into great ingots, and to wedges square ;  
 Some in round plates withouten monument ;  
 But most were stamp'd, and in their metall  
 bare [and rare.  
 The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange

#### § 30. *Bashfulness.*

THE whiles the fairie knight did entertaine  
 Another damsel of that gentle crew  
 That was right faire, and modest of demeanour,  
 But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.  
 Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,  
 Close round about her tuckt, with many  
 plight :

Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,  
 And keeps in covert close from living  
 wight, [light.  
 Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her

So long as Guyon with her commun'd,  
 Unto the ground she cast her modest  
 And ever and anon, with rosy red,  
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheeks did  
 And her became as polish'd ivory,

Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid

With fair vermilion, or pure lastery.

Great wonder had the knight to see the maid  
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said ;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled  
cheare

That either me too bold yee weene, this wise

You to molest, or other ill to feare,

That in the secret of your heart close lyes,  
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.

If it be I, of pardon I you pray ;

But if ought else that I note not devise,

I will (if please you it disrue) assay

To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for  
shame,

Held down her head, the whiles her lovely  
face [flam'd,

The flushing blood with blushing did in-  
And the strong passion marr'd her modest  
grace,

That Guyon marvel'd at her uncouth case :

Till Alua him bespake, Why wonder yee,

Fair sir, at that which you so much inbrace ?

She is the fountaine of your modestee .

You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness it-  
self is shee.

### § 31. Beauty.

NOUGHT is there under heav'n's wide hol-  
lowness

That moves more dear compassion of mind.

Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretched-  
ness

By envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind  
I, whether lately through her brightness blind.

Or through allegiance and fast fealty,

Which I do owe unto all womankind,

Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony.

When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Fiftsoons there stepped forth

A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,

That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,

And by her stately portance borne of heavenly  
birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seem'd not,

But heavenly portraict of bright angels hew,

Clear as the sky withouten blame or blot,

Through goodly mixture of complexion dew,

And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew

Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,

The which ambrosial odours from them threw,

And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,

Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,

Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,

And darted fiery beams out of the same,

So purring pearceant, and so wondrous bright,

That the beav'd the rash beholders of their

light:

He that the blinded god his lustful fire

To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might ;

For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched  
base desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure

The sense of man, and all his mind possess,

As beauty's love-bait, that doth procure

Great warriors of their rigour to repress,

And mighty hands forget their manliness,

Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing

And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress, [eye,

That can with melting pleasure mollify

Their harden'd hearts, cur'd to blood and  
cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish  
swain, [taught,

Each of whose locks did match a man of  
To lay his spoils before his leman's train .

So also did the great Cretan knight,

For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight :

And so did warlike Antony neglect

The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.

Such wond'rous pow're has women's fair

aspect, [reject.

To captive men, and make them all the world

### § 32. Bower of Bliss.

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive  
Whereat the Bower of Bliss was situate ;

A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,

That nature's work by art can imitate ;

In which whatever in this worldly state

Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,

Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,

Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,

And made there to abound with lavish afflu-  
ence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,

As well their enter'd guests to keep within,

As those unruly beasts to hold without ;

Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :

Nought fear'd they force that fortilage to win,

But wisdom's pow'r and temperance's might,

By which the mightiest things enforced him :

And eke the gate was wrought of substance  
light,

Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It fram'd was of precious ivory,

That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;

And therein all the famous historie

Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit ;

Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,

His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,

His fals'd faith, and love to lightly flit,

The wondred Argo, which inveterous peere

First through the Euxian seas bore all the  
flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry

Under the ship, as thorough them she went,

That seem'd waves were into ivory,

Or ivory into the waves were sent :

And other where the snowy substance srent,

With vermill-like the bowes bloud therein

A piteous spectacle did represent ; [shed,

And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled, [wed.  
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Ceresia  
All this and more might in this goodly gate

Be read ; that ever open stood to all [sate  
Which thither came ; but in the porch there  
A comely personage of stature tall,  
And semblance pleasing more than natural,  
That travellers to him seem'd to entice ;  
His looser garments to the ground did fall,  
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,  
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,  
That secretly doth us procure to fall,  
Through a lifeless semblance which he makes  
He of this garden had the governall, [us see.  
And pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,  
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around  
A large and spacious plaine on every side  
Strow'd with pleasance, whose faire grassie  
ground

Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide  
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,  
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn  
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,  
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,  
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in  
th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,  
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedefast state.  
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,  
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,  
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
T' afflict the creatures which therein did  
dwell ;

But the mild air with season moderate  
Gently attemptred and disposed so well,  
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and  
wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleas-  
sant hill  
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore  
A giant-babe, herselfe for griefe did kill ;  
Or the Thessalian Temp<sup>t</sup>, where of yore  
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did  
gore ;

Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repara,  
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;  
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faire ;  
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote com-  
pare.

Much wonder'd Guyon at the fair aspect  
Of that sweet place, yet suffered no delight  
To sink into his sense, nor mind affect,  
But pass'd forth, and look'd still forward right,  
Bridling his will, and mastering his might :

Till that he came unto another gate,  
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight  
With boughes and branches, which did  
broad dilate, [intricate.

Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings  
So fashioned a porch with rare divise,  
Arch'd over head with an embracing vine,

Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to  
entice

All passers by to taste their luscious wine,  
And did themselves into their hands incline,  
As freely offering to be gathered :  
Some deep empurpled as the hyacin,  
Some as the rubine laughing, sweetly red,  
Some like fair emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht  
So made by art, to beautifie the rest, [gold,  
Which did themselves amongst the leaves  
enfold,

As lurking from the view of covetous guest,  
That the weak boughes, with so rich load op-  
prest,

Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most dainty paradise on ground,  
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,  
In which all pleasures plentifully abound,  
And none does others happiness envie :

The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie.  
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing  
place,

The trembling groves, the crystall running by ;  
And that which all fair works doth most  
aggrace, [place,

The art which wrought it all appeared in no  
One would have thought (so cunningly the  
rude

And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)  
That Nature had for wantonness ensude  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
So striving each the other to undermine.

Each did the other's work more beautify ;  
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine :  
So all agreed through sweet diversitie,  
Thus garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might be,  
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood  
Through every channell running, one might  
see ;

Most goodly it with pure imageree [boyse  
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked  
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee  
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,  
While others did themselves embay in liquid  
joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spred  
A trayle of ivie in his native hew :

For the rich metall was so coloured,  
That wight that did not well advised view,  
Would surely deem it to be ivie true :

Low his lascivious armes adowne did creep,  
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,  
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did  
steepe, [to weep

Which drops of crystall seem'd for wantonness  
Infinite streames continually did well

Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see  
The which into an ample laver fell,  
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee ;

Whose depth exceeded not three cubits  
height, [see  
That through the waves one might the bottom  
All pav'd beneath with jaspers shining  
bright, [upright.  
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle  
And all the inargent round about was set  
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend  
The sunny beames, which on the billows  
bet,  
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

### § 33. *Bower of Proteus.*

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,  
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which do rave  
The roaring billows in their proud disdain;   
That with the angry working of the wave,  
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,  
That seems rough mason's hand, with en-  
gine keen.  
Had long while labour'd it to engrave; [seen,  
There was his woune, no living wight was  
Save an old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it  
clean.

### § 34. *Charity.*

SHE was a woman in her freshest age,  
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,  
With goodly grace and comely personage,  
That was on earth not easy to compare;  
Full of great love, but 'Cupid's wanton snare  
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;  
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,  
That aye thereof her babes might suck their  
fill;  
The rest was all in yellow robes arraid still.  
A multitude of babes about her hang,  
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,  
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak  
and young,  
But thrust them forth still, as they wax'd old:  
And on her head she wore a tire of gold, [fair,  
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous  
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;  
And by her side there sat a gentle pair  
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

### § 35. *Cupid.*

LIKE a Cupido on Idean hill,  
When having laid his cruel bowe away,  
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill  
The world with wondrous spoils and bloodie  
prey.  
With his faire mother he him dights to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;  
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers herself through sleep beguild to be,  
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry  
glee. [he used  
First, she him sought in court where most  
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him  
not; [cused  
But many there she found, which sore ac-  
His falsehood, and with foule infamous blot,  
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear  
Complaining, how with his empoysned shot  
Their woful hearts he wounded had why-  
leare, [and feare.  
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope  
She then the cities sought from gate to gate,  
And ev'ry one did ask, did he him see;  
And every one her answer'd, and too late  
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie  
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;  
And every one threw forth reproaches rife  
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee  
Was the disturber of all civil life,  
The enimie of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,  
And in the rural cottages enquired: [brought,  
Where also many plaints to her were  
How he their heedless hearts with love had  
fired, [spired;  
And false venom thorough their veins in-  
And eke the gentle shepheard swaines  
which sate  
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hired,  
She sweetly heard complain, both how and  
what [thereat.  
Her some had to them doen; yet she did smile  
And at the upper end of the faire towne,  
There was an altar built of precious stone,  
Of passing value, and of great renowne,  
On which there stood an image all alone,  
Of massie gold, which with his own light  
shone;  
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,  
More sundry colours than the proud pavone  
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,  
When her discolour'd bow she spreads through  
heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist  
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,  
With which he shot at random when he  
list: [gold  
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure  
(Ah, man! beware how thou those darts be-  
hold).

A wounded dragon under him did lie,  
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,  
And with a shaft was shot through eyther  
eye, [remedy.  
That no man forth could draw, ne no man

Next after her, the winged god himself  
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,  
Taught to obey the menage of that olfe,  
That man and beast with powre imperious  
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:  
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,  
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous  
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;  
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel  
mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,  
He looked round about with stern disdain;  
And did survey his goodly company;  
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,

With that the darts which his right hand did straine,

Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,  
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,

That all his many it affraide did make :  
Though binding him againe, his way he forth did take.

#### § 36. *Danger.*

BUT in the porch did ever more abide  
An hideous giant, dreadful to behold, [stride ;  
'That stopt the entrance with his spacious  
And with the terror of his countenance bold,  
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Danger, dreaded over all,  
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,  
From fearful cowards entrance to forestall,  
And faint-heart foolcs, whom show of perill hard

Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award :  
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall  
Of his grim face, were from approaching scar'd ;  
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall  
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further triall.

Yet many doughty heroes, often tride  
In greater perils to be stout and bold,  
Durst not the sternness of his look abide ;  
But soon as they his countenance behold,  
Began to fuint, and feel their courage cold.  
Again, some other, that in hard assaies  
Were cowards known, and little count did hold, [waies,  
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like  
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

#### § 37. *Day-break.*

By this, the northern waggoner had set  
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet.  
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far  
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are :  
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill

Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre  
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill ;  
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

#### § 38. *Death.*

AND in his hand a bended bow was seene,  
And many arrowes under his right side,  
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,  
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide.  
Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :  
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,  
And bid them strike the marke which he had eyde ;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine.  
That mote recure their wounds ; so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,  
His body lean and meagre as a rake,

And skin all wither'd as a dried rook,  
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,  
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake ;  
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,  
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,  
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,  
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a  
gastly sight.

#### § 39. *Defamation.*

HIM in a narrow place he overtook,  
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe ;  
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke  
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine  
With open mouth, that seemed to containe  
A full good peck within the utmost brim,  
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,  
That terrified his foes, and armed him,  
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues em-  
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality ; [pight,  
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
And some of cats, that wralling still did cry ;  
And some of bears, that groynd continually ;  
And some of tigers that did seem to gren  
And snar at all that ever passed by : [men,  
But most of them were tongues of mortal  
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there, [stung,  
The tongues of serpents, with three forked  
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere  
At all that came within his ravengings,  
And spake licentious words, and hateful things,  
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie ;  
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,  
But either blotted them with infamy,  
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

#### § 40. *Desire.*

AND him beside marcht amorous Desire,  
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swaine ;

Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,  
And gave him being, common to them twaine :  
His garment was disguised very vaine,  
And his embroidered bonet sate awry ;  
'Twixt both his hands flew sparks he close did strain,

Which still he blew, and kindled busily,  
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

#### § 41. *Detraction.*

THE other nothing better was than she ;  
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,  
But in bad manner they did disagree ;  
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,  
She did conceale and murder her own mind ;  
But this, whatever evil she concealed,  
Did spread abroad, and throw in the open wind.

Yet this in all her words might be perceived,  
That all she sought was men's good names to  
have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said, [vent  
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies in-  
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,  
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,  
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.  
Therefore she used often to resort  
To common haunts, and company's frequent,  
'To hark what any one did good report,  
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in  
wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,  
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,  
And take great joy to publish it to many,  
That every matter worse was for her melling.  
Her name was hight Detraction, and her  
dwelling

Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;  
A wicked hag, and Envy's self excellling  
In mischief: for, herself she only vext:  
But this same, both herself and others eke  
perplex.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,  
Foaming with poyson round about her gills.  
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and  
short)

Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,  
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills;  
A distaff in her other hand she had,  
Upon the which she little spins, but spils,  
And faines to weave false tales and leasings  
bad, [disprad.  
To throw among the good, when others had

#### § 42. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,  
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,  
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss;  
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,  
With thornes and barren brakes environ'd  
round.

That none the same way may out-win;  
Yet many wayes to enter may be found,  
But none to issue forth when one is in;  
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven wallles were hung  
With ragged monuments of times fore-past,  
Of which, the sad effects of discord sung;  
There were rent robes, and broken scepters  
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't, [plac't,  
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in  
twaine.

Great cittys ransack't, and strong castles ras't,  
Nations captiv'd, and huge armies slaine:  
Of all which ruines there some reliques did  
remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,  
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raign'd long,  
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,  
For memory of which, on high there hong  
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)

For which the three faire goddesses did  
strive:

There also was the name of Nimrod strong,  
Of Alexander, and his princes five,  
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he  
had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,  
The which amongst the Lapithees befell,  
And of the bloody feast, which sent away  
So many Centaures' drunken soules to hell,  
That under great Alcides' furie fell:  
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive  
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,  
That each of life sought other to deprive,  
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made  
them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,  
That were too long a worke to count them all;  
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith  
forgoe;

Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;  
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;  
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,  
Their girlonds rent, their bowres spoiled all;  
The monuments whereof there hyding been,  
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh  
and green.

Such was the house within; but all without  
The barrou ground was full of wicked weeds,  
Which she herself had sownen all about,  
Now grownen great, at first of little seedes,  
The seedes of evil words, and factious derdes;  
Which when to ripeness due they grownen  
are,  
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds  
Tumultuous trouble, and contentions jarre,  
The which most often end in blood-shed and  
in warre.

And those same cursed seedes do also serve  
To her for bread, and yield a living food:  
For life it is to her, when others sterve  
Thro' mischievous debate, and deadly feod,  
That she may suck their life, and drink their  
blood, [been fed,  
With which she from her childhood had  
For she at first was born of hellish brood,  
And by infernal furies nourished,  
That by her monstros shape might easily be  
read.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,  
With squinting eyes contrary ways entended,  
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;  
That nought but gall and venim compre-  
hended,

And wicked words that God and man offended:  
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,  
And both the parts did speak, and both con-  
tended, [cided,

And as her tongue, so was her heart de-  
That never thought one thing, but doubly still  
was guided.

As as she double spake, so heard she double,  
With matchless cars deformed and distort,



Fil'd with false rumors, and seditious trouble,  
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,  
That still are led with every light report.

And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,  
And much unlike, th' one long, the other  
short,

And both misplac't; that when th' one for-  
ward gode,  
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;  
That one did reach, the other pusht away;  
The one did make, the other marr'd againe,  
And sought to bring all things unto decay;  
Whereby great riches, gather'd many a day,  
She in short space did often bring to nought.  
And their possessours often did dismay.

For all her study was, and all her thought,  
How she might overthrowe the thing that con-  
cord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,  
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne  
Because to man so mercifull he was,  
And unto all his creatures so benigne,  
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:

For all this world's faire workmanship she  
Unto his last confusion to bring, [tride  
And that great golden chaine quite to divide,  
With which it blessed concord hath together  
tide.

#### § 43. Envy.

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,  
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw  
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad.  
That all the poyson ran about his jaw;  
But inwardly he chawed his own maw [sad,  
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever  
For death it was, when any good he saw.

And wept, that cause of weeping none he  
had: [drous glad.  
But when he heard of harme, he waxed won-

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say  
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;  
And in his bosom secretly there lay  
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties  
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.

Still as he rode; he gnasht his teeth, to see  
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,  
And grudged at the great felicity  
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,  
And him no less, that any like did use;  
And who with gracious bread the hungry  
feeds,

His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;  
So every good to bad he doth abuse;

And eke the verse of famous poet's wit  
He doth back-bite, and spiteful poison spues

From leproous mouth, on all that ever writ:  
Such on vile Envy was, that firm in rowe did  
sit.

#### § 44. Faith.

Or which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
Like sunny beames threw from her crystal  
face,

That could have daz'd the rash beholder's  
sight, [light.  
And round her head did shine like heaven's,

She was arraid all in lily white,  
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,

In which a serpent did himself enfold,  
That horror made to all that did behold;  
But she no whit did change her constant  
mood;

And in her other hand she fast did hold  
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with  
blood, [understood.  
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be

#### § 45. Fancy

EMONGST them all sate he which wonned  
there.

That high Phantastes by his nature trew;  
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,  
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,  
That him full of melancholy did shew; [eyes  
Bent hollow beetle browses, sharp staring  
That mad or foolish seem'd. one by his view  
Mote deem him borne with ill-disposed  
skyes, [agonies.  
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of

#### § 46. Fear.

NEXT him was Feare, all arm'd from top to  
toe,  
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,  
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;  
And his own armes when glitt'ring he did spy,  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly.  
As ashes pale of hue, and wingy-huell'd;  
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,  
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen  
shield,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did  
wield.

#### § 47. Ship.

A tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
Whome raging winds, therocating to make the  
prey  
Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,  
Meets two contrary billows by the way,  
That her on either side do seaze assay,  
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;  
She, scorning both their spights, does make  
wide way, [w.-ye,  
And with her breast breaking the foamy  
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her-  
self doth save.

#### § 48. Fire

LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave  
Hath long been under kept and down sup-  
prest.  
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,  
And grudge in so straight prison to be prest,  
At last breakes forth with furious unrest,  
And strives to mount unto his native seat;  
All that earst it hinder and molest,

It now devours with flames and scorching  
heat, [great.  
And carries into smoake with rage and horror

§ 49. *First Age.*

THE antique world, in his first flowing  
youth,  
Found no defect in his Creator's grace ;  
But with glad thanks, and unreprieved truth,  
The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace :  
Like angel's life was then man's happy case ;  
But later ages' pride (like corn-fed steede)  
Abus'd her plenty, and fat-swoln encrease,  
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
THE measure of her meane, and natural first  
need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe  
OF his great grandmother with steele to wound,  
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe  
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found  
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,  
Of which the matter of his huge desire  
And pompous pride eftsone he did com-  
pound, [spire  
'Then avarice gan through his veines to in-  
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring  
fire.

§ 50. *Gluttony.*

AND by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,  
His belly was up-blown with luxury,  
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne.  
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,  
With which he swallowed up excessive  
feast,  
For want whereof poor people oft did pine ;  
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him de-  
cast.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,  
For other clothes he could not wear for heat.  
And on his head an ivy girlond had,  
From under which fast trickled down the  
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat, [sweat :  
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,  
On which he sapt so oft, that on his seat  
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,  
In shape and life more like a monster than a  
man.

UNTIL he was for any worldly thing,  
And eke unable once to stirre or go ;  
Not meet to be a counsell to a king, [so :  
Whose minde in meat and drink was drowned  
Full of disease was his carcassee blue,  
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,  
Which by misliet daily greater grew : [crew.  
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that

§ 51. *Grove.*

INTO that forest farre they thence him led,  
Where was their dwelling in a pleasant glade  
With mountains round about environed,  
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,

And like a stately theatre it made,  
Spreading itself into a spacious plaine,  
And in the midst a little river plaid  
Amongst the pumystones, which seem'd to  
plaine  
With gentle murmur that his course they did  
restraine.

§ 52. *Harmony.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most melodious  
sound,  
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,  
Such as at once might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
Right hard was it for wight that did it heare,  
To read what manner musick that mote be :  
For all that plesing is to living eare  
Was there consorted in one harmonie,  
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters,—  
all agree.

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,  
Their notes unto the voyce attempted sweet ;  
The angel call soft trembling voyces made  
To the instruments divine response meet :  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the waters fall .  
The waters fall, with difference discreet.  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call,  
The gently warbling wind lowe answering to  
all.

§ 53. *Hermitage.*

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,  
Down in a dale hard by a forest side.  
Farre from resort of people that did pass  
In travell to and fro : a little wide  
There was an holy chapell edified,  
Wherein the hermit duly went to say  
His holy things each morn and evening tide :  
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,  
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth  
away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,  
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green ;  
Small was his house, and like a little cage,  
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,  
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay  
be scene ;  
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,  
Not with such forged shewes, as fitter beene  
For courting fools that courtises would  
faine, [plaine.  
But with entire affection, and appearance

§ 54. *Honor.*

WHO so in pompe of proud estate [quoth  
she)  
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly bliss,  
Does wast his daies in darke obscurity  
And in oblivion ever buried is ;  
Where ease abounds, it's easie to doe amiss ;  
But who his limbs with labours, and his  
mind  
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss.

Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,  
Who seeks with painful toils, shall honour  
soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in wars she wons to dwell,  
And will be found with peril and with pain;  
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,  
Unto her happy mansion attain :  
Before her gate high God did sweat ordain,  
And wakeful watches ever to abide ;  
But ease is the way, and passage plain  
To pleasure's palace ; it may soon be sped,  
And day and night her doors to all stand open wide.

§ 55. *Hope.*

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome mayd,  
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold ;  
In silken samite she was light arraid,  
And her faire locks were woven up in gold ;  
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold  
An holy water sprinkle dipt in dew,  
In which she sprinkled favours manifold,  
On whom she list, and did great liking  
showe ;  
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

*Another.*

Her youngest sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blue, that her beseeemed well,  
Not all so cheerful seem'd she of sight,  
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,  
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell :  
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leand ever, as befell :  
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray, [way.  
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other

§ 56. *Hypocrite.*

At length they chaunc't to meet upon the way  
An aged sire, in long black weeds cyclad,  
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary graie,  
And by his belt his book he hanging had ;  
Solber he seem'd, and very sagely sad,  
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,  
And all the way he prayed as he went,  
And often knockt his breast, as one that did  
repent.

§ 57. *Idleness.*

Of which the first, that all the rest did  
guide,  
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin ;  
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,  
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy monk the servis to begin.

And in his hand a portesse still he bare,  
That much was worne, but therein little red ;  
For of devotion he had little care. [dead,  
Still down'd in sleep, and most of his days  
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head

To looken whether it were night or day.  
May seem the waine was very evil led,  
When such an one had guiding of the way,  
That knew not whether right he went, or else  
astray

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise ;  
For every work he challenged effoine,  
For contemplation sake : yet otherwise,  
His life he led in lawless riotise :  
By which he grew to grievous maladie ;  
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise  
A shaking fever rain'd continually :  
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 58. *Ignorance.*

At last, with creeping crooked pace, forth  
came  
An old man, with beard as white as snow,  
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,  
And guide his weary steps both to and fro ;  
For his eye-sight him fail'd long ago ;  
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,  
The which, unus'd, rust did overgrowe :  
Those were the keys of every inward dore ;  
But he could not them use, but kept them still  
in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold  
How he did fashion his untoward pace :  
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,  
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled  
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace, [face ;  
Both feet and face one way are wont to  
lead ;  
This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
And foster father of the giant dead,  
His name Ignaro did his nature right arcad.

§ 59. *Inconstancy.*

For those same islands, seeing now and  
then,  
Are not firme land, or any certain wonne,  
But straggling plots : which to and fro do  
ronne  
In the wide waters : therefore are they light.  
The Wandering Islands : therefore do them  
shonne ; [wight  
For they have oft drawn many a wandering  
Into most deadly danger and untressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that byre doth  
view,  
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground disprid  
With grassie green of delectable hew,  
And the tall trees with leaves unparallel,  
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and  
red,  
That mote the passengers there to allure :  
But whosoever once hath fastened  
His foot thereon, may never yet recure,  
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 60. *Incontinence.*

The wanton lady with her lover rose, [pose.  
Whose sleepey head she in her lap did soft dis-

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,  
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,  
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,  
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,  
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,  
But rather showed more white, if more  
might be :  
More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,  
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see  
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly  
flee.

§ 61. *Lechery.*

AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,  
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire,  
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousy)  
Was like the person self whom he did beare ;  
Who rough and black, and filthy did appeare,  
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye ;  
Yet he of lady's oft was loved dear,  
When fairer faces were bid standen by :  
O ! who does know the bent of woman's fan-  
tasie ?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,  
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,  
And in his hand a burning heart did beare,  
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness,  
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,  
And learned had to love with secret looks,  
And well could dance and sing with rueful-  
ness, [books,  
And fortunes tell, and read in loving  
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly  
looks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
And lusted after all that he did love,  
No would his looser life be tied to law,  
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and  
prove,  
If from their loyal loves he might them move ;  
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful  
paine

Of that foul evill which all men reprove,  
' That rots the marrow and consumes the  
braine : [traine.

Such one was Lechery, the third of all this

§ 62. *Life.*

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire  
To draw their days unto the utmost date,  
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,  
Knowing the misery of their estate,  
And thousand perils which them still await,  
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the  
maine  
That every hour they knock at deathes gate ?  
And he that happy seemes, and least in  
paine, [plaine:  
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely  
day :  
All see, who so faire thing dost faine to see,  
In springing flowre the image of thy day ;  
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee

Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,  
Thus fairer seems, the less you see her may ;  
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;  
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls  
away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,  
Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,  
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
That earst was sought to deck both bed and  
bowre

Of many a lady, and many a paramoure :  
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,  
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal  
crinie.

§ 63. *Love.*

O SACRED fire that burnest mightily  
In living breasts, ykindled first above, [sky,  
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping  
And thence pour'd into men, which men call  
love ; [move

Not that same which doth base affections  
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame ;  
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,  
And choseth virtue for his dearest daine,  
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-  
dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,  
That over mortal minds has so great might,  
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,  
And all their actions to direct aright ;  
The fatal purpose of divine foresight  
Thou dost effect in destined descents,  
Through deep impression of thy secret might ;  
And stirredst up the heroe's high intents,  
Which the late world admires for wondrous  
monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,  
How diversely Love doth his pageants play,  
And shews his power in variable kinds :  
The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway  
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,  
It stirreth up to sensual desire,  
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day ;  
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,  
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness  
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest ;  
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,  
Ever to creep into his noble brest ;  
But to the highest and the worthiest  
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall :  
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest : [all,  
It lets not scarce this prince to breathe at  
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth  
call.

§ 64. *Madness.*

WITH hundred iron chains he did him bind,  
An hundred knotts that did him sore con-  
straine :  
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,  
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine :

His burning eyn, whom bloody strakes did  
staine, [fire;  
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of  
And more for ranke despyght, then for great  
paine, [wire,  
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper  
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging  
ire.

§ 65. *Mercy.*

THEY, passing by, were guided by degree  
Unto the pressance of that gracious queen :  
Who sate on high, that she might all men  
And might of all men royally be seene, [see,  
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene ;  
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,  
As either might for wealth have gotten been,  
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare de-  
vice ; [lice.

And all embost with lyons and with slowre-de-

And over all her cloth of state was spred,  
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,  
Nor of aught else that may be richest red,  
But like a cloud, as likest may be told, [fold ;  
That her broad spreading wings did wide un-  
Whose skirts were bordered with bright  
sunny beames,

Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,  
And here and there shooting forth silver  
streames, [the glittering gleames.

Mongst which crept the little angels through

Seemed those little angels did uphold  
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings  
Did bear the pendants, thro' their nimble  
bold,

Besides a thousand more of such, as sings  
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly  
things,

Encompassed the throne, on which she sate :  
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings  
And mighty conquerors, in royal state.

Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them  
prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestie,  
Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,

The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,  
With which high God had blest her happy  
land,

Maugre so many foes which did withstand.

But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,  
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand,  
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought  
ayde,

She could it sternly draw, that all the world  
dismaide.

And round about before her feet there sate  
A beauteie of faire virgins clad in white,

That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royal state,  
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight  
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,

Upon the righteous Themis : those they say  
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waite day and  
night,

And when in wrath he threatens the world's  
decay, [stay.  
They do his anger calme, and cruel vengeance

They also doe, by his divine permission,  
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,  
And often treat for pardon and remission  
To suppliants through frailtie which offend ;  
Those did upon Marcilla's throne attend :  
Just Dice, wise Eunomie, mild Eirene ;  
And them amongst, her glory to commend,  
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments cleane,  
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly  
strene.

Some clerks doe doubt in their deviceful art,  
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,  
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,  
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.  
This well I wote ; that sure she is as great,  
And meriteth to have as high a place,  
Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting seat [race ;  
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly  
From thence pour'd down on men, by influ-  
ence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,  
Which from just verdict will for nothing start,  
But to preserve inviolated right,  
Oft spoils the principal to save the part ;  
So much more then is that of powre and art.

That seeks to save the subject of her skill,  
Yet never doth for doom of right depart :  
As it is greater praise to save, than spill ;  
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 66. *Minerva.*

LIKE AS Minerva, being late return'd  
From slaughter of the giants conquered :  
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nose-  
trils burn'd

With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,  
Transfix'd with his spear, down tumbled dead  
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,  
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,  
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie  
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

§ 67. *Morning.*

At last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky  
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawn-  
ing light,

Then up he rose, and clad him swiftly ;  
The dwarf he brought his steed : both  
away did fly.

*Another.*

At last the golden oriental gate  
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire, [mate,  
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegrome to his  
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy haire :  
And hurles his glistering beams thro' gleomy  
aire.

*Another.*

SOON as the fiery streaks with purple  
beames  
Disperse the shadows of the misty night.

And Titan playing on the easterne streames,  
Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing  
light :

So upon as day, forth dawning from the east,  
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-  
drew,

And early calling forth both man and beast,  
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 68. *Palace of Sleep.*

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire :  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep [peep,  
And lowe, where dawning day doth never  
His dwelling is ; there Thetys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep  
In silver dew his ever drouping head,  
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black  
doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,  
The one fair fram'd with burnish'd ivory,  
The other all with silver overcast ;  
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,  
Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.  
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,  
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned  
deep,  
In drowse fit he finds of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling  
down.

And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the  
sound

Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone :  
No other noise. nor people's troublous cries,  
As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,  
Might there be heard : but careless quiet  
lies,

Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 69. *Sun.*

As when two Suns appear in th' azure sky:  
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot ferrie bright :  
Both darting forth faire beames to each  
man's eye.

And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,  
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,  
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to  
wonder, [fright,  
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare af-

§ 70. *Phæton.*

EXCEEDING shone, like Phœbus' fairest  
childe,  
That did presume his father's ferio waine,  
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted  
wild,  
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to  
raine,  
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,  
While flashing beams doe daze his feeble  
eyes,  
He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,

And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame  
the skyen [shine.  
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 71. *Slander.*

So when that forest they had passed well,  
A little cottage farre away they spide, [fell :  
To which they drew, ere night upon them  
And entering in, found none therein abide,  
But an old woman sitting there beside,  
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,  
With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,  
Gnawing her nayles for felness and for ire,  
And thereout sucking venom to her parts in-  
tire.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,  
And in conditions to be loath'd no less :

For shee was stult with rancour and de-  
spight  
Up to the throat ; that oft with bitterness  
It forth would break, and gush with great  
excess,

Pouring out streams of poyson and of gall,  
Gainst all that truth or virtue doe professe ;  
Whome she with lessings lewdly did miscall  
And wickedly back-bite : her name men Slan-  
der call.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,  
And causeless crimes continually to frame ;

With which she guiltless persons may ac-  
cuse, [name :  
And steale away the crowne of their good  
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame [strive  
So chast and loyall liv'd, but she would  
With forged cause them falsely to defame :

Ne ever thing was done so well alive,  
But she with blame would blot, and of due  
praise deprive.

Her words were not as common words are  
ment,

T' express the meaning of the inward minde ;  
But noisome breath, and poysonous spirit  
sent,

From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,  
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde ;  
Which passing thro' the eares, would pierce the  
heart,

And wound the soul itself with grief unkind :  
For, like the stings of aspes, that kill with  
smart, [inner part.  
Her spitefull words did prick and wound the

§ 72. *Storm.*

HEX cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,  
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does  
threat,

The rolling billows beat the rugged shore,  
As they the earth would shoulder from her  
seat,

And greedy gulph does gape, as he would eat  
His neighbour element in his revenge :

Then gin the blustering breathren boldly threat,  
To move the world from off his steadfast  
henge, [avenge.

And boystrous battell make, each other to

§ 73. *Venus.*

RIGHT in the midst the goddess self did  
Upon an altar of some costly masse, [stand,  
Whose substance was unteath to understand :  
For neither precious stones, nor durezza  
brasse,  
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was ;  
But yet more rare and precious to esteeme,  
Pure in aspect, and like to chrysell glass ;  
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem ;  
But being faire and brittle, likest glass did  
seeme.

But it in shape and beauty did excell  
All other idols which the heathen adore :  
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill  
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore.  
With which that wretched Greeke that life  
forlore  
Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,  
But covered with slender veil afore,  
And both her feet and legs together twined  
Were with a snake, whose head and taile  
were fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a  
veil, [same  
Was hard to know, for that her priests the  
From people's knowledge labour'd to con-  
ceale ;  
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,  
Nor any blemish which the work mote blame ;  
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in  
one,  
Both male and female, both under one name :  
She sire and mother is herself alone ;  
Begets, and eke conceives, she needeth other  
none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew  
A flock of little loves, and sports, and joyes,  
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew ;  
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall  
boyes,  
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes ;  
The whilst their elder brother was away,  
Cupid, their elder brother ; he enjoys  
The wide kingdome of love with lonlly  
sway,  
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay,  
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,  
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,  
Some of their bride, some paragons disdainning,  
Some fearing, some, some fraudulently fayn-  
As ever one had cause of good or ill. [ing,

§ 74. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's sight, it was not long  
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide  
One in bright arms embattail'd full strong,  
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide  
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,  
And round about him threw forth sparkling  
fire,  
That seem'd him to enflame on every side :

His steed was bloody red, and foamed ire,  
When with the maist'ring spur he did him  
roughly stire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to rest,  
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,  
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his  
feet [smoke  
The smouldring dust did round about him  
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke ;  
And fairly conching his steel-headed spear,  
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revengi  
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led ;  
And in his hand a burning brand he held,  
The which he brandisheth about his head ;  
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,  
And stared stern on all that him beheld,  
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead ;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in  
him swell'd.

His ruffian raiment all was stain'd in blood  
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,  
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood,  
For of his hands he had no government,  
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement ;  
But when the furious fit was overpast,  
His cruel facts he often would repent,  
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast.  
How many mischief: should ensue his heedless  
hast !

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath ;  
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty seath,  
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife.  
And fretting grief, the enemy of life :  
And these and many evils more haunt ire,  
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,  
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire :  
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly  
tire.

## SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN

§ 75. *Ducessa weeping over her enemy, com-  
pared to a Crocodile ; and a Description  
of Night.*

As when a weary traveller, that strays  
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,  
Unweeting of the perious wand'ring ways,  
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,  
Which in false grief hiding his harmless guile  
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender  
tears :  
The foolish man, that pities all this while,  
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unawares,  
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's  
cares :

So wept Ducessa until even tide, [light ;  
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were  
Then forth she rose, no longer would abide,  
But comes unto the place where the heathen  
knight  
In slumbering swoon nigh void of vigils lay,

Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day ;  
Whom when she found, as she him left in  
plight

Even his woful ease, she would not stay,  
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes  
ready way,

Where, grisly Night, with visage deadly and,  
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,  
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,  
She sends forth-coming from her darksome  
new,

Where she all day did hide her hated hue :  
Behind the door her iron chariot stood,  
Already harnessed for journey new ;  
And pale-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,  
That on their rusty bits did champ as they  
were wood.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,  
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,  
As giving warning of th' unusual sound,  
With which her iron wheels did them affray,  
And her dark eyes look'd them much dismay.  
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,  
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray ;  
And hungry wolves continually did howl  
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

—On every side them stood  
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood  
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide  
With stony eyes ; and all the hellish brood  
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,  
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night  
durst ride.

#### § 76. Description of Lucifer's Palace.

STATELY palace built of squared brick,  
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong  
nor thick,  
And golden foil all over them display'd ;  
That paint'd sky with brightness they display'd.

High lift up were many lofty tow'rs,  
And costly galleries far over-laid,  
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs ;  
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,  
And spake the praises of the workman's wit ;  
But full of vanity, that so fair a mould  
Did on a weak foundation ever sit ;  
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit  
And tremble, it mounted was full high,  
That the least shake of heaven shook it ;  
And on a slender parts, that few could spy,  
Were built the old, but painted cunningly.

#### § 77. Lucifer ascending her Coach.

SURPRIS'd up with her stately place  
The angels came, and for her coach doth call !  
All hail to her, and she with princely pace,  
As to her coach in her purple pall,  
On which the dawning day doth call,

So forth she comes : her brightness broad doth  
blaze,

The heaps of people thronging in the hall  
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze ;  
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's  
eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does  
climb

Adorn'd all with gold, and garlands gay,  
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;  
And strove to match, in royal rich array,  
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say  
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-  
paved way,

Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,  
And full of Argus' eyes, their tails dispredden  
wide.

#### § 78. Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returned from the Chase, and preparing to bathe.

SHORTLY under the wasteful woods she  
came,  
Whereat she found the goddess and her crew,  
After late chase of their embured game,  
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,  
Some of them washing with the liquid dew  
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,  
And soil, which did deform their lively hue ;  
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat ;  
The rest upon her person gave attendance  
great.

She having hung upon a bough on high  
Her bow and painted quiver, had unac'd  
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh ;  
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts un-  
braç'd,  
After her heat the breathing cold to taste ;  
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright  
Embreded were for hindering of her haste,  
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,  
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled  
light.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,  
She was asham'd to be so soon surpris'd ;  
And wox half wroth against her daisies slack,  
That had not her thereof before advis'd,  
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd  
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loosen  
Ungathering in her bosom she surpris'd,  
Well as she might, and then the goddess  
rose :

Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlhood her  
enclose.

#### § 79. Description of a Garden.

ERTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound  
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear ;  
Such as at once might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere ;  
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,  
To read what manner music that mote be,  
For all that pleasing is to living ear



Was there consorted in one harmony ; [agree.  
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all  
The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;  
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine response meet :  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;  
The water's fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;

" Ah see, whose fair thing dost fain to see.  
In springing flower the image of thy day ;  
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty.  
That fairer seems, the less ye see he may ;  
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;  
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls  
away.

" So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,  
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,  
That erst was sought to deck both bed and  
bower

Of many a lady, and many a paramour :  
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,  
For soon comes age, that will her pride de-  
flower :

Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,  
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal  
crime."

He ceas'd, and then gan all the quire of birds  
Their divers notes t' attune unto his lay,  
As in approbance of his pleasing words.  
The constant pair heard all that he did say,  
Yet answer'd not, but kept their forward way,  
Through many covert groves, and thicket  
close.

In which they creeping did at last display  
That wanton lady, with her lover loose.  
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft  
dispose.

#### § 80. Description of the Garden of Adonis.

THERE is continual spring and harvest  
Continual, both meeting at one time ; [there,  
For both the breaths of laughing blossoms bear,  
And with fresh colours seek the wanton prime,  
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,  
Which soon to burden under their fruits' load  
The while the joyous birds make their pas-  
time

Throughout the shady leaves, their sweet abode,  
And their true loves without suspicion tell  
abroad.

#### § 81. Description of Jupiter.

So having said, he ceas'd, and with his brow,  
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded  
frown  
Is meant to wield the world unto his vow,

And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to  
check,

Made sign to them in their degrees to speak

With that he shook

His nectar-dew'd locks, with which the skies,  
And all the world beneath for terror quack,  
And oft his burning leven-brown in hand he  
took.

#### § 82. Guyon, conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.

At length they came into a large place  
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain  
Through which a beaten broad highway  
trance,

That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign ;  
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,  
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife ;  
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,  
The other brandish'd a bloody knife,  
And both did knash their teeth, and both did  
threaten life :

On the other side in one consort there sat  
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,  
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate ;  
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight  
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite :  
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,  
And found no place where safe he shroud him  
might.

Lamenting Sorrow, did in darkness lie. [eye  
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living  
And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,  
Did always soar, beating his iron wings ;  
And after him owls and night-ravens flew  
The hateful messengers of heavy things,  
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings ;  
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrows sing  
That heart of flint asunder would have rift  
Which having ended, after him she fled  
swift.

#### § 83. Urra and the Red Cross Knight.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain  
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield  
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain  
The cruel marks of many a bloody field  
Yet arms till that time did he never wear  
His angry steed did chide his foaming  
As much disdainful to the curbed rein  
Full jolly knight he seem'd, as  
As one for knightly jousts and  
tousers fit.

But on his breast a bloody cross  
The dear remembrance of his father's  
For whose sweet sake that morning  
And dead (as living) ever him adorn'd  
Upon his shield the like was set  
For sovereign hope, which in  
Right faithful true he was  
But of his cheer did seem to  
Yet nothing did he deem of

Upon a great adventure he was bound,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave;  
That greatest glorious queen of many land,  
To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;  
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn  
To prove his puissance in battle brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;  
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,  
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;  
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide  
Under a veil, that wrinkled was full low,  
And over all a black stole she did throw,  
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,  
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;  
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had,  
And by her in a fine a milk white lamb she led.

So pure an innocent, as that same lamb,  
She was in life and every virtuous lore,  
And by descent from royal lineage came  
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore  
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western  
shore.

And all the world in their subjection held;  
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
Forewasted all their land and them expell'd:  
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far  
compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,  
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past  
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
Did pour into his lady's lap so fast,  
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,  
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves  
were fain.

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,  
A shady grove not far away they spied,  
That might stand the tempest to withstand;  
Whose lofty trees, yelad with summer's pride,  
Did spread so broad, they heaven's light did  
hide.

Not pierceable with power of any star;  
And all within were paths and alleys wide,  
With footing worn, and leading inward far:  
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they  
entered ere.

And with the grass, with pleasure forward led,  
They heard the birds' sweet harmony,  
Whence they were shrouded from the tempest's  
fury.

Seem'd in the long to scorn the cruel sky.  
Mark'd out the straits the trees so strait and  
high.

The cedar fine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
The cedar green, the cedar never dry,  
The cedar tall, sole king of forests all,  
The cedar tall, sole king of forests all,  
The cedar tall, sole king of forests all,

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors;  
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,  
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,  
The Yew, obedient to the bender's will,  
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,  
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,  
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,  
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward  
sound.

And with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
Until the blustering storm is overblown,  
When, weening to return, whence they did  
stray, [shown,  
They cannot find that path which first was  
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,  
Farthest from end then, when they nearest  
ween, [own  
That makes them doubt their wits be not their  
So many paths, so many turnings seen,  
That which of them to take, in divers doubt  
they been

#### § 84. Description of Prince Arthur.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet  
A goodly knight, full marching by the way,  
Together with his squire, arrayed meet  
His glittering armour shined far away,  
Like glancing light of Moses' brightest ray;  
From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:  
Athwart his breast a baudric brave he wore,  
That shon'd like twinkling stars, with stones  
most precious rare.

And in the midst thereof one precious stone  
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous  
might,  
Shap'd like a lady's head, exceeding shone,  
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,  
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;  
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung  
In ivory sheath, yea'd with curious slights;  
Whose hilts were burn'd gold, and handle  
strong [tongue

Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden  
His lustrous helmet, horrid all with gold;  
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred;  
For all the crest a dragon did ensail  
With greedy paws, and over all did spread  
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,  
Close couched on the beaver, seem'd to throw  
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,  
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;  
And scaly tail was stretch'd adown his back  
full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest  
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely,  
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly  
dress'd,  
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for joy;  
Like to an almond tree unfounted high  
On top of green Selimis all alone,  
With blossoms braved decked daintily.

Whose tender locks do tremble every one,  
At every little breath that under heaven is  
blown.

§ 85. *Description of Belshazz.*

HER face so fair as flesh it seemed not;  
But heavenly portrait of bright angels' hue,  
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexion due;  
And in her cheeks the vermell red did shew  
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,  
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,  
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,  
Able to heat the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,  
Kindled above at th' heavenly maker's light,  
And darted fiery beams out of the same,  
So passing piercing, and so wordous bright,  
That quite bereav'd the rash beholder's sight;  
In them the blinded god his lustful fire  
To kindle oft essay'd, but had no might;  
For with dread majesty, and awful ire,  
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched  
base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,  
Like a broad table did itself dispread,  
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,  
And write the battles of his great godhead;  
All good and honour might therein be read:  
For there their dwelling way. And when she  
spoke, [shed]  
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did  
And twist the pearls and rubies softly brake  
A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to  
make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sat,  
Under the shadow of her even brows,  
Working belgards, and amorous retreat,  
And every one her with a grace endow'd:  
And every one with meekness to her bows.  
So glorious mirror of celestial grace,  
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,  
How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,  
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to  
disgrace!

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair  
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight.  
And was glad (for heat of scorching air)  
All in a silken canopy, lily white,  
Purged more with many a folded plume,  
Which all about besprinkled was throughout  
With golden sparks, that glistered bright,  
Like sparkling stars, and all the skirt about  
Was fringed with golden fringe.

Below her bent her weed did somewhat train,  
And her strain'd legs most bravely were embail'd  
In golden buskins of costly cordwain. [tail'd  
All barr'd with golden bands, which were en-  
With curious anticke, and full fair aumail'd:  
Before, they fastened were under her knee  
The rich jewel, and therein entrail'd  
The end of all their knots, that none might  
[wrapped be  
How they, within their foldings, close en-

And in her hand a sharp bow appear she held,  
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,  
Stuffed with steel-headed darts, wherewith she  
quell'd

The savage beasts in her victorious play.  
Knit in a golden bauldrie, which forth  
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide  
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in  
Now little gan to swell, and being tied, [May,  
Through her thin weed, their places only  
signified.

Her yellow locks crissel like golden wire,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And when the wind amongst them did stir,  
They waved like a pennon wide disspread,  
And low behind her back were scattered;  
And whether art it were, or heedless hap,  
As through the flowering forest rash she fled,  
In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did  
lay. [enwrap  
And flowering fresh leaves and blossoms did

§ 86. *The Squire and the Dove.*

WELL said the wise man, now purged true  
by this,  
Which to this gentle squire did happen fall;  
That the displeasure of the mighty is  
Than death itself more dread and desperate:  
For, nought the same may calm, nor mitigate,  
Till time the tempest do thereof allay  
With sufferance soft, which rigour can stave,  
And have the stern remembrance wip'd away  
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infix'd  
lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,  
Whose tender heart the fair Belshazz had  
Withoute merrill look so dighted, that no joy  
In all his life, which afterwards he had,  
He ever tasted; but with pangs and  
And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away,  
Nor ever laugh'd, nor once shew'd countenance  
glad;  
But always wept and walked night and day,  
As blasted blossom, through heat, both blighted  
and decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted way,  
His dote he made) there chanced a turtle dove  
To come, where he his dolours did devise,  
That likewise late had lost her dearest love;  
Which loss her made like passion also to the  
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart  
With dear compassion doted on him,  
That she gan moan his end, and his estate,  
And with her delicate accents, thus, she made  
part.

She, sitting by him, saw him so forlorn,  
Her mournful notes full of complaint he made,  
And thereof made a lamentable lay,  
So sensibly composed, that in the same  
Him seemed oft he heard his own sad tale,  
With that, he forth would have shed  
tears,  
And beat his breast, and sigh'd

And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,  
That could have pierc'd the hearts of tigers  
and of bears.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,  
Withouten dread of peril, to repair  
Unto his wonne; and with her mournful pause  
Him to comfort in his greatest care,  
That much did ease his mourning and misfear:  
And every day, for guerdon of her song,  
He part of his small feast to her would share;  
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,  
Companion she became, and so continued long.

One day, as she him sate beside,  
By chance he certain monuments forth drew,  
Which yet with him as relics did abide  
Of all the bounty, which Belphebe threw  
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew:  
Amongst the rest, a jewel rich he found,  
That was a ruby of right perfect hue,  
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,  
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new  
(In which his lady's colours were) did bind  
About the turtle's neck, that with the view  
Did greatly solace his engriev'd mind.  
All unawares the bird, when she did find  
Herself so deck'd, her pimple wings display'd,  
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:  
Which sudden accident him much dismay'd,  
And looking after long did mark which way  
she stur'd.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,  
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,  
His weary eye return'd to him again,  
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,  
That both his jewel he had lost so light,  
And eke his dear companion of his care,  
But this sweet bird, departing, flew forth right  
Through the wide region of the wasteful air,  
Until she came where wounded lay Belphebe.

There found she her (as then it did betide)  
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,  
After late weary toil, which she had tried  
To escape chaos, to rest as seem'd her meet.  
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,  
And ran to her, her mournful plaint to make,  
As was her wont: thinking to let her weep  
The great tormenting grief, that for her sake  
engentle sorrow through her displeasure did

She, her beholding with attentive eye,  
At length did mark about her purple breast  
That precious jewel, which she formerly  
Had known right well, with colour'd ribbon  
dress'd.

Therewith she rose in haste, and her address  
With ready hand it to have reft away.  
But the bird, that she'd not her breast  
But her heart's love, and there again did say:  
She, then, her, and thought again it to

And ever, when she nigh approach'd, the dove  
Would sit a little forward, and then stay  
Till she drew near, and then again remove;  
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,  
And still from her escaping soft away:  
Till that, at length, into that forest wide  
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.  
In the end, she her unto that place did guide,  
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

He, her beholding, at her feet down fell,  
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did  
tread, (well  
And wash'd the same with water, which did  
From his moist eyes, and like two streams  
proceed;

Yet spake no word, whereby she might read  
What mister wight he was, or what he meant;  
But as one daunted with her presence dread,  
Only few rueful looks unto her sent,  
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ar'd,  
But wonder'd much at his so uncouth case;  
And by his person's secret seem'd [place,  
Well wren'd, that he had been some man of  
Before misfortune did his hue deface:  
That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:  
Ah! woful man, what Heaven's hard disgrace,  
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,  
Or self-dislik'd life, doth thee thus wretched  
make?

If Heaven, then none may it redress or blame,  
Since to his power we all are subject born:  
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame  
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn:  
But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn  
Of life it be, then better do advise.  
For, he whose days in wilful woe are worn,  
The grace of his Creator doth despise,  
That will not use his gifts for thankless  
niggardise.

When so he heard her say, ere long he brake  
His sudden silence which he long had pent,  
And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake:  
Then have they all themselves against me  
bent:

For heaven (first author of my languishment)  
Envyng my too great felicity,  
Did closely with a cruel one consent,  
To cloud my days in doleful misery, [to die.  
And make me loath this life, still longing for  
Nor any but yourself, O dearest dread,  
Hath done this wrong: to wreak on worthless  
wight

Your high displeasure, through misdeeming  
bred:

That when your pleasure is to deem aright,  
Ye may redress, and me restore to light,  
Which sorry words her mighty heart did  
mate

With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,  
That her in-burning wrath she gau state,  
And him receiv'd again to former glorious  
state.

## FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

87. *Image of Armida and Alcantara, enraged at Rinaldo's blowing down the Myrtle to dissolve the Charm.*

He<sup>r</sup> lift his brand ; nor car'd, though oft she pray'd,

And she her form to other shape did change ;  
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are hid,

Oft in their idle fancies roam and range :  
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made ;  
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange ;

A giantess before him high she stands,  
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands :

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,  
She threaten'd death, she roard, she cried,  
and fought :

Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,  
A Cyclops great became ; he fear'd them nought,

But on the myrtle smote with all his might,  
Which groan'd, like living souls to death nigh brought ;

The sky seem'd Plato's court, the air seem'd  
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below  
Roared aloud : that thunder'd, and this shook !  
Muster'd the tempests strong ; the whirl-winds blow :

The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look :  
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,  
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended :

Nor of that fury heed or care he took ;  
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

*Description of Armida's wonderful Parrot.*

Worn party-color'd plumes, and purple bill,  
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,  
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and shrill ;

Here Leden was like human language true :  
So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,

That strange it seemed how much good she knew :

Her feather'd fellows all stood back to hear ;  
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,  
That first scowl peeping forth with virgin beams,  
Half open, half shut, her beauties doth unfold

In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairest seems,  
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,  
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes ;

Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r  
Of many a lady late and paramour.

\* Rinaldo.

So, in the passing of a day, thou pass  
The bud and blossom of the life of man,  
Nor e'er dost flourish more ; but, like the grass

Cut down, becom'st wither'd, pale, and wan.  
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast !  
Short is the day, time when it scant began ;  
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou mayst,  
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd ; and, as approving all she spoke,  
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew'd.  
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke ;  
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew'd.  
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn too,  
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,  
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heaven above,  
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love.

§ 89. *The Story of Iulia.* DANIEL.

—THERE was some time a nymph,  
Iulia named, and an Arcadian born,  
Whose mother dying left her very young  
Unto her father's charge, who carefully  
Did breed her up until she came to years  
Of womanhood, and then provides a match  
Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.  
But she, who to another shepherd had,  
Call'd Sirthis, vow'd her love, as unto one  
Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,  
Could not by all her father's means be wrought  
To leave her choice, and to forget her vow.  
This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,

Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell  
As inmates both together, walking forth  
With other maids to fish upon the shore,  
Estrays apart, and leaves her company  
To entertain herself with her own thoughts,  
And wanders on so far, and out of sight,  
As she at length was suddenly surpris'd  
By pirates, who lay lurking underneath  
Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.

And, notwithstanding all her piteous cries,  
Entreaties, tears, and prayers, those fierce men  
Rent hair and veil, and carried her by force  
Into their ship, which in a little creek  
Hard-by at anchor lay ;

And presently they hoisted sail, and away  
When she was thus inslipp'd, and wearied  
Had cast her eyes about to view that crew  
Of horror, whereunto she was so suddenly  
emplung'd,

She spies a woman sitting on the deck,  
Sucking her breast, which was the woman's  
wife.

To her she comes, and thus she saith to her :  
"O woman, if that name of woman may  
Move you to pity, pity a poor maid  
The most distressed soul that e'er was born,  
And save me from the hands of these cruel  
men."

Let me not be defiled and made unclean

Dear woman, now, and I will be to you  
The faithful slave that ever mistress serv'd;  
Never poor soul shall be more dutiful  
To do whatever you command, than I.  
No toil will I refuse, so that I may  
Keep this poor body clean and undeflow'rd,  
Which if all I will ever seek. For know,  
It is not fear of death lays me thus low,  
But of that stain will make my death to blush.  
All this would nothing move the woman's heart.

Whom yet she would not leave, but still be-  
"O woman, by that infant at your breast,  
And by the pains it cost you at the birth,  
Save me, as ever you desire to have  
Your babe to joy and prosper in the world:  
Which will the better prosper sure, if you  
Shall merry shew, which is with mercy paid!"  
Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too  
The infant's feet; and "Oh, sweet babe,"

(said she) [sought]  
"Couldst thou but to thy mother speak for  
And crave her to have pity on my case,  
Thou might'st perhaps prevail with her so  
much, [speak]"

Although I cannot; child, ah, couldst thou  
The infant, whether by her touching it,  
Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,  
Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks  
Upon the mother, then on her again,  
And then it cries, and then on either looks:  
Which she perceiving; "blessed child," (said  
she) [cry]

"Although thou canst not speak, yet dost thou  
Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,  
Dear mother, it's for me it cries,  
It's all the speech it hath. Accept those cries,  
Save me at his request, from being deild:  
Let pity move thee, that thus moves thy child."  
The woman, thro' by birth and custom rude,  
Yet, having veins of nature, could not be  
But piecible, and feel at length the point  
Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,  
(Not usual to stern eyes) and she besought  
Her husband to bestow on her that prize,  
With safeguard of her body at her will.  
The captain, seeing his wife, the child, the  
sigh,

All crying to him in this piteous sort,  
Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grant'd  
His wife's request, and seals his grant with  
tears;

And so they went all four for company:  
And some tall men stood not with dry eyes;  
Such women wrought the passion of their prize.  
Never was there pardon, that did take  
Concerned from the block, more joyful than  
This grant to live. For all her misery  
Seem'd nothing to the woman, she receiv'd,  
By being thus saved from slavery;  
And from that woman's feet she would not part,  
Not that she was to be without some hold  
Of her dear child, as long as she remain'd  
Within the ship, which in few days arriv'd  
At the port, where these pirates were

And there this woeful maid for two years' space

Did serve, and truly serve, this captain's wife,  
(Who would not lose the benefit of her  
Attendance, for her profit otherwise)  
But daring not in such a place as that  
To trust herself in woman's habit, crav'd  
That she might be apparel'd like a boy;  
And so she was, and as a boy she serv'd.  
At two years' end her mistress sends her forth  
Unto the port for some commodities, [down,  
Which, whilst she sought for, going up and  
She heard some merchantmen of Corinth talk;  
Who spake that language the Arcadians did,  
And were next neighbors of one continent.  
To them, all rapt with passion, down she  
kneels,

Tells them she was a poor distressed boy,  
Born in Arcadia, and by pirates took,  
And made a slave in Egypt: and besought  
Them, as they fathers were of children, or  
Did hold their native country dear, they would  
Take pity on her, and relieve her youth  
From that sad servitude wherein she liv'd:  
For which she hoped that she had friends alive  
Would thank them one day, and reward them  
too;

If not, yet that she knew the heav'ns would do.  
The merchants, mov'd with pity of her case,  
Being ready to depart, took her with them,  
And landed her upon her country coast:  
Where, when she found herself, she prostrate  
falls,

Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the gods,  
Thanks them who had been her deliverers,  
And on she trudges through the desert woods,  
Climbs over dingy rocks, and mountains steep,  
Wades thorough rivers, struggles thorough  
Sustained only by the force of love, [boys,  
Until she came unto her native plains,  
Unto the fields where first she drew her breath.  
There she lifts up her eyes, salutes the air,  
Salutes the trees, the bushes, flowers and all:  
And, "Oh, dear Sirthis, here I am," said she,  
"Here, notwithstanding all my miseries,  
I am, the same I ever was to thee; a pure,  
A chaste, and spotless maid."

#### § 90. The Praise of Poetry. COWLEY.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,  
Though high as our ambition,  
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can  
Give life to th' ashes of a man,  
But verses only; they shall fresh appear  
Whilst there are men to read or hear,  
When time shall make the lasting brass decay,  
And eat the pyramid away,  
Turning that monument wherein men trust  
Their names to what it keeps, poor dust;  
Then shall the epitaph remain, and be  
New graven in eternity.  
Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit  
Of poets triumphs over it. [look  
What cannot verse? When Thracian Orpheus  
His lyre, and gently on it strook,

The learned stork came dancing all along,  
And kept time to the charming song  
With artificial pace the warlike pine,  
The elm and his wife the ivy twine,  
With all the better trees, which erst had stood  
Unmov'd, forsok their native wood.  
The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,  
Craving the honour of his brow;  
And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made  
With their officious leaves a shade.  
The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,  
Forgetting their old tyranny.  
The fearful hart next to the lion came,  
And the wolf was shepherd to the lamb.  
Nightingales, harmless syrens of the air,  
And jesses of the place, were there; [found  
Who, when their little windpipes they had  
Unequal to so strange a sound,  
O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,  
And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.  
Happy, O happy they! whose tomb might be,  
Mausolus! envied by thee!

491. *The Country Mouse.* COWLEY.

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,  
Close to plough'd ground, seated commodiously,  
His ancient and hereditary house,  
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse,  
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main.  
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,  
A mouse of high degree, which lost his way,  
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,  
Had arriv'd early, and belighted there  
For a day's lodging. The good hearty host  
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)  
Did all the stores produce that might excite,  
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite.  
Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and wheat,  
And a large chestnut, the delicious meat  
Which Jove himself, were he a mouse, would  
eat.

And for a haught'out, there was mix'd with these  
The sword of bacon, and the coat of cheese,  
The precious relics, which at harvest he  
Had gather'd from the reaper's luxury.  
Freely (said he) fill on, and never spare,  
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care,  
And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,  
And to their genial sacrifice the day  
Yet the nice great's Epicurean mind (kind  
Though breeding made him civil seem and  
Despite his country feast, and still his  
thought.

Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.  
For bounty and civility (said he)  
Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,  
Shows that the gods have given you a mind  
Fit notice for the tale which here you find.  
Why should I call so virtuous and so great  
see their kind in an obscure retreat?  
at a large waste lodge in a country den,  
For should see towns, and manners know,  
and men;  
that mark the generous luxury of the court,  
Where all the price of quality resort.

What should I know more than about you  
mouse?

And by high fate, I'm oblig'd made to love.  
We all are long must render up our breath;  
No cave or hole can shelter us from death.  
Since life is so uncertain and so short,  
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.  
Come, worthy sir! come with me, and partake  
All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms  
To oppose bright honour and soft pleasure's  
charms?

What wisdom can their magic force resist?  
It draws this reyrend hermit from his cell.  
It was the time, when witty poets tell,  
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell."  
She blush'd at first, and then patent the night,  
And drew the modest curtains of the night.  
Plainly, the truth to tell, the sea was seen.  
When to the town our weary'd limbs we bring,  
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,  
Made for the use of pride and luxury.

They come; the gentle courtier at the door  
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.  
But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so  
I'm sworn to obedience; and so in they go.  
Behind a hanging in a spacious room  
(The richest work of Morlake's noble loom)  
They wait awhile, their weary'd limbs to ease.  
Till silence should invite them to their feast.  
"About the hour that Cynthia's silver light  
Had touch'd the pale meries of the night."  
At last, the various supper being done,  
It happen'd that the company was gone  
Into a room remote, servants and all.  
To please their noble families with a ball.  
Our host leads forth his stranger, and doth lead  
All fitted to the humours of his mind.  
Still on the table half-drawn dishes stand,  
And with delicious bits the floor was strew'd.  
The courteous mouse presents him with the  
And both with the varietal art of choice.  
Th' industrious peasant ever ready to obey,  
And thanks the gods for his life's change.

Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted train  
They both at last, gluttied and wanton, lie.  
When,—see the sad reverse of proud rank life,  
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait!  
With hideous noise, down the rude servants  
come,

Six dogs before run barking into the hall.  
The wretched gluttons fly with silent  
And hate the fulness which their  
sight.

Our trembling peasant, with his  
That rocks and mountains shake  
Oh how the change of his state  
This of all lives, and his nature  
Give him again, ye gods! my eyes are  
With peace, his tears and sorrow

492. *Dwelling.* COWLEY.

The thirty earth and stones  
And drink, and

The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With conscious drinking fresh and free.  
The sea itself, which, one would think,  
Should have but little need of drink,  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up;  
So full that they overflow the cup.  
The busy bee, (and one would guess  
By a drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the bee, and when he 'as done,  
The bee and stars drink on the sun.  
They drink and dance by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night,  
Nothing is nature's softer sound,  
But the eternal health-giver round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should any creature drink but I;  
Why, says a moralist, tell me why?

§ 94. *The Grasshopper.* COWLEY.

Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compar'd to thee?  
Fed with nature's most divine,  
The dewy morning's gentle wine;  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And the verdant cup does fill;  
Thou art wherever thou dost tread,  
Nature's seat, thy Ganymede;  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king!  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants, belong to thee;  
All that summer-hour produce,  
Perfille with early juice;  
Man for thee does sow and plough;  
Furner up, and renders thee;  
Thou dost innocently see  
The loss thy luxury does bring;  
Thou dost gladly hear the bees  
How industrious they be;  
Thou dost hear the birds with gladness hear  
How sweet the open year;  
Thou dost hear the bees, and dost inspire;  
Thou dost hear thy sire.  
Thou dost of all things upon earth  
Live more happy than thy mirth;  
Thou dost hear the happy! thou  
Dost neither age nor winter know;  
But when thou art drunk, and danc'd, and sung,  
Thou dost the dewy leaves among,  
Thou dost dance, and wise withal,  
Thou dost the animal!  
Thou dost with thy summer feast,  
Thou dost the endless rest.

§ 95. *The Grasshopper.* COWLEY.

Happy insect! what dost thou  
Live more happy than thou?  
Thou dost hear the happy!  
Thou dost hear the happy!  
Thou dost hear the happy!  
Thou dost hear the happy!  
Thou dost hear the happy!  
Thou dost hear the happy!

And dreamst of thy summer joys,  
Free from the stormy season's noise;  
Free from th' ill thou 'st done to me;  
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?  
Hast thou all the charming notes  
Of the wood's poetic throats?  
All thy art could never pay  
What thou 'st ta'en from me away.  
Cruel bird! thou 'st ta'en away  
A dream out of my arms to-day;  
A dream that ne'er must equal'd be  
By all that waking eyes may see:  
Thou hast damage to repair,  
Nothing half so sweet or fair,  
Nothing half so good, can't bring,  
Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

§ 95. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen.*

— Hz along  
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays  
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace  
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd  
With strength Herculean. On his aspect  
shines

Sublimest pride, and desire of fame,  
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye  
The inextinguishable spark, which fires  
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports  
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.  
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:

Why this astonishment on every face,  
To men of Sparta? Does the name of death  
Create this feat and wonder? O my friends!  
Why do we labor through the arduous paths  
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,  
Should the reach of human feet were plac'd  
The distant summit, if the fear of death  
Could intercept our passage. But in vain  
His darkest frowns and terrors he assumes  
To shake the firmness of the mind, which  
knows

That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;  
That, wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,  
And looks around for happiness in vain.  
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;  
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call, (fame  
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with  
The gods allow to many! but to die  
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven  
Selects from all the choicest forms of fate,  
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 96. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

Return to Xerxes, tell him, on this rock  
The Grecians faithful to their post, await  
His chosen warriors; tell him, thou hast seen  
How far the limits of empire is below  
A free-born mind; and tell him, to behold  
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death  
To seal my country's freedom, is a glory  
Surpassing all his boasted power can give.



§ 97. *Pathetic Request of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I shun, I shun thy anguish, nor my soul  
Has ever known the prevalence of love,  
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;  
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,  
Was once my heart insensible to thee.  
How had it stain'd the honors of my name  
To hesitate a moment, and suspend  
My country's fate, till shameful life prefer'd,  
By my inglorious colleague left no choice;  
But what in me were infamy to shun,  
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more  
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,  
I have recall'd to death. The voice of fate,  
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.  
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams  
afresh [renov'd]

That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs  
That tender breast? Leonidas must fall!  
Alas! far heavier misery impends  
O'er thee and these, if, soften'd by thy tears,  
I abamefully refuse to yield that breath,  
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven  
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.  
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect  
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart  
E'er known a ~~moment~~ of love, or pious care?  
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd  
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband

For Lacedaemon's safety, thou wilt share  
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.  
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,  
Alone intrusted by the immortal gods  
With pow'r to save a people; should my soul  
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield  
To sorrow and to shame: for thou must weep  
With Lacedaemon, must with her sustain  
The painful portion of oppression's weight.  
Thy eyes behold, now worthy of their names,  
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom  
must pine [hearts]

In chains and bondage, and their youthful  
Best at the altar of liberty no more.  
On their own virtues and their father's fame,  
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,  
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,  
Their country's onward, and their mother's  
joy.

Here pause'd the patriot. With religious awe  
Grief hush'd the voice of woe. No complaint  
The silent anguish broke. Tears caus'd to  
flow.

Came for a moment, hush'd again to strain.  
For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,  
His brave companions of the war demand  
Their leader's presence; then her grief re-  
new'd.

Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,  
And freeze each accent on her falt'ring tongue.  
In speechless anguish, on the hero's breast  
She sinks. On every side his children pass,  
Hang on his knees, and clasp his honor'd hand.  
The soul no longer struggling for control

His strong compassion. Down the hero's  
cheek, [woe]

Down flows the mournful tear. Great in  
Amid his children, who embrace him round,  
He stands indulging tenderness and love  
In grateful tears; when thus, with voice  
Address'd to Heaven: "Flow over my brow,  
Look down propitious, Sire of gods and men!  
And to this faithful woman, whose dear  
May claim thy favor, grant the heavenly peace  
And thou, my great grandfather, god of war,  
O Hercules, neglect not these thy care  
But, since that spirit I from thee derive  
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,  
Do thou support their virtue! Be thy angels  
Like thee, with glorious labor life to grace  
And from their father let them learn to die!"

§ 98. *Character of Teribazus and Arcton.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth  
Nam'd Teribazus, not fit golden stores  
Nor fit wide pastures travell'd o'er with herds  
With bleating thousands, or with bounding  
steeds;

Nor yet for power, nor splendid honors fond,  
Rich was his mind in every art divine,  
And through the paths of science, and the  
The votary of wisdom. In the youth's soul  
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,  
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page  
Of Zoroaster; then his tow'ring soul  
High on the plumes of contemplation soared  
And from the lofty Babylonian towers [sphere]  
Wilt learn'd Chaldeans, learn'd the mystic  
There number'd o'er the myriad host that pease  
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.

Nor on the sands of thought were his  
The Indian sage from sequester'd bow  
While, as attention wondrous, they  
The pow'r of nature, whether in the  
The fruitful globe or flow'ry meads, or  
The limpid waters, or the mountain's  
Or in the purer element of fire,  
The fertile plains where great Babylonian  
Mysterious Egypt, next the youth's  
From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile  
Precipitates his waters to the sea,  
Which far below receives the sevenfold stream,  
Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he strays  
pass'd

By, which once enraptur'd he  
The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's  
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor  
Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shores  
Here too melodious numbers charm'd  
Which flow'd from Orpheus' and  
And thee, O father of immortal  
Mionides, whose strains through  
Time with his own strains thy soul  
Back to his native clime, that he turn'd  
His wand ring song. Harmonious  
To Hyacinthos, generous and  
And Arion, from Dorian shores  
With Harmonious of the Lyre,  
Whom none but the great

Of all her greatness, oft as humble thy  
To him would bend, and listen to his voice  
Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd,  
Admiring Soon was admiration chang'd  
To love; nor had he sooner thus despair'd  
But unreason'd and silent was his pain;  
Not yet in solitary shades he roam'd,  
Nor sought resort, but o'er his sorrows cast  
A veil of dawn of gladness, and in smil-  
ing tones he'd his anguish, while the secret flame  
Ran down his bosom, and his peace consumed

## SONNETS, BY SMITH

## § 99 To the Moon

Of the silver bow by thy pale beam,  
Alone and pensive I delight to stray,  
And with the shadow trembling in the  
stream  
Or with the floating clouds that cross thy  
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light  
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast,  
And oft I think, fair planet of the night  
That in thy orb the wretched may have rent,  
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go  
Relieved by death, to thy beauteous sphere,  
And the sad children of despair and woe  
Forget, in thee their cup of sorrow here  
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene  
Poor wretched pilgrim in this toiling scene

## § 100 On the Departure of the Nightingale

SWARTZ part of the woods, a long adieu!  
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!  
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing again,  
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull  
ear.

Whether on spring thy tendering floods thou art  
Or whether silent in our groves thou dwelt  
The measure must be all own thee for her ministrant  
Still shall protect the sweet she loves so well  
With cautious step the lone youth shall  
glide  
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy  
And at eve's girls from eyes profane shall hide  
The gentle bird, whose notes are my best  
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,  
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

## § 101 Written at the Close of Spring

THE garlands fade, that spring so lately wove,  
Each simple flower which she had nurs'd in  
flow,  
And flowers, that spangled every grove,  
Whom the sun warms, and hush the mild blue  
The violet shall violet languor in the dell,  
Or the poppy shall tinge the plain,  
The daisy shall call forth every bell,  
And the daisy shall hand her wreaths  
again.  
Ah! how humanity we feel, so fair  
As the dawn of the early day,  
The dew of youth and sorrow rare  
The daisy shall fade away!  
The daisy shall fade away!  
The daisy shall fade away!  
The daisy shall fade away!

## § 102. Should the lone Wanderer

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his  
way,  
Rest for a moment of the sultry hour, [Jav  
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness  
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding  
flow'rs,  
Weaving his wreaths beneath some sheltering  
The sense of air while his bill may lone  
So have I wove thy flow'rs for thee  
So shroud my way with friendship and  
the rose

But darker grows the sunhappy day  
Dark with clouds of evil yet to come  
Her pencil sickening I see the way  
And weary Hope looks on me the way,  
And print my woe on that triumphant  
Where the pale spectre of the paragon no more

## § 103 To Night

I love thee most, sober suited Night  
When the faint moon yet lingering in her  
wings  
And veiled in clouds, with pale, uncertain light  
I gaze on the waters of the restless in  
In deep depression sunk, the infelicitous mind  
Will to the dead cold climate comply  
And tell the unnumber'd grief how ever it  
To sullen surges and the restless wind  
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find  
I still enjoy thee, while thou art  
For in thy quiet gloom the exhausted heart  
Is calm the watchful, hopeless yet resign'd  
While the winds and waves its sorrows given,  
May rush—though lost on earth—the ear of  
Heaven!

## § 104. To Tranquillity

In this tumultuous sphere for thee unfit  
How eriduous art thou found, for tranquillity!  
I know 'tis when with mild and daydreams  
Py the low cradles thou deluge to all eyes,  
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,  
And bidding the sweet slumbers easy lie,  
Or sometimes hanging on the bell of death  
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die  
O beauteous sister of the balmy peace!  
I would I find thee in that heavenly scene,  
Where ease and anguish shall their power  
reign,  
Where hope like and pain regret shall  
And memory, lost in happiness serene  
Repeit no more—that misery has been mine!

## § 105 Written in the Churchyard at Melton

Parted by the Moon, into urbanity of ideas,  
While the loud quonox its power combines,  
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,  
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides  
The wild blast rising from the western cave,  
Drives the huge billows from their bounding  
bed,  
Tears from their grassy tombs the village  
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!

With shells and seaweed mingled, on the shore,  
[wave]

Lo! their bones whitened in the frequent  
But vain to them the winds and waters rave:  
They hear the warring elements no more:  
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress'd,  
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 106. *Written at Penthurst, in Autumn, 1788.*

Y<sup>e</sup> law'n sublime, deserted now and drear,  
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,  
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,  
While history points to all your glories past:  
And starting from their haunts the timid deer,  
To trace the walks obscured by matted fern,  
Which Walker's soothing lyre were wont to hear;

But where now clamors the discordant horn!  
The spoiling hand of time may overturn  
These lofty battlements, and quite deface  
The fading canvass whence we love to learn  
Sidney's keen look, and Sackville's grace:  
But fame and beauty still defy decay,  
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's stender lay!

§ 107. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death, by MICHAEL BRUCE.*

Now spring returns; but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known:  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in th' inconstant wind,  
Meager and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,  
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;  
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead.

And lay me down in peace with them that rest,  
Of morning dreams presage approaching fate;  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;  
I see the madly wate, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish stream that slowly creepeth down,  
Which mortal woe, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
[ground]  
Enough for me the chutchyard's lonely  
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,  
When sleep sits drowsy on the laborer's eyes,  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Deity lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary, aching  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day, [eyes]  
Till the long night is gone, and the last  
morn arise.

§ 108. *Sonnet to Twilight.*  
MISS WILLIAMS.

MEET Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,  
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;  
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,  
That gives to stillness, and to night, the powers.  
Ah! let the gay, the rosy morning hail  
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,  
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale.  
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade  
Sweet is the lucid morning's opening flow,  
Her choral melodies benignly rise;  
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,  
At which her blossoms close, her magic dies:  
For then mild nature, while she droops, first  
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed. [head]

§ 109. *Sonnet to Expression.*  
MISS WILLIAMS.

EXPRESSION, child of soul! I love to trace  
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's  
The painter's pencil catch the vivid fire;  
And beauty wakes for thee each touching  
grace!

But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,  
When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,  
When phrensy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,  
Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart;  
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear  
The wasting groan, or view the pallid look  
Of him the Muse lov'd, when hope forgot  
His spirit, vainly to the Muse dear—  
For, charm'd with heavenly song, the Muses  
Mourns it could sharpen ill, and give despair  
no rest!

§ 110. *Sonnet to Hope.* MISS WILLIAMS.

O, even skill'd to wear the form we love,  
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,  
Come, gentle Hope, with one gay smile remove  
The lasting sadness of an aching heart!  
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear,  
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom:  
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious  
tear,  
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's  
But come not glowing in the dazzling day,  
Which once with dear illusions charms the  
eye!

O strew no more, sweet daughter, on my path  
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright for me:  
The Visions less fair will seduce my weak desires,  
That asks not happiness, but longs for thee.

§ 111. *Sonnet to the Morn.*  
MISS WILLIAMS.

THE glittering scenes of the day are o'er,  
Come, Melancholy we! that dost not sleep  
night;

Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,

Thy deepest shadow and thy softest light  
To me congenial is the gloomy grove, [shine,  
When with faint rays the sloping uplands  
That glim, those pensive rays, alike, I love,  
Whose sadness seems in sympathy with mine!  
But most for this pile o' th' thy light is dear,  
For this benignant orb I hold thee most,  
That while I pour the unavailing tear,  
And mourn that hope to me in youth is lost!  
Thy light o' th' visionary thoughts impart  
And lead the Muse to soothe a suffering heart.

§ 112. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small Pox* SATURDAY

I owe a lov'd fur had bless'd her consort's sight  
With amorous pride and undisturb'd delight,  
Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim  
Frown'd at the joys and urg'd a violent aim  
He summon'd each disease—the noxious crew  
Writhing in dire distortion: strike his view!  
From various plagues which various natures know

Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe  
Fierce to the fur the miasma mischief flies  
The sanguine streams in raging ferment rise!  
He drives impotent through every vein  
Hark on the heart and burns around the brain!

Now a chill damp the chymic lustre duns  
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!  
Her eyes thry, with a glancer could joy inspire  
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire

Now stands her consort, sore with anguish  
Chief in his eye and terror in his breast  
The Paphian Graces unit with anxious care  
In silent sorrow weep the waning fair  
Eight suns, successive roll their fire away  
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay

While these revolve thought mute each Muse  
Each speaks a eye drops cloog in tears  
On the ninth noon great Plutus listening bends,

On the ninth noon each voice in prayer is found—

Great God of light! I long and pray'st art,  
Restore the languid fir new soul impart!  
Her beauty, wit and virtue, clum thy care,  
And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there  
Each pane! the god would! Would death advance!

Finally unseen arrests that threatening lance  
Down from the sky a vivid influence streams,  
And quenching earth imbibes salubrious beams,

Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,  
And set inspir'd with all her patron glows  
The chamber's opening eye kind hope reveals,  
Each beam the consort's breast enlivening feels,  
Each eye surveys, each Muse resumes the lyre,  
Each beauty brightens with rekindled fire!

As health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,  
Death, sullen at the night, stalks slow away

§ 113. *Ode to Pity* CORLINS

O thou the friend of man a sign'd,  
With balmy hands his wounds to bind  
And charm his frantic woe,  
When first Distress with danger keen,  
Broke forth to waste his mind and scene,  
His wild unrest!

By Pity's hand a magic charm  
By all the griefs his thought could frame,  
Receive my humble hymn

I long Pity, let the nation view  
Thy sky worn robes of tranquil blue  
And eyes of dewy light

But wherefore need I wander wide  
To fill the world with side  
Deserted strains and mute?  
Will Ariadne too have heard thy strains  
And I cho, midst ray native plains,  
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute

There first the wren thy mystic shed  
On gentlest Otway's infant head  
To him thy cell was shown  
And while he sung the female heart,  
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art  
The turtles mix'd their own

Come Pity, come by fancy's aid  
E'en now my thoughts reluctant maid  
Thy temple's pride design  
Its southern site, its truth complete  
Shall raise a wild enthusiast's heat,  
In all who view the shrine

There Picture's toil shall well relate  
How chance or hard involving fate  
O'er mortal bliss prevail  
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand  
And, sighing prompt her tender hand,  
With each disastrous tale

There let me oft retir'd by day  
In dreams of passion melt away,  
Allow'd with thee to dwell  
There waits the mournful lamp of night,  
Till virgin thou again delight  
To hear a British shell!

§ 114. *On Whiston in the year 1748* COLTINS

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring with dewy fingers cold  
Let us to deck their hallow'd mould,  
So their shill-drows a sweeter end  
Thun kancy's flut have ever trod

By fairy hands their knell is rung  
By faries unseen their dirge is sung  
Then Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay  
And Freedom shall a while repair  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

\* A river in Sussex

§ 115. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.

STROPHES.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride  
By Valor's arm'd and awful side,  
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:  
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,  
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,  
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,  
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,  
Oft with thy bosom bare art found, [ground:  
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to  
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,  
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,  
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with  
many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,  
The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;  
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
O'ertook him on his blasted road, [away  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage  
I see recoil'd his sable steeds,  
That bore him swift to savage deeds;  
Thy tender, melting eyes thy own,  
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,  
To thee we build a roscate bow'r,  
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our  
monarch's throne.

§ 116. *Ode to Peace.* COLLINS.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear  
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,  
And sought'st thy native skies,  
When War, by vultures drawn from fur,  
To Britain beat his iron car,  
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude, tyrannic sway,  
Our youth shall fix some festive day,  
His sullen shrines to burn:  
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,  
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,  
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbraid!  
O rise, and leave not one behind  
Of all thy beamy train!  
The British Lion, goddess sweet,  
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,  
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,  
But come to grace thy western isle,  
By warlike Honor led;  
And, while around her ports rejoice,  
While all her sons adore thy choice,  
With him for ever wed!

§ 117. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.* COLLINS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,

The Passions oft, to hear her abell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
Exulting, trembling; raging, fainting,  
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:  
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each—for Madness ruin'd the hour—  
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes, on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wam Despair,  
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;  
A solemn, straggling, and mingled air,  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely ecstasies at distance halt!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all the song,  
And where her sweetest thence she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every  
close, [golden harp  
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wail'd her

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose: [down  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious beat:  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause he  
Dejected Pity at his side [I wam,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mind:  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd start-  
ing from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, no longer were  
Sad proof of thy disastrous state;  
Of differing themes the venting song was  
And now it courted Love, now railing  
on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,  
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,  
And from her wild, voluptuous mood  
In notes of distance made moanful  
How'd through the melody her  
sorrow.

And dashing left from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;  
 Through gales and glooms the mingled mea-  
 sure stole, [lay,  
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond de-  
 Roland an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing,  
 Its hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskin gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket  
 rung.

The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!  
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-  
 eyed queen,

Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
 Brown Exercise rejoin'd to hear,  
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen  
 spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he lov'd the  
 best.  
 They would have thought, who heard the  
 strain,

They saw in Temp's vale her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with birth a gay, fantastic  
 round; [bound;

Loons were her trances seen, her zone un-  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere descended maid,  
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!  
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
 Layst thou thy ancient lyre as-b?

As is that lov'd Athenian bow,  
 You lent'st an all-commanding pow'r,

Thy native soul, O nymph endear'd!  
 Can well recall what thou then heard.

Where is thy native, simple heart,  
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?

Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, phæto, sublime!

Thy wonders in that godlike age  
 Fill the recording water's page.

Thy art, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

Thy strength, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

Thy strength, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

Thy strength, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

Thy strength, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

Thy strength, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy strength, and I believe the tale,

#### § 118. *The Pauper's Funeral.* CRABBE.

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,  
 Less gloomy now, the bitter hour is o'er;  
 The man of many sorrows sighs no more.  
 Up yonder hill behold how sadly slow  
 The bier moves winding from the vale below!  
 There lies the happy dead, from trouble free,  
 And the glad parish pays the frugal fee.  
 No more, O death! thy victim starts to hear  
 Church-wardens stern, or kingly overseer:  
 No more the farmer claims his humble bow;  
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the monnners  
 Sodately torpid, and devoutly dumb: [come,  
 The village children now their games suspend,  
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend.  
 For he was one in all their idle sport,  
 And like a monarch rul'd their little court;  
 The pliant bow he form'd; the flying ball,  
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;  
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand  
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;  
 While, bending low, their eager eyes explore  
 The mingled relics of the parish poor:  
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round;  
 Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound;  
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,  
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer,  
 And, waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,  
 To think a poor man's bones should lie un-  
 bless'd.\*

#### § 119. *The Village Foundling.* CRABBE.

To name an infant met our village sires,  
 Assembled all, as such event requires;  
 Frequent and full the rural sages sat,  
 And speakers many urg'd the long debate.  
 Some hardened knaves, who royd the country  
 round,

Ifad left a babe within the parish-bound.  
 First of the fact they question'd—Was it true  
 The child was brought?—What then remain'd  
 to do?

Was't dead, or living?—This was fairly prov'd;  
 'Twas pinch'd—it roared; and every doubt re-  
 moved. [call

Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to  
 Was long a question, and it pass'd them all;

For he who lent a name to babe unknown,  
 Censorious men might take it for his own.

They look'd about, they ask'd the name of all,  
 And not one Richard answer'd to the call;

Next they inquir'd the day when, passing by,  
 Th' *unhappy* peasant heard the stranger's cry.

This known, how food and raiment they might  
 give

Was next debated; for the rogue would live.

\* Some apology is due for the insertion of a circum-  
 stance by no means common: that it has been a sub-  
 ject for complaint in any place is a sufficient reason  
 for its being reckoned among the evils which may  
 happen to the poor, and which must happen to them  
 exclusively: nevertheless, it is just to observe, that  
 such neglect is very rare in any part of the kingdom,  
 and in many parts totally unknown.

At last, with all their words and work content,  
Back to their homes the prudent vent'ry went,  
And *Richard Monday* to the work-house sent.  
There he was pinch'd, and pitied, thump'd, and  
fed,

And duly took his beatings and his bread;  
Patient in all control, in all abuse,  
He found contempt and kicking have their use.  
Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow,  
A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low;  
His pliant soul gave way to all things base,  
He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace:  
It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,  
No feeling stirr'd his ever torpid breast:  
Him might the meanest pauper bruise and  
cheat;

He was a foot-stool for the beggar's feet;  
His were the legs that ran at all commands;  
They used on all occasions *Richard's* hands:  
His very soul was not his own; he stole  
As others order'd, and without a dole:  
In all disputes, on either part he lied,  
And freely pledg'd his oath on either side;  
In all rebellions, *Richard* join'd the rest;  
In all detections, *Richard* first confess'd.

Yet, though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time so  
He rose in favor, when in fame he fell: [well,  
Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,  
And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy.

At length 'tis time he should abroad be sent,  
Was whisper'd near him—and abroad he went;  
One morn they called him—*Richard* answered  
not;

They doom'd him hanging—and in time forgot;  
Yet miss'd him long, as each throughout the  
clank.

Found he had "better spared a better man."

Now *Richard's* talents for the world were fit;  
He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit;  
Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,  
And that complacent speech which nothing  
meant.

He'd not one card, and that he strove to hide,  
How best for *Richard Monday* to provide.  
Steel through appalling plate the magnet draws,  
And steel attracts oulls from dust and straws;  
And thus our hero, to his lat' rest true,  
Gold through all bars and from each trifle  
drew.

But, still more surely round the world to go,  
'This fortune's child had neither friend nor foe.

Long let us us, at last our man we trace,  
Sir *Richard Monday* died at *Monday Place*;  
His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse,  
And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews;  
He gave reforming charities a sum, [dumb;  
And bought the blessings of the blind and  
deaf, and to missions money from the stocks,  
And Bibles issued from his private box:

But, to his native place severely just,  
He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;  
Two pittance pounds, on every quarter's day  
At church produc'd, for forty leaves should pay;  
A pittance gift, that to the parish shows,  
He kept in mind their bounty and their blows.

#### § 120. The Village Innkeeper. CHABRE.

His a lone house by dead man's dyke way  
stood.

And his a nightly haunt in lonely wood:  
Each village inn has heard the ruffian boast,  
That he believ'd in neither God nor ghost;  
That, when the rod upon the sinner press'd,  
He, like the saint, had everlasting rest;  
That never priest believ'd his doctrines true,  
But would, for profit, owf himself a Jew, [do;  
Or worship wood and stone, as honest heathen  
That fools alone on future worlds rely.  
And all who die for faith, deserve to die.

These maxims, part, th' attorney's clerk  
profess'd;

His own transcendent genius found the rest.  
Our pious matrons heard, and much amaz'd,  
Gaz'd on the man, and trembled as they gaz'd;  
And now his face explor'd, and now his feet,  
Man's dreaded foe in this bad man to meet.  
But him our drunkards as their champion  
rais'd,  
Their bishop call'd, and as their hero praise'd;  
Though most, when sober, and the rest, when  
sick;

Had little question whence his bishopric.

But he, triumphant spirit, all things dar'd;  
He poach'd the wood, and on the warren  
snar'd;

'Twas his at cards each novice to trepan.  
And call the wants of rogues the rights of man;  
Wild as the winds he let his offspring rove,  
And deep'd the marriage bond the base of love.

What age and sickness for a man so bold  
Had done, we know not; none could bid him  
old;

By night, as business urg'd, he sought the wood,  
The ditch was deep, the rain had set a  
flood,  
The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the  
deep.

And slept, if truth were his, the great sleep.

#### § 121. Funeral of an ancient Monks.

Down by the church-way walk, the narrow  
the brook  
Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's  
crook.

In that small house, with those great pines be-  
fore,

Where jasmine trails on either side the door,  
Where those dark shrubs, that now grow wild  
at will,

Were clipp'd in form, and trimm'd with care,  
Where: cookies blanch'd, and peaches slowly  
spread,

Form'd shining borders for the banquet-table.  
There liv'd a lady, wise, amiable, and nice,  
Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice:  
In the dear fashion of her youth she dress'd,  
A pea-green jacob was her favorite dress;  
Erect she stood, she walk'd with conscious ease,  
Tight was her length of stay, and modest was  
her dress.

There long she liv'd in maiden state im-  
mured;  
From looks of love, and treacherous man en-  
flam'd blown her dubious blast at Catharine's  
door.

A Captivity Hurther, rich, from India came,  
And, though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame;  
Her annual stipend rose from his behest,  
And all the long-priz'd treasures she possess'd;  
If aught like joy a while appear'd to stay  
In that stern face, and chase those frowns  
away.

'Twas when her treasures she dispos'd for view,  
And heard the praises to their splendor due;  
Silks beyond price, so rich they'd stand alone,  
And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone;  
Rings of rare pearls by curious workmen set,  
And bracelets fair, in box of glossy jet:  
Bright polish'd amber, precious from its size  
Or form, the fairest fancy could devise;  
Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs,  
Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;  
Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine,  
Round the pink'd rims of Crispin's valentine.  
Her China closet, cause of daily care,  
For woman's wonder held her peacil'd ware;  
That pictur'd wealth of China and Japan,  
Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.  
Her neat, small room, adorn'd with maiden  
taste,

A chipp'd French puppy, first of fav'rites, grac'd;  
A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art;  
(For Poll, when living, lost his lady's heart,  
And then his life; for he was heard to speak  
Such frightful words, he ting'd his lady's  
cheek.)

Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove,  
Save by each speech, his gratitude and love;  
A grey old cat his whiskers look'd beside,  
A type of wisdom in the house of pride;  
The polished surface of an India chest,  
A glass, set in frame of ivory press'd,  
Where sat two funny creatures, one of gold,  
Of silver one, both beauteous to behold:  
All these were form'd the guiding taste to suit.  
The beams well-manner'd, and the fishes mute.  
A widow's aunt was there, compell'd by need  
The symphon to flatter, and her tribe to feed;  
Who, telling well her scorn, endur'd the clog  
Mute as the fish, and fawning as the dog.

As years increas'd, these treasures, her de-  
voted in value to their owner's sight: (light,  
A sister knows that, view it as he will,  
A guinea still is but a guinea still;  
That which is more than that guinea may pro-  
duce more than that guinea in the possessor's eyes  
The more they are wisely hoarded to bestow.  
On pleasures, joys, pleasures that will grow  
But with the loss of their worth, if worth had  
lasted, the loss of her slow decay: (light,  
An anxious look  
Frown'd on her face, and fix it on the book,

A rich bound book of prayer the captain gave,  
(Some princess had it, or was said to have.)  
And then once more on all her stores look  
round.

And draw a sigh so piteous and profound,  
That told, "Alas! how hard from thee to part,  
And for new hopes and habits form the heart!  
What shall I do (she cried) my peace of mind  
To gain in dying, and to die resign'd?"  
Here we return'd—"These baubles cast aside,  
Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride;  
Thy closet shut, and open thy kitchen door;  
There own thy failings—here invite the poor;  
A friend of mammon let thy bounty make,  
For widows' prayers thy vanities forsake,  
And let the hungry of thy pride partake;  
Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey  
The angel Mercy tempering Death's delay."  
Alas! 'twas hard; the treasures still had  
charms,

Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms;  
Still was the same unsettled, cloudy view,  
And the same plaintive cry, "What shall I  
do?"

[was run,  
Nor change appear'd: for, when her race  
Doubtful we all exclaim'd, "What has been  
done?"

Apart she liv'd, and still she lies alone;  
You earthly heap awaits the fluff'ring stone,  
On which invention shall be long employ'd  
To show the various worth of Catharine Lloyd.

#### A 122. Funeral of Isaac Ashford, a virtuous Peasant. CRABBE.

NORER he was, condemning all things mean,  
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene;  
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;  
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:  
Shame knew him not; he dreaded no disgrace;  
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;  
Yet, while the serious thought his soul ap-  
prov'd,  
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd:  
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
And with the firmest had the fondest mind.  
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
And gave allowance when he needed none;  
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,  
Nor knew a joy that caus'd reflection's sigh;  
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd; (mind  
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker  
To miss one favor which their neighbors find.  
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd;  
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd.  
I mark'd his action when his infant died,  
And his old neighbor for offence was tried;  
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd  
cheek

Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride  
Who, in their base contempt, the great despise;  
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk should  
If fate should call him, Ashford might be  
need;



Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew  
None his superior, and his equals few;  
But, if that spirit in his soul had place,  
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;  
A pride in honest fame; by virtue gain'd,  
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors train'd;  
Pride in the power that guards his country's  
coast,

And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;  
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd;  
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect's whim,  
Christian and country was all with him;  
True to his church he came; no Sunday shower  
Kept him at home in that important hour;  
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,  
By the strong glare of their new-light, direct;  
On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,  
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain  
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;  
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would  
hide,

And feel in that his comfort and his pride.  
At length he found, when seventy years  
were run,

His strength departed, and his labor done;  
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more,  
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:  
'Twas then a spark of—(say not discontent,)  
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:  
"Kind are your laws, 'tis not to be deny'd,  
That in your house for ruin'd age provide; [all,  
And they are just; when young we give you  
And then for comforts in our weakness call;  
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,  
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?  
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed.  
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;  
He who by contract all your paupers took  
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:  
On some old master I could well depend;  
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;  
But ill on him who does the day's supply,  
And counts our chances who at night may die.  
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not com-  
plain."

Of what he'lls me, but the fate sustain."  
Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he  
grew.

Daily he plac'd the work-house in his view;  
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,  
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,  
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:  
I see no more those white locks thinly spread  
Round the bald crown, of that honor'd head;  
No more that glance on playful wight,  
Compell'd to wheel, and tremble at the sight.  
The old fingers all in dread the while,  
After Ashford soften'd to a smile;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,  
But the pure faith, to give it force, are there:  
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more  
A wise, good man, contented to be poor.

### § 123. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.* COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to  
be on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies;  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;  
The year's best sweets shall detect thee  
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave;

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp\* shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's car  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,  
And o'er suspend the dashing car  
To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And, oft as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view you whitening spire,  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,  
Ah! what will every dirge avail!  
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shroud glimmering near?  
With him, sweet bard, may Pity die,  
And Joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
Now wait me from the green hill's side,  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And, see, the fairy valleys fade;  
Dun night has veil'd the autumn view  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assign'd to thee,  
Thy life, I shall mourn thy early doom;  
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes  
"O vales and wild woods!" shall he say  
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

### § 124. *The Cutters Saturday Night.* BURNS NOVEMBER chill blows loud and strong; The short'ning winter-day is near at hand; The merry beasts retreating from the plough, The black'ning flocks draw to their ro- pose;

\* The Harp of Colonus, of which see a description  
in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in the parish church  
of Richmond, near his native place.

The toil-worn cottar frae his labor goes;  
This night his weekly toil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does  
homeward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher  
through [glee.  
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an'  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonily, [smile,  
His clean hearth stane, his thriftie wifie's  
The lispin infant prattlin on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his  
toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,  
At service out, amang the farmers' oun':  
Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie  
A cannie errand to a neebor town. [rin  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown.  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a brow new  
Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee. [gown,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spurs;  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncas that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
Gars auld claes look amais at weel's the  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. [new:

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
The youngers a' are warn'd to obey;  
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand.  
An' he'er, though out o' sight, to junk or  
play;  
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
Lost in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore his counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain, that sought the  
Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
Jenny, who kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his  
name;  
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;  
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild  
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;  
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's  
eye.  
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye.  
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The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate and lathfu', scarce can weel be-  
have;

The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae  
grave; [the lave.  
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like

O happy love! where love like this is found.  
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me thus declare:  
"If heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure  
One cordial in this melancholy vale, [spare,  
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale.  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the  
ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!  
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth, [child?  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their  
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their dis-  
traction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!  
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food.  
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud.  
The dame brings forth in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hair'd kebbuck  
fell.

An' aft he's press'd, an' aft he ca's it good;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i'  
the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride.  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with  
solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest  
am.

Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name.  
Or noble Elgin beats the heav'nward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays;  
Compar'd with these Italian trials are tame;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,  
How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
Or Moses had eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
How he, who bore in heav'n the second name,  
Had not on earth wherewith to lay his head:  
How his first followers and servants sped;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:  
How he, who, lone in Patmos banished, [land:  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced  
by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!  
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
But haply, in some cottage far apart, [soul;  
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the  
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request  
That he, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide;  
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine  
preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
springs, [abroad:  
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"  
And, certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:  
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,  
Disburthening oft the wretch of human-kind,  
Studious arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! [sent!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is  
Lent may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
content! [vent  
And O! may Heaven their simple lives pre-  
serve from luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-  
lov'd isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide [heart,  
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted  
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God, peculiarly, thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:  
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and  
guard!

#### § 125. *Hymn to the Deity.* LIVINGSTON.

FATHER of light! exhaustless source of  
Supreme, eternal, self-existent God! [good!  
Before the beamy sun dispenses a ray,  
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day;  
Before the glimm'ring moon, with borrow'd  
light,  
Shone queen amid the silver host of night;  
High in the heav'ns, thou reign'st superior  
Lord,

By suppliant angels worshipp'd and ador'd;  
With the celestial choir then let me join  
In cheerful praises to the Pow'r divine.  
To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire  
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire:  
In dreadful majesty thou sitt'st enthron'd,  
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd;  
Thro' all infinitude extends thy reign,  
For thee, nor heav'n, nor heav'n of heav'ns  
contain;

But tho' thy throne is fix'd above the sky,  
Thy omnipresence fills immensity.  
Saints, rob'd in white, to thee their anthems  
bring,

And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing:  
Heaven's universal host their voices raise,  
In one eternal chorus, to thy praise;  
And, round thy awful throne, with one accord,  
Sing, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.  
At thy creative voice, from ancient night,  
Sprang smiling beauty, and you worlds of  
light:

Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,  
And all th' expanse was starr'd with beamy  
gold; [shone,  
Let there be light, said God—light instant  
And from the orient burst the golden sun;  
Heav'n's gazing hierarchs, with glad surprise,  
Saw the first morn invest the recent skies,  
And straight th' exulting troops thy throne sur-  
round [sound;

With thousand thousand harps of heavenly  
Thrones, powers, dominions: (ever shining  
trains!)

Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains:  
Great are thy works, they sing; and, all  
around, [sound,  
Great are thy works, the echoes heav'ns re-  
The effulgent sun, insufferably bright,  
Is but a beam of thy overflowing light,

The tempest is thy breath : the thunder hurl'd,  
Tremendous spurs thy vengeance o'er the  
world ;

Thou bow'st the heav'n's, the smoking moun-  
Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God ;  
Pale tyrants shrink, the atheist stands aghast,  
And impious kings in horror breathe their last.  
To this great God alternately I'd pay  
The evening anthem, and the morning lay.

§ 126. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her  
Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.*

BURNS.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !  
Thou need na start away sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle !  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I 'm truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou mayst thieve :  
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !  
A drimien-icker in a thrave

's a sma' request ;  
I'll get a blossin wi' the lave,  
An' never miss 't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !  
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin :  
An' nathing, now, to big a new ane  
O' foggage green !  
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,  
Baith snell and keen !

Thou saw the field's laid bare and waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' coo'd here, beneath the blast,  
Thou thought to dwell,  
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past  
Out thro' thy ceil.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stubble,  
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
Baith house or hald,  
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mouse, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain :  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft a-gley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain  
For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !  
The present only toucheth thee :  
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear !  
An' forward, though I canna see,  
I guess an' fear.

§ 127. *To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay  
on Pope's Odyssey.* PITT.

'Tis done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,  
The critic's noble name revives again :  
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see  
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.

Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,  
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest ;  
From the old Thracian\* dog they learn'd the  
way

To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey .  
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys  
they feel,

Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their  
Such their inverted taste, that we expect  
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neg-  
lect.

So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,  
And every poison of the field devours.

Like bold Longinus, of immortal fame,  
You read your poet with a poet's flame ;  
With his, your generous raptures still aspire ;  
The critic kindles when the bard 's on fire.  
But when some lame, some limping line de-  
mands

The friendly succor of your healing hands,  
The feather of your pen drops balm around,  
And plays and tickles, while it cures the  
wound.

While Pope's immortal labor we survey,  
We stand all dazzled with excess of day ;  
Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight  
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light ;  
But, like the tow'ring eagle, you alone  
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.

To point out faults, yet never to offend ;  
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend ;  
A life well spent, that never loit a day ;  
An easy spirit, innocently gay ;  
A strict integrity, devoid of art ;  
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart ;  
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet ;  
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit—  
Were ever yours : be what you were before,  
Be still yourself ; the world can ask no more.

§ 128. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*  
MRS. THERALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground :  
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,

That love of life increas'd with years.  
So much, that, in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale :—

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room ;

\* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

And, looking grave, "You must," says he,  
 "Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
 "With you? and quit my Susan's side?  
 With you?" the hapless husband cried:  
 "Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!  
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:  
 My thoughts on other matters go;  
 This is my wedding night, you know."  
 What more he urg'd I have not heard,  
 His reason could not well be stronger;  
 So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet, calling up a various look,—  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—  
 "Neighbor," he said, "farewell: no more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour.  
 And farther, to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
 Three several warnings you shall have,  
 Before you're summon'd to the grave:  
 Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
 And grant a kind reprieve;  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But, when I call again this way,  
 Well pleas'd the world will leave."  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
 How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
 How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:  
 He chaffer'd, then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,  
 Nor thought of Death as near;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He pass'd his hours in peace:  
 But, while he view'd his wealth increase,  
 While thus along life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trode,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in pensive mood,  
 As all alone he ate,  
 Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate  
 Once more before him stood.  
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 "So soon return'd!" old Dobson cries.  
 "So soon, I've call'd it!" Death replies;  
 "Surely, my friend, you're but in jest;  
 Since I was here before  
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore."  
 "So much the worse," the clown rejoind'd;  
 "To spend an aged would be kind:  
 However, see your search be legal;  
 And that authority—is't regal?  
 Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
 With but a secretary's warrant.  
 Besides, you promis'd me three warnings,  
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings;

But for that loss of time and ease,  
 I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable;  
 Your years have run to a great length;  
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"  
 "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast!  
 I have been lame these four years past."  
 "And no great wonder," Death replies;  
 "However, you still keep your eyes;  
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,  
 But latterly I've lost my sight."  
 "This is a shocking story, faith;  
 Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:  
 Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
 I warrant you hear all the news." [were,  
 "There's none," cries he; "and, if there  
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."  
 "Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoind'd,  
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings;  
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
 You've had your three sufficient warnings.  
 So come along; no more we'll part."  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

#### § 129. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,  
 Now wishes for the rural shade,  
 And buckles to his one-horse chair  
 Old Dobbin, or the fonder'd mare;  
 While, wedg'd in closely by his side,  
 Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,  
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em,  
 And out they jog in due decorum.  
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,  
 "How all the country seems to smile!"  
 And, as they slowly jog together,  
 The cit commends the road and weather:  
 While Madam doats upon the trees,  
 And longs for ev'ry house she sees;  
 Admires its views, its situation,  
 And thus she opens her oration:  
 "What signifies the loads of wealth,  
 Without that richest jewel, health?  
 Excuse the fondness of a wife,  
 Who doats upon your precious life!  
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,  
 Is more than human strength can bear:  
 One may observe it in your face—  
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace;  
 And nothing can your health repair,  
 But exercise and country air.  
 Sir Traffic has a house, you know,  
 About a mile from Choney-row;  
 He's a good man; indeed, 'tis true;  
 But not so warm, my dear, as you;  
 And folks are always apt to sneer—  
 One would not be outdone, my dear!"

Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,  
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;  
And Thrifty, who had all his life  
Paid utmost deference to his wife,  
Confess'd her arguments had reason;  
And by th' approaching summer season  
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,  
And purchases his country box.

Some three or four miles out of town  
(An hour's ride will bring you down)  
He fixes on his choice abode,  
Not half a furlong from the road;  
And so convenient does it lay,  
The stages pass it every day;  
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,  
To have a house so near the city!  
Take but your places at the Boar,  
You're set down at the very door.

Well, then, suppose them fix'd at last,  
White-washing, painting, scrubbing, past,  
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,  
With all the fuss of moving over;  
I.e., a new heap of whims are bred,  
And wanton in my lady's head.

"Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,  
It is a charming spot of ground:

So sweet a distance for a ride,  
And all about so countrif'd;  
'Twould come but to a trifling price,  
To make it quite a paradise!

I cannot bear those nasty rails,  
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:  
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,  
We build a railing all Chinese;  
Although one hates to be expos'd,  
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;  
One hardly any object sees—

I wish you'd fell these odious trees;  
Objects continually passing by  
Were something to amuse the eye;  
But to be pent within the walls,  
One might as well be at St. Paul's.  
Our house beholders would adore,  
Was there a level lawn before,  
Nothing its views to incommode,  
But quite laid open to the road;  
While every traveller in amaze  
Should on our little mansion gaze;  
And, pointing to the choice retreat.

Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"  
No doubt her arguments prevail,  
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure  
The title of a coanaisseur;  
When noble and ignoble herd  
Are govern'd by a single word;  
Though, like the royal German dames,  
It bears a hundred Christian names,  
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,  
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sais quoi, Virtù;  
Which appellations all describe  
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,  
With Chinese artists and designers,

Produce their schemes of alteration,  
To work this wondrous reformation.  
The useful dome, which secret stood,  
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,  
The traveller with amazement sees  
A temple Gothic or Chinese,  
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,  
And crested with a sprawling dragon;  
A wooden arch is bent astride  
A ditch of water, four feet wide,  
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,  
From Halfpenny's exact designs;  
In front a level lawn is seen,  
Without a shrub upon the green;  
Where taste would want its first great law,  
But for the skulking sly ha-ha;  
By whose miraculous assistance

You gain a prospect two fields' distance.  
And now from Hyde-park Corner come  
The gods of Athens and of Rome.  
Here squabby Cupids take their places,  
With Venns, and the clumsy Graces;  
Apollo there, with aim so clever,  
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;  
And there, without the power to fly,  
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,  
All own that Thrifty has a taste;  
And Madam's female friends and cousins,  
With common-council men by dozens,  
Flock every Sunday to the seat,  
To stare about them, and to eat.

§ 130. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest  
arose;

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world  
knows, [long.

To which the said spectacles ought to be—  
So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argu'd the  
cause [learning;

With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the  
laws,

So fan'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly  
find, [wear,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in  
Which amounts to possession time out of  
mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—  
Your lordship observes they are made with  
a straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,  
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment sup-  
pose

("Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be  
again)

That the visage or countenance had not a  
Nose, [close then ?]

Pray who would or who could wear specta-  
On the whole it appears, and my argument  
shows, [demon-]

With a reasoning the court will never con-  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the  
Nose, [them.]

And the Nose was as plainly intended for  
Then shifting his side, as the lawyer knows  
how,

He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;  
But what were the arguments few people  
know, [fly wise.]

For the world did not think they were equal-  
So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn  
tone,

Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—  
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should  
be shut.

§ 131. *On the Birth-Day of Shakspeare. A  
Cento: taken from his Works.*

BERENGER.

———PEACE to this meeting !

Joy and fair time, health and good wishes :  
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are  
Is in celebration of the day that gave [met.]  
Immortal Shakspeare to this favor'd isle ;  
The most replenished, sweet work of Nature,  
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.  
O thou divinest Nature ! how thyself thou  
blazon'st

In this thy son ! form'd in thy prodigality,  
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time  
Its very form and pressure ! When he speaks,  
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So voluble is his discourse—gentle  
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,  
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough  
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to th' vale—'Tis wonder-  
ful

That an invisible instinct should frame him  
To loyalty, unlearn'd ; honor, untaught ;  
Civility, not seen in others ; knowledge  
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work !  
How noble in faculty ! infinite in reason !  
A combination and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal !  
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatrous  
Still sanctify his relics ; and this day [fancy]  
Stand eye distinguish'd in the calendar  
To the last visible of recorded time :  
For, if we take him but for all in all,  
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

§ 132. *The Extent of Cookery.* SHENSTONE.

———*Alisusque et idem.*

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,

A plain brown *bob* he wore,

Read much, and look'd as though he meant  
To be a *top* no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,  
His resolution flag ;  
He cherishes a length of hair,  
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,  
But gets into the house ;  
And soon a judge's rank rewards  
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye *bobs* ! ye *bags*, give place !  
*Full-bottoms*, come instead !  
Good lord ! to see the various ways,  
Of dressing—a *city's* head.

§ 133. *The Brainer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd  
fellow,

Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.  
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—  
No better o'er sat on a box to be sure. [nurse-]  
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or  
Took that care of their babies that he took of  
his horses. [nurse-]

He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities  
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got  
o'er.

So his master effectually mended the matter,  
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.  
" Now, William," says he, " you see the plain  
case ; [place-]"

Had you drank as he does, you had kept a good  
" Drink water !" quoth William—" had all men  
done so,

You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow  
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with  
reproaches, [coaches-]"  
That enable you brewers to ride in you

§ 134. *To-morrow.* CORFON.

Parent et impulantur.

To-morrow, didst thou say ?  
Methought I heard Horatio say, 'To-morrow.  
Go to—I will not hear of it—'To-morrow !  
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash.  
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and  
promises.  
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,—  
That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !  
It is a period no where to be found  
In all the hoary registers of Time,  
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.  
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;  
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as  
baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening. [ment,  
But soft, my friend—arrest the present mo-  
For be assur'd they all are arrant tell-tales ;  
And though their flight be silent, and their  
path

Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,  
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,  
Because, though station'd on th' important  
watch,

Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.  
And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the  
guard,

Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive; and when thou thus  
Shalt stand implor'd at the high tribunal  
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy  
audit?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more  
precious

Than all the crimson treasures of life's foun-  
tain.

O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like  
The good old putriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

§ 135. *On Lord Cobham's Gardens.* COTTON.

It puzzles much the sages' brains,  
Where Eden stood of yore:  
Some place it in Arabia's plains;  
Some say it is no more.  
But Cobham can these tales confute,  
As all the curious know;  
For he has prov'd beyond dispute  
That Paradise is Stowe.

§ 136. *To a Child five Years old.* COTTON.

FAIREST flow'r, all flow'rs excelling  
Which in Eden's garden grew,  
Flow'rs of Eve's embowered dwelling  
Are, my fair one, types of you.  
Mark, my Polly, how the roses  
Emulate thy damask cheek;  
How the bud its sweets discloses;  
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.  
Lilies are, by plain direction,  
Emblems of a double kind;  
Emblems of thy fair complexion.  
Emblems of thy fairer mind  
But, dear girl, both flow'rs and beauty,  
Blossom, fade, and die away.  
Then pursue good sense and duty,  
Evergreens that ne'er decay.

§ 137. *To Miss Lucy Fortescue.* LYTTELTON.

Once, by the Muse alone inspir'd,  
I sung my am'rous strains;  
No serious love my bosom fir'd;  
Yet every tender mark, deceiv'd,  
The idly mournful tale believ'd,  
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus, now, to punish me  
For having feign'd so well,  
Has made my heart so fond of thee,  
That not the whole Aonian quire  
Can accents soft enough inspire  
Its real name to tell.

§ 138. *To Miss Wilkes, on her Birth-Day.*  
Aug. 16th, 1767. *Written in France.*  
WILKES.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay  
On dear Maria's natal day.  
This happy day I'll not deplore  
My exile from my native shore.  
No tear of mine to-day shall flow  
For injur'd England's cruel woe,  
For impious wounds to Freedom given,  
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven.  
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing;  
Maria's ripen'd graces sing;  
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own  
The bud of beauty's fairly blown.  
Softness and sweetest Innocence  
Here shed their gentle influence;  
Fair Modesty comes in their train,  
To grace her sister Virtue's reign.  
Then, to give spirit, taste, and ease,  
The sov'reign art, the art to please;  
Good-humor'd wit, and fancy gay,  
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,  
The sun-shine of a mind serene,  
Where all is peace within, are seen.  
What can the grateful Muse ask more?  
The gods have lavish'd all their store.  
Maria shines their darling care;  
Still keep her, Heaven, from every snare  
May still unspotted be her fame,  
May she remain through life the same,  
Unchang'd in all—except in name!

§ 139. *To Miss Wilkes on her Birth-Day.*  
Aug. 16th, 1768. *Written in Prison.*  
WILKES.

How shall the Muse in prison sing?  
How prune her drooping, ruffled wing?  
Maria is the potent spell,  
E'en in these walls, all grief to quell;  
To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,  
And wake to notes of joy the lyre,  
The tribute verse again to pay  
On this auspicious festive day.  
When doom'd to quit the patriot band,  
And exil'd from my native land,  
Maria was my sure relief;  
Her presence banish'd every grief.  
Pleasure came smiling in her train,  
And chas'd the family of Pain.  
Let lovers every charm admire,  
The easy shape, the heav'nly fire  
That from those modest beaming eyes  
The captive heart at once surprise.  
A father's is another part;  
I praise the virtues of the heart,  
And wit so elegant and free,  
Attempter'd sweet with modesty.  
And may kind Heaven a lover send  
Of sense, of honor, and a friend,  
Those virtues always to protect,  
Those beauties—never to neglect!



§ 140. *An Ode in Imitation of Alcaeus.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES

WHAT constitutes a state ?  
 Not high-rai'd battlements or labor'd mound,  
 Thick wall or meated gate ; [crown'd ;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets  
 Not bays and broad-arm'd ports, [ride ;  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies  
 Not starr'd and spangled courts, [Pride.  
 Where low-brow'd Baseness wafts perfume to  
 No—MEN, high-minded MEN,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endu'd  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude :  
 Men, who their duties know, [maintain ;  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare  
 Prevent the long-aim'd blow, [chain :  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the  
 These constitute a state ;  
 And Sovereign Law, that state's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and gibes elate  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill :  
 Smut by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend Discretion\* like a vapor sinks,  
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
 Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,  
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !  
 No more shall Freedom smile !  
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?  
 Since all must life resign.  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'Tis folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

§ 141. *Presented, together with a Knife, by the Rev. SAMUEL BISHOP, Head Master of Merchant Tailors' School, to his Wife on her Wedding-Day, which happened to be her Birth-Day and New-Year's Day.*

A KNIFE, dear girl, cuts love, they say—  
 Mere modish love perhaps it may ;  
 For any tool of any kind  
 Can separate what was never join'd.  
 The knife that cuts our love in two  
 Will have much tougher work to do :  
 Must cut your softness, worth and spirit  
 Down to the vulgar size of merit ;  
 To level yours with modern taste ;  
 Must cut a world of sense to waste ;  
 And from your single beauty's store  
 Clip what would dizen out a score.  
 The self-same blade from me must sever  
 Sensation, judgment, right, for ever !  
 All mem'ry of endearments past,  
 All hope of comforts long to last,  
 All that makes fourteen years with you  
 A summer—and a short one too :  
 All that affection feels and fears,  
 When hours, without you, seem like years.—  
 'Till that be done (and I'd as soon  
 Believe this knife will clip the moon)

\* Discretionary, or arbitrary power

Accept my present undeterr'd,  
 And leave their proverbs to the herd.  
 If in a kiss—delicious treat !—  
 Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;  
 Love, fond of such substantial fare,  
 And proud to play the glutton there,  
 All thoughts of cutting will disdains,  
 Save only—"cut and come again."

§ 142. *By the Same, with a Ring.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"—  
 So sixteen years ago I said—  
 Behold another ring ! "For what ?"  
 To wed thee o'er again—why not ?  
 With the first ring I married youth,  
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth :  
 Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd :  
 And all my Molly then appear'd.  
 If she, by merit since disclos'd,  
 Prov'd twice the woman I supp'd,  
 I plead that double merit now  
 To justify a double vow.

Here, then, to-day, (with faith as sure,  
 With ardor as intense and pure,  
 As when amidst the rites divine  
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine.)  
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring,  
 A token and a pledge I bring ;  
 With this I wed, till death us part,  
 Thy ripper virtues to my heart ;  
 These virtues, which, before untried,  
 The wife has added to the bride ;  
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
 Endearing wedlock's very name,  
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
 For conscience' sake, as well as love's.  
 For why ?—They show me, hour by hour,  
 Honor's high thought, affection's pow'r,  
 Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence  
 And teach me all things—but repentance.

§ 143. *To a Young Lady, with a Copy of Moore's Fables.* BISHOP.

BOOKS, my dear girl, when well design'd,  
 Are moral maps of human kind ;  
 Where, sketch'd before judicious eyes,  
 The road to worth and wisdom lies.  
 Serene Philosophy portrays  
 The steep, the rough, the thorny ways.  
 Cross woods and wilds, the learned tribe  
 A dark and doubtful path describe :  
 But Poesy her votaries leads  
 O'er level lawns, and verdant meads ;  
 And if, perchance, in sportful vein,  
 Through Fable's scenes she guides her train,  
 All is at once enchanted ground,  
 All Fancy's garden glitters round.

I, Sally ! (who shall long to see,  
 In you, how good your sex can be,)  
 Before you range, with curious speed,  
 Where'er that garden's beauties lead  
 And mark how *Moore* could once display  
 A scene so varied, and so gay,  
 Beg you, for introduction's sake,  
 A short excursive trip to take,

O'er one poor plat, unlike the rest,  
Which my more humble care hath dress'd;  
Where if a little flow'ret blows,  
From pure affection's root it grows.

A virgin rose, in all the pride  
Of spring's luxuriant blushes dy'd,  
Above the vulgar flow'rs was rais'd,  
And with excess of lustre blaz'd.  
In full career of heedless play,  
Chance brought a Butterfly that way;  
She stopp'd at once her giddy flight,  
Proud on so sweet a spot to light,  
Spread wide her plumage to the sun,  
And thus in fancy-strain begun:  
"Why, but to soften my repose,  
Could Nature rear so bright a rose?  
Why, but on roses to recline,  
Make forms so delicate as mine?  
Fate destin'd, by the same decree,  
Me for the rose—the rose for me!"

A tiny Bug, who, close between  
Th' unfolding bloom, had lurk'd unseen,  
Heard, and in angry tone address'd  
This rude invader of his rest:  
"For thee, consummate fool, the rose!  
No—to a nobler end it blows:  
The velvet, o'er its foliage spread,  
Secures to me a downy bed:  
So thick its crowding leaves ascend  
To hide, to warm me, and defend.  
For me those odors they exhale,  
Which scent at second-hand the gale;  
And give such things as thee to share  
What my superior claim can spare!"

While thus the quarrel they pursu'd,  
A Bee the petty triflers view'd;  
For once reluctant rais'd her head  
A moment from her toil, and said,  
"Cease, abject animals, to contest!  
They claim things most who use them best.  
Would Nature finish works like these,  
That butterflies might bask at ease?  
Or bugs intrench'd in splendor lie.  
Born but to crawl, and dose, and die!  
The rose you vainly ramble o'er,  
Breathes balmy dews from ev'ry pore;  
Which yield their treasur'd sweets alone  
To skill and labor like my own:  
With sense as keen as yours, I trace  
The expanding blossom's glossy grace;  
Its shape, its fragrance, and its hue,  
But while I trace, improve them too:  
Still taste; but still from hour to hour  
Bear home new honey from the flow'r."

Conceit may read for mere pretence,  
For mere amusement, indolence;  
True spirit deems no study right,  
Till profit dignify delight.

§ 144. *An Elegy on the Death of a mad Dog.*  
GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song,

And, if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,—  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,—  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But, when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To ev'ry Christian eye;  
And, while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That show'd the rogues they lied;  
The man recover'd of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

§ 145. *L'Allegro; or FUN; a Parody.*  
HUDDENSFIELD.

OFF, blabbering Melancholy!  
Of the blue devils and book-learning born,  
In dusty schools forlorn;  
Amongst black-gowns, square caps, and books  
Unjolly,

Hunt out some college cell,  
Where muzzing quizzes mutter monkish  
schemes,

And the old proctor dreams;  
There, in thy smutty, walls o'errun with dock,  
As ragged as thy smock,

With rusty, fusty fellows ever dwell.  
But come, thou baggage, fat and free,

By gentles call'd Festivity,  
And by us, rolling kiddies, FUN,  
Whom mother Shipton, one by one,  
With two Wapping wenches more,  
To skipping Harlequino bore:

Or whether, as some deeper say,  
Jack Pudding on a holiday  
Along with Jenny Diver romping,

As he met her once a pumping,  
There on heaps of dirt and mortar,  
And cinders wash'd in cabbage-water,  
Fill'd her with thee, a strapping lassie,  
So spunky, brazen, bold, and saucy.

Hip! here jade, and bring with thee  
Jokes and sniggering jollity,  
Christmas gambols, wagish tricks,  
Winks, wry faces, licks and kicks,

Such as fall from Moggy's knuckles,  
 And love to live about her buckles;  
 Spunk, that hobbling watchmen boxes,  
 And Horse-laugh hugging both his doxies;  
 Come, and kick it as you go,  
 On the stumping hornpipe-toe;  
 And in thy right-hand haul with thee,  
 The Mountain brim French Liberty.  
 And, if I give thee puffing due,  
 Fun, admit me of thy crew,  
 To pig with her, and pig with thee,  
 In everlasting frolics free; \*  
 'To hear the sweep begin his beat,  
 And, squalling, startle the dull street,  
 From his watch-box in the alley  
 Till the watch at six doth sally;  
 Then to go, in spite of sleep,  
 And at the window cry, "Sweep! sweep!"  
 Through the street-door, or the arca,  
 Or, in the country, through the dairy;  
 While the dustman, with his din,  
 Bawls and rings to be let in,  
 And at the fore, or the back-door,  
 Slowly plods his jades before.  
 Oft hearing the sow-gelder's horn  
 Harshly rouse the snoring morn,  
 From the side of a large square,  
 'Through the long street grunting far.  
 Sometimes walking I'll be seen  
 By Tower-hill, or Moorfields'-green,  
 Right against Old Bodlan-gate,  
 Where the mock king begins his state.  
 Crown'd with straw and rob'd with rags,  
 Cover'd o'er with jags and tags,  
 While the keeper near at hand  
 Bullies those who leave their stand;  
 And milk maids' screams go through your  
 ears,

And grinders sharpen rusty shears,  
 And every crier squalls his cry  
 Under each window he goes by.

Straight mine eye hath caught new gambols,  
 While round and round this town it rambles;  
 Sloppy streets and foggy day.  
 Where the blundering folks do stray;  
 Pavements, on whose slippery flags  
 Swearing coachmen drive their nags;  
 Barbers jostled 'gainst your side.  
 Narrow streets, and gutters wide.  
 Grub-street garrets now it sees,  
 To the Muse open and the breeze,  
 Where, perhaps, some scribbler hungers,  
 The hack of neighboring newsmongers.  
 Hard by, a tinker's furnace smokes,  
 From betwixt two pastry-cooks,  
 Where Dingy Dick and Peggy, met,  
 Are at their scurvy dinner set,  
 Of cow-heel, and such cellar messes.  
 Which the splay-foot Michael dresses!  
 And then in haste the shop she leaves,  
 And with the boy the bellows heaves;  
 Or, if 'tis lato, and shop is shut,  
 Scrubs at the pump her face from smut.

Sometimes, all for sights agog,  
 To t' other end of the town I jog,

When St. James's bells ring round,  
 And the royal fiddles sound;  
 When every lord and lady's bum  
 Jigs it in the drawing-room;  
 And young and old dance down the tune  
 In honour of the fourth of June,  
 Till candles fail, and eyes are sore;  
 Then home we hie to talk it o'er,  
 With stories told of many a treat,  
 How Lady Swab the sweetmeats eat;  
 She was pinch'd, and something worse,  
 And she was fobb'd, and lost her purse:  
 Tell how the drudging Weltjee sweat,  
 To bake his custards duly set,  
 When in one night, ere clock went seven,  
 His 'prentice lad had rob'd the oven  
 Of more than twenty handfuls put in;  
 Then lies him down, a little glutton,  
 Stretch'd lumb'ring, 'fore the fire, they tel  
 ye,  
 And bakes the custards in his belly;  
 Then, crop-sick, down the stairs he flings,  
 Before his master's bell yet rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By hoofs and wheels soon lull'd to sleep.

But the city takes me then,  
 And the hums of busy men,  
 Where throngs of train-band captains bold  
 In time of peace fierce meetings hold,  
 With stores of stock-jobbers, whose lies  
 Work change of stocks and bankruptcies;  
 Where bulls and bears alike contend  
 'To get the cash they dare not spend.  
 Then let aldermen appear,  
 In scarlet robes, with chandelier,  
 And city feasts and gluttony,  
 With balls upon the lord-mayor's day;  
 Sights that young 'prentices remember,  
 Sleeping or waking, all November.  
 Then to the play-houses anon,  
 If Quick, or Bannister be one;  
 Or drollest Parsons, child of Drury.  
 Bawls out his damns with comic fury.  
 And ever, against hum-drum cares,  
 Sing me some of Dibdin's airs,  
 Married to his own queer wit,  
 Such as my shaking sides may split,  
 In notes with many a jolly bout,  
 Near Beaufort Buildings oft roar'd out,  
 With wagging curls and smirk so cunning,  
 His rig on many a booby running,  
 Exposing all the ways and phizzes  
 Of "wags, and oddities, and quizzes;"  
 That Shuter's self might heave his head  
 From drunken snoozes, on a bed  
 Of pot-house benches sprawl'd, and hear  
 Such laughing songs as won the ear  
 Of all the town, his slip to cover,  
 Where'er he met 'em half-seas over.  
 Freaks like these if thou canst give,  
 Fun, with thee I wish to live.

§ 146. *The Picture.* CUNNINGHAM. \*

A PORTRAIT, at my lord's command  
 Completed by a curious hand,

For dabblers in the nice *virtù*  
 His lordship set the piece to view,  
 Bidding their connoisseurships tell  
 Whether this work was finish'd well.  
 Why, says the loudest, on my word,  
 'Tis not a *likeness*, good my lord;  
 Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,  
 Can I pronounce one feature just.  
 Another effort straight was made,  
 Another portraiture essay'd;  
 The judges were again besought  
 Each to deliver what he thought.  
 Worse than the first, the critics bawl;  
 Oh what a mouth! how monstrous small!  
 Look at the cheeks; how lank and thin!  
 See, what a most preposterous chin!  
 After remonstrance made in vain,  
 I'll, says the painter, once again  
 (If my good lord vouchsafes to sit)  
 Try for a more successful hit:  
 If you'll to-morrow deign to call,  
 We'll have a piece to please you all.  
 To-morrow comes; a picture's plac'd  
 Before those spurious sons of taste:  
 In their opinions all agree,  
 'This is the vilest of all three.  
 "Know—to confute your envious pride,"  
 (His lordship from the canvass cried,)  
 "Know—that it is my real face,  
 Where you could no resemblance trace  
 I've tried you by a lucky trick,  
 And prov'd your *genius* to the quick;  
 Void of all judgment, goodness, sense,  
 Out, ye pretending varlets,—hence!"  
 The connoisseurs depart in haste,  
 Despis'd, neglected, and disgrac'd.

§ 137. *The Modern Fine Gentleman. Written in the Year 1746.* *JOHN JENYNS.*

Just broke from school, pert, unpudent, and

Expert in Latin, more expert in taw.  
 His honor posts o'er Italy and France,  
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance;

Thence, having quick through various countries flown,

Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,  
 He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,  
 As never ages past produc'd before;  
 A monster of such complicated worth,  
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth;  
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,  
 Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because business is now all the vogue,  
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,  
 In parliament he purchases a seat,  
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman complete.  
 There, safe in self-sufficient impudence,  
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,  
 Unknowing in her interest, trade, or laws,  
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause:  
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,  
 Torrents of nonsense burst like bottled ale.

\* Though shallow, muddy; brisk, though mighty dull; [not full.

Fierce, without strength; o'erflowing, though Now, quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,  
 His neck yok'd down with bag and *solitaire*,  
 The liberties of Britain he supports,  
 And storms at placemen, ministers, and courts;  
 Now in cropp'd greasy hair, and leather breeches,  
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;  
 Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,  
 Yet dares to show those ears he ought to lose.  
 From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,  
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,  
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies;  
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break  
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;  
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,  
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought;  
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night.  
 Because the fool would fain be thought a wit.

Devoted thus to politics and carls,  
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;  
 So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,  
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;  
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move  
 His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,  
 To Figg and Broughton† he commits his breast,  
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus, poor in wealth, he labors to no end,  
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend,  
 Insensible to all that's good or kind,  
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;  
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,  
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave;  
 By little actions striving to be great,  
 And proud to be, and to be thought, a cheat.

And yet in this, so bad is his success,  
 That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less.  
 On parchment wings his acres take their flight,  
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light;  
 With his estate, his interest too is done,  
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun;  
 For him now cash and liquor flows no more,  
 His independent voters cease to roar;  
 And Britons soon must want the great defence  
 Of all his honesty and eloquence,  
 But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown

For public liberty than for his own,  
 Marries some jointur'd, antiquated crone,  
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,  
 Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius,  
 for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,  
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,  
 But seeks preferment as the last resort,  
 Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,  
 And from the hand he hates implores support.  
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expense  
 To silence so much rude impertuence,

\* Parody on these lines of Sir John Denham:

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

† One, a celebrated prize-fighter; the other, a not less famous boxer.

With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,

And on the venal list enroll'd he stands :  
A riband and a pension buy the slave ;  
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.

And now, arriv'd at his meridian glory,  
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;  
Of independence now he talks no more,  
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar :  
But silent votes, and, with court trappings hung,  
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.

In craft political a bankrupt made,  
He sticks to gaming, as a surer trade ;  
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,

And grows, in short, the very thing he would :  
Hunts out young heirs who have their fortunes spent,

And lends them ready cash at cent. per cent. ;  
Lays wagers on his own and others' lives,  
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,  
Till Death at length, indignant to be made  
The daily subject of his sport and trade,  
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,  
And, groaning for the bets he loses by't, he dies.

§ 143. *Horace. Book II. Ode 10.* COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach

Of adverse fortune's pow'r :  
Not always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean.  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor.  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
Of wintry blast ; the loftiest tow'r  
Comes heaviest to the ground ;  
The bolts that spare the mountain's side  
His cloud-capt eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
And hopes in spite of pain :  
If winter bellow from the north,  
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,  
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast ?  
The dark appearance will not last ;  
Expect a brighter sky :  
The God that strings the silver bow  
Awakes sometimes the muses too,  
And lays his arrows by.

If hind'rances obstruct thy way,  
Thy magnanimity display,  
And let thy strength be seen :  
But, oh ! if fortune fill thy sail  
With more than a propitious gale,  
Take half thy canvass in.

§ 149. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.*

COWPER.

AND is this all ? Can reason do no more  
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the shore ?  
Sweet moralist ! afloat on life's rough sea,  
The Christian has an art unknown to thee ;  
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,  
Where duty bids he confidently steers ;  
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

§ 150. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.* COWPER.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse—  
" What a mere dungeon is this house !  
By no means large enough ; and, was it,  
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,  
Those hangings, with their worn-out Graces,  
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,  
Are such an antiquated scene,  
They overwhelm me with the spleen."

Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,  
Makes answer quite beside the mark—  
" No doubt, my dear ; I bade him come,  
Engag'd myself to be at home,  
And shall expect him at the door  
Precisely when the clock strikes four."

" You are so deaf," the lady cried,  
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside.)

" You are so sadly deaf, my dear,  
What shall I do to make you hear ?"

" Dismiss poor Harry !" he replies ;  
" Some people are more nice than wise :  
For one slight trespass all this stir !  
What if he did ride whip and spur ?

" 'Twas but a mile ; your fav'rite horse  
Will never look one hair the worse."

" Well, I protest, tis past all bearing !"

" Child ! I am rather hard of hearing !"

" Yes, truly, one must scream and bawl :  
I tell you, you can't hear at all."

Then, with a voice exceeding low,  
" No matter if you hear or no."

Alas ! and is domestic strife,  
That sorest ill of human life,  
A plague so little to be fear'd,  
As to be wantonly incur'd,  
To gratify a fretful passion,  
On every trivial provocation ?  
The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear,  
And something, ev'ry day they live,  
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

But, if infirmities that fall  
In common to the lot of all,  
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,  
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,  
Then farewell all that must create  
The comfort of the wedded state

Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,  
And tumult, and intestine war.  
The love that cheers life's latest stage,  
Proof against sickness and old age,  
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,  
Becomes not weary of attention ;

But lives when that exterior grace,  
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.  
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,  
To faults compassionate or blind,  
And will with sympathy endure  
Those evils it would gladly cure :  
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,  
Shows Love to be a mere profession,  
Proves that the heart is none of his,  
Or soon expels him from it is.

§ 151. *The Winter Nosegay.* COWPER.

WHAT nature, alas ! has denied  
To the delicate growth of our isle,  
Art has in a measure supplied,  
And winter is deck'd with a smile.  
See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
From the shelter of that sunny shed,  
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the  
spring,  
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.  
'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,  
Where Flora is still in her prime,  
A fortress to which she retreats  
From the cruel assaults of the clime  
While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
The pinks are as fresh and as gay  
As the fairest and sweetest that blow  
On the beautiful bosom of May.  
See how they have safely surviv'd  
• The frowns of a sky so severe ;  
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd  
Through many a turbulent year.  
The charms of the late-blowing rose  
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,  
And the winter of sorrow best shows  
The truth of a friend such as you.

§ 152. *Art above Nature.* PETER PINDAR.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—  
I've said it often, and repeat it—  
She doth not understand her trade—  
Art, and, as of mind her work ; I hope you'll  
beat it.  
Look now, for Heav'n's sake, at her skies !  
What are they ?—Smoke, for certainty, I  
know ;  
From chimney-tops, behold ! they rise,  
Made by some sweating cooks below.  
Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it  
comes—  
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses'  
bums—  
Then tell me, Decency, I must request,  
Who'd copy such a devilish nasty beast ?  
Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,  
Broad as the mainmast of a man of war—  
Your whale shall eat up ev'ry other head,  
E'en as the sun licks up each sneaking star !  
I do assure you, bulk is no bad trick—  
By bulky things both men and maids are  
taken

Mind, too, to lay the paints like mortar thick,  
And make your pictures look as red as bacon.  
All folks love size, believe my rhyme ;  
Burke says 'tis part of the sublime.  
A Dutchman, I forget his name,—Van Grouet.  
Van Slabberchops, Van Stink, Van Swab,—  
No matter, though I cannot make it out—  
At calling names I never was a dab—  
This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,  
Holding a cheese that weigh'd a hundred  
pound,  
Thus, like a burgomaster, spoke with judg-  
ment vast :  
" No poet like my broder step de ground ;  
He be de bestest poet, look '  
Dat all de world must please ;  
Vor he heb vrite von book  
So big as all dis cheese !"  
If at a distance you would paint a pig,  
Let not the caxon a distinctness lack ;  
Else all the lady critics will so stare,  
And angry vow, " 'Tis not a bit like hair !"  
Be smooth as glass—like Jenner, finish high ;  
Then every tongue commends—  
For people judge not only by the eye,  
But feel your merit by their finger ends '  
Make out each single bristle on his back ;  
Or, if your meaner subject be a wig,  
Nay, closely nosing, o'er the picture dwell.  
As if to try the goodness by the smell.  
Claude's distances are too confus'd—  
One floating scene—nothing made out—  
For which he ought to be abus'd,  
Whose works have been so cried about.  
Give me the pencil, whose amazing style  
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile,  
And to my view eyes, legs, and claws wil-  
bring,  
With every feather of his tail and wing  
Make all your trees alike, for Nature's wild—  
Fond of variety—a wayward child—  
To blame your taste some blockheads may pre-  
sume ;  
But mind that ev'ry one be like a broom.  
Of steel and purest silver form your waters  
And make your clouds like rocks and alliga-  
tors.  
Where'er you paint the moon, if you are  
willing  
To gain applause—why, paint her like a shil-  
ling ;  
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow  
Precisely like a guinea or a jo.\*  
In short, to get your pictures prais'd and sold,  
Convert, like Midas, ev'ry thing to gold.  
I see, it excellence you'll come at last—  
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff ;  
The blues on china mugs are now surpass'd,  
Your sunsets yield not to brick walls nor buff.  
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,  
They really look like golden-hafted knives !  
Go on, my lads, leave Nature's dismal hue,  
And she ere long will come and copy you.

\* A Portuguese Johannes.

§ 153. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table Book, 1699. SWIFT.*

PERUSE my leaves through every part,  
And think thou seest my owner's heart,  
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite  
As hard, as senseless, and as light;  
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,  
But hid with caution from the wise.  
Here you may read, "Dear, charming saint!"  
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint!"  
Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel doth;"  
There, in her own, "For an el breth:"  
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"  
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"  
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,  
On t' other side, "Laid out for shoes."  
"Madam, I die without your grace."  
"Item, for half a yard of lace."

Who that had wit would place it here,  
For every peeping fop to jeer?  
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,  
Whene'er he please to blot it out:  
And then, to heighten the disgrace,  
Clap his own nonsense in the place.  
Whoe'er expects to hold his part  
In such a book, and such a heart,  
If he be wealthy, and a fool,  
Is in all points the fittest tool;  
Of whom it may be justly said,  
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 154. *On the little House by the Church-yard of Cuslenock. 1710. SWIFT.*

Whoever pleaseth to inquire  
Why yonder steeple wants a spire.  
The gray old fellow Poet Joe\*  
The philosophic cause will show.  
Once on a time a western blast,  
At least twelve inches overcast,  
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,  
Which came with a prodigious fall!  
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,  
Lit with its bottom on the ground;  
For, by the laws of gravitation,  
It fell into its proper station.

This is a little strutting pile  
You see just by the church-yard stile;  
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,  
And thus the steeple got a shock;  
From whence the neighboring farmer calls  
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.†

The vicar once a week creeps in,  
Sits with his knee up to his chin;  
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,  
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,  
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;  
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,  
And saw the parson creeping out;  
Was much surpris'd to see a crow  
Venture to build his nest so low.

A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought  
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.

\* Mr. Beaumont, of Trim.

† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

A third, who lost his way by night,  
Was forc'd for safety to alight;  
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,  
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton took it in his noddle,  
This building was design'd a model  
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,  
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,  
And every one was pleas'd to hear it:  
"All that you make this about,  
Is but a still which wants a spout."

The Reverend Dr. Raymond§ guess'd  
More probably than all the rest;  
He said, but that it wanted room,  
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The doctor's family came by,  
And little miss began to cry,  
"Give me that house in my own hand!"  
Then madam bade the chariot stand;  
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,  
"Pray, reach that thing here to the child  
That thing, I mean, among the kale:  
And here's to buy a pot of ale."

The clerk said to her, in a heat,  
"What! sell my master's country-seat,  
Where he comes every week from town!  
He would not sell it for a crown."

"Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;  
In half an hour thou'lt make another."

Says Nancy, "I can make for miss  
A finer house ten times than this;  
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,  
And Joe, my apron-full of bricks."

§ 155. *A true and faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath till his Palace was rebuilt. SWIFT.*

AN oaken, broken elbow-chair;  
A caudle-cup, without an ear;  
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;  
A box of deal, without a lid;  
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;  
A back-sword poker, without point;  
A pot that's crack'd across, around  
With an old knotted garter bound;  
An iron lock, without a key;  
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;  
A curtain, worn to half a stripe;  
A pair of bellows, without pipe;  
A dish, which might good meat afford once;  
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;  
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,  
One is for meal and one for water;  
There likewise is a copper skillet,  
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;  
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all:  
And thus his household goods you have all.  
These to your Lordship, as a friend,  
Till you have built, I freely lend:

† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

§ Stella.

¶ Minister of Trim.

¶ The waiting-woman.

They'll serve your Lordship for a shift ;  
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

§ 156. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Unwre, who died the 6th of July, 1720.*  
SWIFT.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer  
By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar ;  
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
Redeem him from his prison under ground.  
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,  
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.  
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know  
His faithful steward's in the shades below.  
He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare

cloak,  
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk ;  
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,  
He might be thought an object fit for alms.  
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,  
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went he never saw his betters ;  
Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation  
Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,

In half a minute is not worth a groat.  
His coffers from the coffin could not save,  
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.  
A golden monument could not be right,  
because we wish the earth upon him light.

O London tavern !\* thou hast lost a friend,  
Though in thy walls he no'er did farthing spend :

He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ; [shot.

The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the  
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease  
On him could ever boast a pow'r to seize ;

† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite [light ;

Cast in his debt, which made three moldores  
And as he saw his darling money fail,  
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."  
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange  
If he should now be cried down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow ;  
Alas ! the sexton is thy banker now !  
A dismal banker must that banker be,  
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 157. *Epitaph on a Miser.* SWIFT.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies  
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcass in a chest ;  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His other self, his money, lay.

\* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.  
† These four lines were written by Stella.

And if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive.

§ 158. *To Mrs. Houghton, of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*  
SWIFT.

You always are making a god of your spouse,  
But this neither reason nor conscience allows :  
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,  
And you adore him because he adores you :  
Your argument's weak, and so you will find ;  
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

### RIDDLES,

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS: WRITTEN IN, OR ABOUT THE YEAR 1731.

§ 159. *On a Pen.*

IN youth exalted high in air,  
Or bathing in the waters fair,  
Nature to form me took delight,  
And clad my body all in white,  
My person tall, and slender waist,  
On either side with fringes grac'd ;  
'Till me that tyrant man espied,  
And dragg'd me from my mother's side.  
No wonder now I look so thin ;  
The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin ;  
My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropp'd ;  
At head and foot my body lopp'd :  
And then, with heart more hard than stone,  
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.  
'To vex me more, he took a freak  
To slit my tongue, and make me speak :  
But that which wonderful appears,  
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.  
He oft employs me in disguise,  
And makes me tell a thousand lies.  
'To me he chiefly gives in trust  
To please his malice or his lust :  
From me no secret he can hide :  
I see his vanity and pride :  
And my delight is to expose  
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,  
Yet not a word I understand.  
Without my aid, the best divine  
In learning would not know a line ;  
The lawyer must forget his pleading ;  
The scholar could not show his reading.  
Nay, man, my master, is my slave ;  
I give command to kill or save ;  
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,  
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,  
I only hasten on my fate.  
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,  
I hardly now can force a word.  
I die unpitied and forgot,  
And on some dunghill left to rot.

§ 160. *On Gold.*

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,  
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.



How is the greatest monarch bless'd,  
When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd !  
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run  
From me, or my embraces shun.  
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,  
My constancy is still the same.  
The favourite messenger of Jove,  
The Lemnian god, consulting, strove  
To make me glorious to the sight  
Of mortals, and the gods' delight.  
Soon would their altars' flame expire  
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

§ 161. *On a Circle.*

I'm up and down, and round about,  
Yet all the world can't find me out.  
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,  
They never yet could find my measure.  
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,  
Nay, in the compass of a farthing.  
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,  
Can move an inch, except I will.

§ 162. *On the Five Senses.*

Am I of us in one you'll find,  
Brethren of a wondrous kind ;  
Yet, among us all, no brother  
Knows one tittle of the other.  
We in frequent councils are,  
And our marks of things declare ;  
Where, to us unknown, a clerk  
Sits, and takes them in the dark.  
He's the register of all  
In our ken, both great and small ;  
By us forns his laws and rules ;  
He's our master, we his tools ;  
Yet we can, with greatest ease,  
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,  
Yet no watch the rest will keep ;  
But, the moment that he closes,  
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine 's bought, or victuals dress'd,  
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,  
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,  
Add to them ten thousand more,  
Yet but one of us is found  
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,  
There 's but one of us can smell.

§ 163. *On an Echo.*

NEVER sleeping, still awake,  
Pleasing most when most I speak :  
The delight of old and young,  
Though I speak without a tongue :  
Nought but one thing can confound me,  
Many voices joining round me ;  
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,  
Like the laborers of Babel.  
Now I am a dog or cow,  
I can bark, or I can low ;

I can bleat, or I can sing  
Like the warblers of the spring.  
Let the love-sick bard complain,  
And I mourn the cruel pain ;  
Let the happy swain rejoice,  
And I join my helping voice ;  
Both are welcome, grief or joy,  
I with either sport and toy.  
Though a lady, I am stout ;  
Drums and trumpets bring me out ;  
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,  
Join in all the din of battle :  
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,  
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under ;  
Yet so tender is my ear,  
That the lowest voice I fear.  
Much I dread the courtier's fate,  
When his merit 's out of date ;  
For I hate a silent breath,  
And a whisper is my death.

§ 164. *On a Shadow in a Glass.*

By something form'd, I nothing am,  
Yet every thing that you can name ;  
In no place have I ever been,  
Yet ev'ry where I may be seen ;  
In all things false, yet always true,  
I'm still the same, but ever new.  
Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,  
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,  
Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.  
All shapes and features I can boast,  
No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost .  
All colours, without paint, put on,  
And change like the chameleon.  
Swiftly I come and enter there  
Where not a chink lets in the air ;  
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,  
Nor can I ever be alone ;  
All things on earth I imitate  
Faster than Nature can create ;  
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,  
Anon in beggar's rags appear ;  
A giant now, ~~as~~ <sup>and</sup> straight an elf,  
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself ;  
Ne'er sad, I mourn ; ne'er glad, ~~regain~~ <sup>regain</sup> ,  
I move my lips, but want a voice ;  
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die ;  
Then prythee tell me, what am I ?

§ 165. *On Time.*

EVER eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying ;  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

§ 166. *On the Vowels.*

WE are little airy creatures,  
All of diff'rent voice and features :  
One of us in glass is set,  
One of us you'll find in jet ;  
T' other you may see in tin,  
And the fourth a box within ;  
If the fifth you should pursue,  
It can never fly from you.

§ 167. *On Snow.*

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin;

No lady alive can shew such a skin.

I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,  
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.

Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,  
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.

Though so much of heaven appears in my make,

The foulest impressions I easily take.

My parent and I produce one another;

The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

§ 168. *On a Cannon.*

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying, with noise,  
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys;

Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,  
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.

For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,  
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;

Except when I trade with a ship or a town,  
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.

One property more I would have you remark,  
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;

The moment I set one, my soul's all afire.

And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

169. *Tam o' Shanter. A Tale.* Burns.

Of Thowlys and of Bogies full is the Bogle;  
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

• WHEN chapman billies leave the street,

And drouthy neebors neebors meet,

As market-days are wearing late,

An' folk begin to tak the gate;

While we sit bousing at the nappy,

An' getting fou and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,

The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,

That lie between us and our hame;

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

[This truth 'twas honest Tam o' Shanter,

As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,

• (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,

For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,

As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!

She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,

A blething, blustering, drunken bhellum;

That frae November till October,

Ae market-day thou was na sober;

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,

Thou sat as long as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

That at the L.—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,

Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Munday.

She prophesied, that, late or soon,

Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,

By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

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Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,

To think how monie counsels sweet,

How monie lengthen'd sage advices,

The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,

Tam had got planted unco right,

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,

Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;

And at his elbow, souter Johnny.

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony.

Tam lo'd him like a vera brither;

They had been fou for weeks together.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;

And aye the ale was growing better.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,

Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious.

The souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.

The storm without might rair and rust

Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,

E'en drown'd himself amid the nappy;

As bees flee hame wi' lades of treasure,

The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,

You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

Or, like the snow falls in the river,

A moment white—then melts for ever:

Or, like the borealis race,

That flit ere you can point their place;

Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,

Evanescent amid the storm.—

Nae man can tether time or tide;

The hour approaches Tam maun ride;

That hour, o' night's black arch the key-

stone,

That dreary hour, he mounts his beast in;

And sic a night he tak the road in,

As e'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;

The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;

Lowd, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd.

That night, a child might understand,

The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,—

A better never lifted leg.—

Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,

Despising wind, and rain, and fire;

Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;

Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;

Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,

Lest bogles catch him unawares;

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,

Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,

Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;

And past the birks and meikle stane,

Where drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;

And through the whins, and by the cairn,

Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

And near the thorn, aboon the well,

Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.

Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;  
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing ;  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn !  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;  
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the Devil !  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd na De'il's a boddle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light ;  
And, vow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;  
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge :  
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,  
'Till roof an' rafters a' did dirle.

Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;  
And, by some devilish cantrip slight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's bones in gibbet airns ;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;  
A thief, new cutt'd frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted ;  
Five cimeters, wi' murder crusted ;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled ;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'd, amaz'd and curious,  
The mirth and fun grow fast and furious :  
The piper loud and louder blew ;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleckit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coast her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens ;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannens,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !  
Thir brooks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But Shanter'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Bigg'd hags wad spean a foal,

Lowping an' flinging on a cummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !  
For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd monie a bonie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and beer,  
And kept the country-side in fear,) Her cutty-sark o' Paisley hain,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches)  
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r ;  
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r !  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jad she was and strang,)  
And how Tam stood, like an bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd :  
Even Satan glow'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd, and blew wi' might and main :  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"  
And in an instant a' was dark :  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke ;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'lt get thy fairin !  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin !  
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman !  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the cairn,  
There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fiend a tail she had to shake !  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail :  
The carlin claut her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son take heed :  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

§ 170. *Satire upon the Abuse of Human Learning.* BUTLER.

It is the noblest act of human reason  
To free itself from slavish prepossession,  
Assume the legal right to disengage  
From all it had contracted under age,  
And not its ingenuity and wit  
To all it was imbued with first submit ;  
'Take true or false for better or for worse,  
To have or t' hold indifferently of course.

For Custom, though but usher of the school  
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,  
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest  
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,  
That by two different instincts is led,  
Born to the one, and to the other bred,  
And trains him up with rudiments more false  
Than Nature does her stupid animals ;  
And that's one reason why more care's be-  
stow'd

Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,  
'That is not found to understand and know  
So subtly as the body's found to grow.

Though children, without study, pains, or  
thought,

Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
Improve their nat'l talents without care,  
And apprehend before they are aware,  
Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones  
'They have been used of children to pronounce,  
So most men's reason never can outgrow  
The discipline it first received to know,  
But renders words they first began to con,  
'The end of all that's after to be known,  
And sets the help of education back,  
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack ;  
Who, therefore, finds the artificialst fools,  
Have not been changed i' th' cradle, but the  
schools,

Where error, pedantry, and affectation,  
Run them behind-hand with their education,  
And all alike are taught poetic rage.  
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the signals of the brain  
Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain  
Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon  
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
To make confounded languages restore  
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before :  
And therefore those imported from the East,  
Where first they were incur'd, are held the best,  
Although conveyed in worse Arabian pothooks  
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-  
books ;

Are really but pains and labor lost,  
And not worth half the drudgery they cost ;  
Unless, like rarities, as they've been brought  
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,  
When those, who had no other but their own,  
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone ;  
As men that wink with one eye see more true,  
And take their aim much better than with two :  
For the more languages a man can speak,  
His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;

And, for the industry he has spent upon't,  
Must, full as much, some other way discount.  
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
And turn their wits that strive to understand it  
(Like those that write the characters) left-  
handed ;

Yet he that is but able to express  
No sense at all in several languages,  
Will pass for learner than he that's known  
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,  
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,  
But practised only with the rod and whip.  
As riding schools inculcate horsemanship,  
Or Romish penitents let out their skins  
To bear the penalties of others' sins,  
When letters at the first were meant for play,  
And only us'd to pass the time away, [name  
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had n-  
T' express a school and playhouse but the same,  
And in their languages, so long ago,  
To study or be idle was all one ;

For nothing more preserves men in their wits  
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,  
In dreams to sport and ramble with all fancies.  
And, waking, little less extravagances,  
To rest and recreation of tir'd thought,  
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,  
Of which whoever does not freely take  
His constant share, is never broad awake,  
And when he wants an equal competence  
Of both recruits, alates as much of sense.

Nor is their education worse design'd  
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind :  
The greatest inclinations with the least  
Capacities are fatally possess'd, [pains,  
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take  
Without an equal competence of brains ;  
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,  
Are most averse to industry and study,  
And th' activist fancies share as loose alloys,  
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.  
But when those great conveniences meet,  
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
The one but strives the other to divert,  
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
And scholars, by preposterous overdoing,  
And under-judging, all their projects ruin ;  
Who, though the understanding of mankind  
Within so strait a compass is confin'd,  
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.  
The bravest soldiers scorn until they're got  
Close to the enemy to make a shot ;  
Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause  
That Nature uses by their own by-laws ;  
When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude,  
Where she denies admission, to intrude ;  
And all their industry is but to err,  
Unless they have free quarantine from her ;  
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,  
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,  
 And, ever since that miserable fate,  
 Learning did never cost an easier rate;  
 For though the most divine and sov'reign good  
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hindrance  
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance,  
 And therefore never bore so high a value  
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;  
 Had academies, schools, and colleges,  
 Endow'd for its improvement and increase;  
 With pomp and show was introduc'd with  
 maces,  
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;  
 Empower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,  
 To assume an art, and after understand it;  
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
 With all the learning to it custom-free;  
 And own professions which they never took  
 So much delight in as to read one book:  
 Like princes, had prerogative to give  
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve;  
 And, having but a little paltry wit  
 More than the world, reduced and governed it.  
 But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,  
 As better is a spiteful foe to good,  
 And now has nothing left for its support,  
 But what the darkest times provided for't.

Man has a natural desire to know;  
 But th' one half is for inter'st, th' other slow:  
 As scriv'ners take more pains to learn the  
 sleight

Of making knots, than all the hands they write:  
 So all his study is not to extend  
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer  
 end;

To appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:  
 For most of those that drudge and labor hard,  
 Furnish their understandings by the yard,  
 As a French library by the whole is,  
 So much an ell for quartos and for folios;  
 To which they are but indexes themselves,  
 And understand no further than the shelves;  
 But smatter with their titles and editions,  
 And place them in their classical partitions;  
 When all a student knows of what he reads  
 Is not in 's own, but under general heads  
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,  
 But, like a Dutchman's money, in the cantore;  
 Where all he can make of it at the best,  
 Is hardly three per cent. for interest;  
 And whether he will ever get it out  
 Into his own possession is a doubt:  
 Affects all books of past and modern ages,  
 But reads no further than their title-pages,  
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,  
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote;  
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
 With all the learned moderns and the ancients.  
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet  
 And compliment the rabble in the street,  
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim  
 Acquaintance with the meanest, by his name,

And, by so mean, contemptible a bribe,  
 Trepann'd the suffrages of ev'ry tribe;  
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,  
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
 And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others  
 That has the largest catalogue of authors.

§ 171. *Opening of the Vision of Columbus.*

BARLOW.

I SING the Mariner who first unfurl'd  
 An eastern banner o'er the western world,  
 And taught mankind where future empires lay  
 In these fair confines of descending day;  
 Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,  
 Iberia's sceptre on the new-found shore;  
 Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod  
 Pursued by avarice and defil'd with blood,  
 The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil  
 Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for  
 their spoil.

Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,  
 Enjoy'd his labors, and purloin'd his fame,  
 And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,  
 Chains for a crown, a prison for a world!

Long overwhelm'd in woes, and sick'ning  
 there,

He met the slow, still march of black despair,  
 Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,  
 And wish'd from thankless men a peaceful tomb:  
 Till vision'd ages, op'ning on his eyes,  
 Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;  
 He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,  
 And freedom crown'd his glorious work at last.

Almighty Freedom! give my vent'rous song  
 The force, the charm, that to thy voice belong;  
 'Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,  
 To nerve my country with the patriot lay,  
 To teach all men where all their int'rest lies,  
 How rulers may be just, and nations wise:  
 Strong in thy strength, I bend no suppliant knee,  
 Invoke no miracle, no Muse, but thee.

Night held on old Castile her silent reign,  
 Her half-orb'd moon decluning to the main;  
 O'er Valladolid's regal turrets haz'd  
 The drizzly fogs from duell Pisuerga rais'd;  
 Whose hov'ring sheets, along the welkin driven,  
 Thinn'd the pale stars, and shut the eye from  
 heaven.

Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow press'd,  
 Nor dream'd of those his mandates robb'd of  
 rest;

Of him who gemm'd his crown, who stretch'd  
 To realms that weigh'd the tenfold poise of  
 Spain;

Who now beneath his tower indungeon'd lies,  
 Sweats the chill sod, and breathes inclement  
 skies.

His feverish pulse, slow lab'ring through his  
 Feeds with scant force its fast expiring flame;  
 A far, dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam  
 Throws through his grates a mist-encumber'd  
 gleam,

Paints the dun vapors that the cell invade,  
 And fills with spectred forms the midnight  
 shade;

When from a visionary, short repose, [woes,  
That nurs'd now cares, and temper'd keener  
Columbus woke, and to the walls address'd  
The deep-felt sorrows bursting from his breast :

"Here lies the purchase, here the wretched  
spoil

Of painful years and persevering toil : [pain,  
• For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of  
I trac'd new regions o'er the chartless main,  
Tam'd all the dangers of untravers'd waves,  
Hung o'er their clefts, and topp'd their surging  
graves,

Saw trait'rous seas o'er coral mountains sweep,  
Red thunders rock the pole and scorch the deep,  
Death rear his front in ev'ry varying form,  
Gape from the shoals, and ride the roaring  
storm,

My struggling bark her seamy planks disjoin,  
Rake the rude rock, and drink the copious  
brine :

Till the tired elements are lull'd at last,  
And milder suns allay the billowing blast,  
Lead on the tradewinds with unvarying force,  
And long and landless curve our constant  
course. [forlorn

Our homeward heaven recoils ; each night  
Calls up new stars, and backward rolls the  
morn ;

The boreal vault descends with Europe's shore,  
And bright Calisto shuns the wave no more ;  
The Dragon dips his fiery-foaming jole,  
The affrighted magnet flies the faithless pole ;  
• Nature portends a gen'ral change of laws ;  
My daring deeds are deem'd the guilty cause ;  
The desperate crew, to insurrection driven,  
Devote their captain to the wrath of Heaven,  
Resolve at once to end the audacious strife,  
And buy their safety with his forfeit life.

In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,  
(Unblest relieve !) and rob the gaping wave,  
• The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs de-  
scribed

The golden banks that bound the western tide.  
With full success I calm'd the clam'rous race,  
Bade heaven's blue arch a second earth en-  
brace ;

• And gave the astonish'd age that bounteous  
shore, power.

Their wealth to nations, and to kings their  
Land of delights ! ah, dear, delusive coast,

To these fond, aged eyes for ever lost !

No more thy flow'ry vales I travel o'er,

For me thy mountains rear the head no more ;

For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,

Nor streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold ;

From realms of promis'd peace for ever borne,

I hail mute anguish, and in secret mourn.

But dangers past, a world explored in vain,

And foes triumphant, show but half my pain :

Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,

And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,

Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,

Pursued the fortune, and partook the praise,

• Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,

Insult my woes, and triumph in my pain.

One gentle guardian once could shield the  
brave ;

But now that guardian slumbers in the grave

Hear from above, thou dear departed shade !

As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid ;

Burst my full heart, afford that last relief ;

Breathe back my sighs, and reinspire my grief

Still in my sight thy royal form appears,

Reproves my silence, and demands my tears.

E'en on that hour no more I joy to dwell,

When thy protection bade the canvass swell ;

When kings and churchmen found their fac-  
tions vain,

Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,

The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,

And isles rose beauteous in Atlantic day.

For on those silv'ry shores, that new domain,

What crowds of tyrants fix their murd'rous  
reign !

Her infant realm indignant Freedom flies,

Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies.

Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,

That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the  
light ; [doom,

These welcome shades shall close my instant

And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb."

Thus mourn'd the hapless man : a thunder-  
ing sound [the ground ;

Roll'd through the shudd'ring walls, and shook

O'er all the dungeon, where black arches bend,

The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend ;

The growing splendor fills the astonish'd room,

And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.

Rob'd in the radiance, moves a form serene,

Of human structure, but of heavenly mien ;

Near to the pris'ner's couch he takes his stand,

And waves, in sign of peace, his holy hand.

Tall rose his stature ; youth's endearing grace

Adorn'd his limbs, and brighten'd in his face ;

Loose o'er his locks the star of ev'ning hung,

And sounds melodious mov'd his cheerful  
tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

So Hesper spok'e : Columbus raised his head ;

His chains dropp'd off ; the cave, the castle fled.

Forth walk'd the Pair ; when steep before them  
stood,

Slope from the town, a heaven-illumin'd road ;

That through disparting shades arose on high,

Reach'd o'er the hills, and lengthen'd up the  
sky ;

Show'd a clear summit, rich with rising flowers,

That breathe their odors through celestial  
bowers.

O'er the proud Pyrenees it looks sublime,

Subjects the Alps, and levels Europe's clime ;

Spain, lessening to a chart, beneath it swims,

And shrouds her dungeons in the void she dims.

Led by the Power, the Hero gain'd the height ;

New strength and brilliance flush'd his mortal  
sight ; [main,

When calm before them flow'd the western

Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain.

No sail, no isle, no cloud, invests the bound,

Nor billowy surge disturbs the vast profound ;

Till, deep in distant heavens, the sun's blue ray  
Topp'd unknown cliffs, and call'd them up to  
day;

Slow glimm'ring into sight wide regions drew,  
And rose and brighten'd on the expanding view;  
Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean  
smiles;

In misty radiance loom a thousand isles;  
Near and more near the long drawn coasts  
arise; [the skies,

Rays stretch their arms, and mountains lift  
The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their  
way; [display;

Slopes, ridges, plains, their spreading skirts  
The vales branch forth, high-walk, approaching  
groves,

And all the majesty of Nature moves.

O'er the wild hemisphere his glances fly,  
Its forms distending as it still draws nigh,  
As all its salient sides force far their sway,  
Crowd back the ocean, and indent the day.

He saw, through central zones, the winding  
shore [fore;

Spread the deep gulf his sail had trac'd be-  
The Darien isthmus check the raging tide,  
Join distant lands, and neighb'ring seas divide;  
On either hand the shores unbounded bend,  
Push wide their waves, to each dim pole ascend;  
The two twin continents united rise,  
Broad as the main, and lengthen'd with the  
skies. [Guide:

Long gazed the Mariner; when thus the  
"Here spreads the world thy daring sail de-  
scribed,

Hesperia call'd, from my anterior claim;  
But now Columbia, from thy patriarch name.  
So from Phenicia's peopled strand of yore  
Europa sail'd, and sought an unknown shore;  
There stamp'd her sacred name; and thence  
her race, [brave,

Hale, vent'rous, bold, from Jove's divine em-  
Rang'd o'er the world, predestin'd to bestride  
Earth's elder continents and each far tide.

Agès unborn shall bless the happier day,  
That saw thy streamer shape the guideless way;  
Their bravest heroes trace the path you led,  
And sires of nations through the regions spread.  
Behold you isles, where first thy flag unfurl'd,  
In bloodless triumph o'er the younger world;  
As, awed to silence, savage bands gave place,  
And hail'd with joy the sun-descended race.

Retrace the banks yon rushing waters lave;  
There Orinoco checks great Ocean's wave;  
Thine is the stream; it cleaves the well known  
coast,

Where ~~Patria~~ walks thy former footsteps  
bound.

But these no more thy wide discov'ries bound:  
Superior prospects lead their swelling round;  
Nature's remotest scenes before thee roll,  
And years and empires open on thy soul.

To yon dim rounds first elevate thy view;  
See Quin's plains o'erlook their proud Peru;  
On whose huge base, like isles amid sky driven,  
A vast protub'rance props the cope of heaven,

Earth's loftiest turrets there contend for height,  
And all our Andes fill the bounded sight.

From south to north what long, blue swells  
arise, [skies!  
Built through the clouds, and lost in ambient  
Approaching slow they heave expanding  
bounds;

The yielding concave bends sublimer rounds;  
Whose wearied stars, high-curving to the west,  
Pause on the summits for a moment's rest;  
Recumbent there, they renovate their force,  
And roll rejoicing on their downward course.

Round each bluff base the sloping ravine  
bends, [tends;

Hills form on hills, and croupe o'er croupe ex-  
Ascending, whit'ning, how the crags are lost,  
O'erhung with headlands of eternal frost!  
Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,  
Like waves of suns, or heaven's perennial day."

#### § 172. *The Annunciation.* PIERPONT.

THE night was moonless:—Judah's shep-  
herds kept [them slept.  
Their starlight watch: their flocks around  
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes  
were turn'd,

And to the fires that there eternal burn'd.

Those azure regions had been peopled long,  
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song.

And there, the simple shepherd, conning o'er  
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,  
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,

The Swan and Eagle wing their silent flight;  
And, from their spangled pinions, as they flew,  
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew;

Saw there the brilliant gems, that nightly flare,  
In the thin mist of Berenice's hair;

And there, Bootes roll his lucid wain,  
On sparkling wheels, along the ethereal plain;

And there, the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,  
Pursue, for ever, the star-studded lyre;

And there, with buckering lash, heaven's  
Charioteer

Urge round the Cygnus his bright career.  
While thus the shepherds watch'd the host  
of night,

O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden  
light.

The unrolling glory spread its folds divine,  
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;

And, lo! descending angels, hovering there,  
Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air

Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold.—  
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and  
bold,

On wavy paths of trembling ether ran:  
"Glory to God;—benevolence to man;—  
Peace to the world:!"—and in full concert came,  
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,  
The loud and sweet response, whose choral  
strains

Linger'd and languish'd on Judea's plains.  
Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers  
blue,

By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew

All ?—all, but one, that hung and burn'd alone,  
And with mild lustre over Bethlehem shone.  
Chaldean's sages saw that orb afar [Star.  
Glow unextinguished ;—'twas Salvation's

§ 173. *The Missionaries.* PIERPONT.

ROUND the bold front of yon projecting cliff,  
Shoots, on white wings, the missionary's skiff,  
And, walking steadily along the tide,  
Seems, like a phantom, o'er the wave to glide,  
Unfolding to the breeze her light cymarr,  
And bearing on her breast the Apostolic star.  
'That brilliant orb the bless'd Redeemer hurl'd,  
From his pierc'd hand, ere he forsook the world.  
Launch'd by that hand, the sphere, divinely  
bright,

Has left, on eastern clouds, its path of light,  
And, in a radiant curve, descends to bless  
Parana's wave, Paraguay's wilderness.  
See ! it has check'd its lucid course, and now  
Lights on the intrepid Jesuit's humble prow,  
Brightens his sail with its celestial glow,  
And gilds the emerald wave, that rolls below.

Lo, at the stern, the priest of Jesus rears  
His reverend front, plough'd by the share of  
years.

He takes his harp :—the spirits of the air  
Breathe on his brow, and interweave his hair,  
In silky flexure, with the sounding strings :—  
And hark !—the holy missionary sings.  
'Tis the Gregorean chant :—with him unites,  
On either hand, his quire of neophytes,  
While the boat cleaves its liquid path along,  
And waters, woods, and winds protract the song.

Those unknown strains the forest war-whoop  
hush :

Huntsmen and warriors from their cabins rush,  
Heed not the foe, that yells defiance nigh,  
See not the deer, that dashes wildly by, [ver,  
Drop from their hand the bow and rattling qui-  
Crowd to the shore, and plunge into the river,  
Breast the green waves, the enchanted bark  
that toss,

Leap o'er her sides, and kneel before the cross.

Hear yon poetic pilgrim of the west

Chant Musick's praise, and to her power attest :  
Who now, in Florida's untrodden woods,  
Bedecks, with vines of jessamine, her floods,  
And flow'ry bridges o'er them loosely throws ;—  
Who hangs the canvass where Atala glows,  
On the live oak, in floating drapery shrouded,  
That like a mountain rises, lightly clouded ;—  
Who, for the son of Outalissi, twines,  
Beneath the shade of ever-whispering pines,  
A funeral wreath, to bloom upon the moss,  
That Time already sprinkles on the cross,  
Rais'd o'er the grave, where his young virgin  
sleeps,

And Superstition o'er her victim weeps ;—  
Whom now the silence of the dead surrounds,  
Among Scioto's monumental mounds ;  
Save that, at times, the musing pilgrim hears  
A crumbling oak fall with the weight of years,  
To swell the mass, that Time and Ruin throw,  
O'er chalky bones, that mouldering lie below,

By virtues unembalm'd, unstain'd by crimes,  
Lost in those tow'ring tombs of other times ;  
For where no bard has cherish'd Virtue's flame,  
No ashes sleep in the warm sun of Fame.—  
With sacred lore, this traveller beguiles  
His weary way, while o'er him Fancy smiles.  
Whether he kneels in venerable groves,  
Or through the wide and green savanna roves,  
His heart leaps lightly on each breeze, that bears  
The faintest cadence of Idumea's airs.

§ 174. *Ode to Hela.* R. ALSOP.

FROM the dreary realms below,  
From the dark domains of fear,  
From the ghastly seats of woe,  
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

Dreadful Power ! whose awful form  
Blackens in the midnight storm ;  
Glazes athwart the lurid skies,  
While the sheeted lightning flies ;  
When the thunder awful roars ;  
When the earthquake rocks the shores ;  
Mounted on the wings of air,  
Thou rul'st the elemental war.  
When Famine brings her sickly train ;  
When Battle strews the carnag'd plain ;  
When Pestilence her venom'd wand  
Waves o'er the desolated land ;  
Rush the ocean's whelming tides  
O'er the found'ring vessel's sides ;  
Then ascends thy voice on high ;  
Then is heard thy funeral cry ;  
Then, in horror, dost thou rise  
On the expiring wretch's eyes.

From the dreary realms below,  
From the dark domains of fear,  
From the ghastly seats of woe,  
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

Goddess ! whose terrific sway  
Nastrande's realms of guilt obey ;  
Where, amid impervious gloom,  
Sullen frowns the serpent Dome ;  
Roll'd beneath th' envenom'd tide,  
Where the sons of sorrow 'bide ;  
Thee, the mighty Demon host ;  
Thee, the Giants of the Frost ;  
Thee, the Genii tribes adore ;  
Fenris owns thy sovereign power :  
And the imperial Prince of Fire,  
Surtur, trembles at thine ire.  
Thine, the victor's pride to mar ;  
Thine, to turn the scale of war ;  
Chiefs and princes, at thy call,  
From their spheres of glory fall ;  
Empires are in ruin hurl'd ;  
Desolation blasts the world.

From the dreary realms below,  
From the dark domains of fear,  
From the ghastly seats of woe,  
Hear ! tremendous Hela, hear !

Queen of terror, queen of death !  
Thee we summon from beneath.  
From the deep, infernal shade ;  
From the mansion of the dead ;



Nieffelm's black, funereal dome ;  
 Hither rise, and hither come !  
 By the potent Runic rhyme,  
 Awful, mystic, and sublime ;  
 By the streams that roar below ;  
 By the sable fount of woe ;  
 By the burning gulf of pain,  
 Muspell's house, and Surtur's reign ;  
 By the Day, when, o'er the world,  
 Wild confusion shall be hurl'd,  
 Rymer mount his fiery car,  
 Giants, Genii, rush to war ;  
 To vengeance move the Prince of Fire,  
 And heaven, and earth, in flames expire !

From the dreary realms below,  
 From the dark domains of fear,  
 From the ghastly seats of woe,  
 Hear ! tremendous He!a, hear !

§ 175. *A poor Woman, attending in the Field of Battle, sees her only Son slain. and expresses her Feelings in the following Lamentation.*

NAMELESS sons of want and sorrow,  
 Few and evil were your days ;  
 To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow  
 Low the sithe the cowslip lays !  
 Men and brethren still I hail ye,  
 Though in hostile bands ye be ;  
 Men and brethren, I bewail ye  
 With a tear of sympathy !  
 Yes, ye all were born of woman,  
 Suck'd a tender mother's breast ;  
 Hark ! she cries, O ! sword inhuman,  
 Spare my child ! I'm sore distress'd.  
 Me ! me !—kill me ! me, who bore him !  
 Spare the babe this bosom fed !  
 Ruffians from my cottage tore him,  
 Where he earn'd my daily bread.  
 Warrior, here, with rage unfeeling,  
 Here behold my white breast bare ;  
 Dye it red, and plunge your steel in,  
 But my child, poor stripling, spare :  
 My age's solace !—for his father  
 Perish'd in the bloody field ;  
 A babe he left me, which I'd rather  
 Than the gold the Indies yield :  
 Pledge of his love ;—and I did dearly  
 Love the father in the child ;  
 Slay us both, I beg sincerely ;  
 On us both the earth be pil'd.  
 They sink ; but, lo ! a wondrous vision,  
 Cloud-clad ghosts unnumber'd rise ;  
 Pale, wan looks, that speak contrition ;  
 Blood-stain'd cheeks and hollow eyes.  
 More in number than the ocean  
 Rolls the pebbles on its shore,  
 See, they come ! and, lo ! a motion  
 Frogs hand all red with gore !  
 " Listen, listen, sons of sorrow ;  
 Few and evil were your days ;  
 To-day the cowslip buds, to-morrow  
 Low the sithe the cowslip lays.

We, like you,—O ! heed our warning,—  
 Warriors were, all blithe and gay :  
 But we fell in life's bright morning,  
 Ere we knew the joys of day.

Sons of men, all doom'd to trouble,  
 Travelling quickly to the grave,  
 Sheath the sword, for fame's a bubble ;  
 Live to bless, O live to save !

Life to be enjoy'd was given :  
 Such the will of Ilm above ;  
 Live and love ; make earth a heaven ;  
 God made men to live and love !

Hark ! the skies with music ringing,  
 Silver sounds the concave fill ;  
 Angels' voices sweetly singing,  
 ' Peace on earth, to men good-will.' "

§ 176. *The Last Man.* CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The Sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time !  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare ;  
 The Earth with age was wan ;  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man !

Some had expir'd in fight—the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
 In plague and famine some !

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the scere leaves from the wood,  
 As if a storm pass'd by,

Saying, We're twins in death, proud Sun,  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go—

For thou ten thousand thousand years  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;

And arts that made fire, flood, and earth  
 The vassals of his will ;—

Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
 Thou dim, discredited King of day :

For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang  
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
 Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
 Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
 Life's tragedy again.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the sitho.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Fest of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see, thou shalt not boast.  
Th' eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led Captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—  
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On earth's sepulchral clod,  
The dark'ning universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

§ 177. *To the Rainbow.* CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHANT arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud Philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given,  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dream of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green, undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch the sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang,  
On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
And the first Poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptur'd greet thy beam:  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When, glitt'ring in the freshen'd fields,  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem  
As when the eagle from the Ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
That first spoke peace to man.

§ 178. *Hohenlinden; the Scene of a dreadful Engagement between the French and Imperialists, in which the former conquered.*

CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Isar rolling rapidly:

But Linden show'd another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry:

Then shook the hills by thunder riven;  
Then flew the steed to battle driven;  
And, rolling like the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd their red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow  
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow;  
And bloodier still the torrent flow  
Of Isar rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens! on, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling down,  
Where fiery Frank and furious Hun  
Shout in their sulphury canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every sod beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

§ 179. *A British War-Song.*

QUIT the plough, the loom, the mine;  
Quit the joys the heart entwine!  
Join our brothers on the brine;  
Arm, ye brave, or slavery!  
Peace, so lov'd, away is fled;  
War shall leave his iron bed;  
To your arms, avengers dread!  
Strike, oh strike at tyranny.

For our homes, our all, our name!  
Blast again the tyrant's aim;  
Britain's wrongs swift vengeance claim;  
Rush to arms—or slavery.

Lo! the shades of Britons proud!  
Hear them in yon flitting cloud!  
“Freedom, children, or a shroud,”  
Choose with British bravery.

Heroes of the sea, the shore,  
Quit your laurel'd rest once more;  
Dreadly rouse the battle's roar,  
Vengeance hurl on tyranny!

§ 180. *The Lotos of Egypt.* T. MAURICE.

EMBLEM sublime of that primordial power,  
That brooded o'er the vast chaotic wave,  
Accept my duteous homage, holy flower,  
As in thy favorite flood my limbs I lave.

From Æthiopia's lofty mountains roll'd,  
Where Nile's proud stream through glad-  
den'd Egypt pours, [old,  
In raptur'd strains thy praise was hymn'd of  
And still resounds on Ganges' faithful shores!

Within thy beauteous coral's full-blown bell  
Long since the immortals fix'd their fond  
abode;

There day's bright source, Osiris, lov'd to dwell,  
While by his side enamour'd Isis glow'd.

Hence, not unconscious, to his orient beam  
At dawn's first blush thy radiant petals spread,  
Drink deep the effulgence of the solar stream,  
And, as he mounts, still brighter glories shed.

When, at the noon-tide height, his fervid rays  
In a bright deluge burst on Cairo's spires,  
With what new lustre then thy beauties blaze,  
Full of the god, and radiant with his fires!

Brilliant thyself, in store of dazzling white  
Thy sister-plants more gaudy robes unfold;  
This flames in purple—that, intensely bright,  
Amid th' illumin'd waters, burns in gold.

To brave the tropic's fiery beam is thine,  
Till in the distant west his splendours fade;  
Then, too, thy beauty and thy fire decline,  
With morn to rise in lovelier charms array'd.

Thus, from Arabia borne, on golden wings,  
The phoenix on the sun's bright altar dies;

But from his flaming bed, refulgent, springs,  
And cleaves, with bolder plume, the sap-  
phire skies.

What mystic treasures in thy form conceal'd  
Perpetual transport to the sage supply;  
Where Nature, in her deep designs reveal'd,  
Awes wondering man, and charms th' ex-  
ploring eye!

In thy prolific cup and fertile seeds,  
Are trac'd her grand regenerative powers;  
Life springing warm from loath'd putrescence  
breeds, [flowers.  
And lovelier germs shoot forth, and brighter

Nor food to the enlighten'd mind alone,  
Substantial nutriment thy root bestow'd;  
In famine's vulture-fangs did Egypt groan,  
From thy rich, bounteous horn abundance  
flow'd.

Hence the immortal race in Thebes rever'd,  
Thy praise the theme of endless rapture made,  
Thy image on a hundred columns rear'd,  
And veil'd their altars with thine hallow'd  
shade.

But, far beyond the bounds of Afric borne,  
Thy honors flourish'd mid Thibetian snows;  
Thy flowers the Lama's gilded shrine adorn,  
And Boodh and Brannah on thy stalk repose.

Where'er fair Science dawn'd on Asia's shore,  
Where'er her hallow'd voice Devotion rais'd,  
We see thee graven on the golden ore,  
And on a thousand sparkling gems emblaz'd.

Child of the sun, why droops thy withering  
head,

While high in Leo flames thy radiant sire?  
With Egypt's glory is thy glory fled,  
And with her genius quench'd thy native fire?

For, direr than her desert's burning wind,  
Gaul's furious legions sweep yon ravag'd  
vale; [hind,  
Death stalks before, grim Famine howls be-  
And screams of horror load the tainted gale.

Nile's crimson'd waves with blood polluted roll;  
Her groves, her fanes, devouring fire con-  
sumes;

But, mark, slow-rising near the distant pole,  
A sudden splendor all her shores illumines.  
Fatal to Gaul, 'tis Britain's rising star,  
That in the south the bright ascendant gains,  
Resplendent as her Sirius shines from far,  
And with new fervors fires the Libyan plains.

A race as Egypt's ancient warriors brave,  
For her insulted sons indignant glows;  
Defies the tropic storm, the furious wave,  
And hurls destruction on their haughty foes.

Exulting to his source, old Nilus hears  
The deep'ning thunders of the British line:  
Again its lovely head the Lotos rears,  
Again the fields in rainbow glories shine.

Still wider, beauteous plant! thy leaves extend,  
Nor dread the eye of an admiring muse;

In union with the rising song ascend,  
Spread all thy charms, and all thy sweets  
diffuse.

Of that bold race beneath the Pleiads born,  
To chant thy praise a northern bard aspires;  
Nor with more ardor erst at early dawn  
The Theban artists smote their votive lyres.

For, oh! can climes th' excursive genius bound?  
No; 'mid Siberia bursts the heaven-taught  
strain;

At either pole the Muse's songs resound,  
And snows descend and whirlwinds rage in  
vain.

Four thousand summers have thy pride sur-  
vey'd, [tombs;  
Thy Pharaohs moulder in their marble  
Oblivion's wings the pyramids shall shade,  
But thy fair family unfading blooms!

Still, 'mid these ruin'd tow'rs, admir'd, rever'd,  
Wave high thy foliage, and secure expand;  
These vast, but crumbling, piles by man were  
rear'd;

But thou wert form'd by an immortal hand!  
With Nature's charms alone thy charms shall  
fade;

With Being's self thy beauteous tribe decline;  
Oh! living, may thy flow'rs my temple shade,  
And decorate, when dead, my envied shrine!

§ 181. *Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imo-  
gene.* M. G. LEWIS.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,  
Convers'd as they sat on the green:  
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;  
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,  
The maid was the Fair Imogene.

"And, ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow  
I go,  
To fight in a far-distant land,  
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,  
Some other will court you, and you will bestow  
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions," fair Imogene said,  
"So hurtful to love and to me;  
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,  
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead  
Shall husband of Imogene be."

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,  
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,  
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,  
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,  
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,  
And bear me away to the grave."

"The Destinies hasten'd the warrior so bold:  
His love she lamented him sore;  
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when,  
behold,

A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,  
Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

Treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,  
Soon made her untrue to her vows;

He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,  
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,  
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the  
priest,

The revelry now was begun;  
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the  
feast,

Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd,  
When the bell of the castle toll'd—*ONE!*

'Twas then with amazement fair Imogene found  
A stranger was placed by her side;  
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,  
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not  
around,

But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,  
His armor was sable to view;

All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his  
sight, [affright,  
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with  
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,  
The guests sat in silence and fear;  
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled  
—"I pray, [lay,

Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would  
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,  
And his vizor he slowly unclos'd.

Oh gods! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes,  
What words can express her dismay and sur-  
prise,

When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,  
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;  
The worms they crept in, and the worms they  
crept out,

And sported his eyes and his temples about,  
While the spectre address'd Imogene:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he  
cried;

"Behold thy Alonzo the Brave. [pride,  
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and  
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,  
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,  
And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,  
While fair Imogene shriek'd with dismay;  
Then sunk with his prey through the wide  
yawning ground;

Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,  
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron; and none since that  
time

To inhabit the castle presume:  
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,  
There Imogene suffers the pains of her crime,  
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her  
sprite,

When mortals in slumber are bound,

Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,  
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,  
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn  
from the grave,

Dancing round them pale spectres are seen :  
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave  
They howl : "To the health of Alonzo the  
Brave,  
And his consort, the false Imogene."

§ 182. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with whit ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's sile can make  
defence,  
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee  
hence.

§ 183. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;  
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now,  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's  
sun staineth.

§ 184. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

THUS is his cheek the map of days out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,  
E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay ;  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To shew false Art what beauty was of yore.

§ 185. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the  
cold, [hang.  
Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love  
more strong, [long.  
To love that well which thou must leave ere

§ 186. *Sonnet.* SHAKSPEARE.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,  
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing ;  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell,  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where  
they grow :  
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
Drawn after you, you, pattern of all those.  
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
As with your shadow I with these did play.

§ 187. *Sonnet.* DRUMMOND.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft Rest.  
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals  
brings.  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd ;  
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd ;  
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings  
Thou spar'st (alas ! ) who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe ;  
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,  
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-  
queath :  
I long to kiss the image of my death.

§ 188. *Sonnet.* DRUMMOND

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst ~~grow~~  
With thy green mother in some shady grove,  
When immelodious winds but made thee move,  
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.  
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds  
approve,  
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,  
Is left from earth to tune those spheres above -  
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,  
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;  
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a  
tear;

For which be silent as in woods before:  
Or, if that any hand to touch thee deign,  
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

§ 189. *Sonnet.* SIDNEY.

BECAUSE I oft, in dark abstracted guise,  
Seem most alone in greatest company,  
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,  
To them that would make speech of speech  
arise,

They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,  
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie  
So in my swelling breast, that only I  
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.  
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,  
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;  
But one worse fault, Ambition, I confess,  
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,  
Unseen, unheard, while Thought to highest  
place

Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

§ 190. *Sonnet.* SIDNEY.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st  
the skies;

How silently, and with how wan a face!  
What! may it be, that even in heavenly place  
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,  
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me.  
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet [scarcely]  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth pos-  
sess? Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

§ 191. *Sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1803.* WORDSWORTH.

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

§ 192. *Sonnet.* *The World is too much with us.* WORDSWORTH.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

§ 193. *Sonnet.* *Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.* WORDSWORTH.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly  
striven;  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art  
driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:  
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is  
left; [be  
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it  
That mountain floods should thunder as before,  
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

§ 194. *Sonnet.* *London, 1802.* WORDSWORTH.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again.  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the  
sea;  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

§ 195. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that, whispering  
sweet,  
Promis'd, methought, long days of bliss sincere?  
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear  
Most like soft music that might sometimes cheat  
Thoughts dark and drooping. 'Twas the voice  
of Hope.

Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak,  
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;  
That hand in hand along life's downward  
slope

Might walk with peace, and cheer the tranquil hours :

Ah me ! the prospect sadden'd as she sung ;  
 Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung :  
 Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bowers  
 She built—whilst, pointing to yon breathless

clay,  
 She cried, "No peace be thine : away, away !"

§ 196. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,  
 Still on that vision which is flown I dwell !  
 On images I lov'd, (alas, how well !)  
 Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sounds  
 Of yesterday ! yet in my breast I keep  
 Such recollections, painful though they seem ;  
 And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream  
 I wake, and find them not : then I could weep  
 To think that time so soon each sweet devours,  
 To think so soon life's first endearments fail,  
 And we are duped by Hope's amusive tale ;  
 Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours  
 Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,  
 Will fly as faithless and as fleet as they !

§ 197. *Sonnet. At a Convent.* BOWLES.

If chance some pensive stranger hither led,  
 His bosom glowing from majestic views,  
 The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape-  
 hues,

Should ask who sleeps beneath this lonely bed.  
 'Tis poor Matilda ! To the cloister'd scene.

A mourner beauteous and unknown, she came,  
 To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the  
 flame

Of ruthless love : yet still her look serene  
 As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle.  
 Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could  
 lend

Like that which spoke of a departed friend,  
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile !—  
 Be the rude spot by passing pity blest,  
 Where, hush'd to long repose, the wretched  
 rest.

§ 198. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

O TIME, thou know'st a lenient hand to lay  
 Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence  
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
 The faint pang stealst unperceiv'd away ;  
 On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear  
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,  
 I may look back on ev'ry sorrow past,  
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—  
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,  
 Sings in the sunbeam of the transient show'r,  
 Forgetful though its wings are wet the while ;  
 Yet, ah ! how much must that poor heart  
 endure,  
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a  
 cure !

§ 199. *Sonnet.* BOWLES.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,  
 Veiling with gentlest touch the landscape  
 still,

The lonely battlement, and farthest hill  
 And wood—I think of those that have no friend ;  
 Who now perhaps by melancholy led,  
 From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure  
 flaunts,

Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts  
 Unseen, and mark the tints that o'er thy bed  
 Hang lovely ; oft to musing Fancy's eye  
 Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind  
 Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,  
 Nor hear the hourly moans of misery.  
 Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams  
 the while  
 Should smile like you, and perish as they smile !

§ 200. *Sonnet. Dover Cliffs.* BOWLES.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood  
 Uplift their shadowy heads, and at their feet  
 Scarcely hear the surge that has for ages beat.  
 Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood.  
 And, while the distant murmur met his ear,  
 And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
 Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must  
 leave

To-morrow ; of the friends he lov'd most dear ;  
 Of scenes from which he wept to part.  
 But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
 The thoughts that would full fain the past  
 recall,  
 Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
 And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide.  
 The world his country, and his God his guide.

§ 201. *Sonnet. On the Rhine.* BOWLES.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's  
 brow

(Hung with the blushes of the bending vine)  
 Stream'd the blue light, when on the spark-  
 ling Rhine [prow

We bounded, and the white waves round the  
 In murmurs parted ; varying as we go,  
 Lo ! the woods open, and the rocks retire ;  
 Some convent's ancient walls, or glistening  
 spire, [slow

Mid the bright landscape's tract, unfolding  
 Here, dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,  
 Hangs the bleak cliff ; there, on the wood-  
 land's side, [tide ;  
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming  
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with a scene so fair,  
 Would wish to linger many a summer's day,  
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

§ 202. *Sonnet.* LAMB.

O ! I could laugh to hear the midnight wind,  
 That, rushing on its way with careless sweep,  
 Scatters the ocean waves. And I could weep  
 Like to a child. For now, to my raised mind,  
 On wings of winds comes wild-eyed Paganry  
 And her rude visions give severe delight.

O winged bark! how swift along the night  
 Pass'd thy proud keel! nor shall I let go by  
 Lightly of that drear hour the memory,  
 When wet and chilly on thy deck I stood,  
 Unbonneted, and gazed upon the flood,  
 Even till it seem'd a pleasant thing to die,—  
 To be resolv'd into th' elemental wave,  
 Or take my portion with the winds that rave.

§ 203. *Sonnet written under the Engraving  
 of a Portrait of Rafael, painted by himself  
 when he was young.* L. HUNT.

RAFAEL! It must be he; we only miss [fair;  
 Something which manhood gave him, and the  
 A look still sweeter and more thoughtful air;  
 But for the rest, 'tis every feature his,—  
 The oval cheek, clear eye, mouth made to kiss,  
 Terse, lightsome chin, and flush of gentle hair  
 Clipped ere it loitered into ringlets there,—  
 The beauty, the benignity, the bliss.  
 How sweetly sure he looks! how unforlorn!  
 There is but one such visage at a time;  
 'Tis like the budding of an age new born,  
 Remembered youth, the cuckoo in the prime,  
 The maid's first kiss, or any other thing  
 Most lovely, and alone, and promising.

§ 204. *Sonnet. The Nile.* L. HUNT.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its  
 sands, [dream,  
 Like some grave, mighty thought threading a  
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem  
 Keeping along it their eternal stands,—  
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands  
 That roamed through the young world, the  
 glory extirp'd  
 Of high Sesostris, and that Southern beam,  
 The laughing queen that caught the world's  
 great hands.  
 Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
 As of a world left empty of its throng,  
 And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,  
 And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along  
 'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take  
 Our own calm journey on for human sake.

§ 205. *Sonnet. On a sequestered Rivulet.*  
 CORNWALL.

THERE is no river in the world more sweet,  
 Or fitter for a sylvan poet's dream,  
 Than this romantic, solitary stream,  
 Over whose banks so many branches meet,  
 Entangling:—a more shady bower or seat  
 Was never fashioned in a summer dream,  
 Where Nymph or Naiad from the hot sunbeam  
 Might hide, or in the waters cool her feet.  
 —A lovelier rivulet was never seen  
 Wandering amidst Italian meadows, where  
 Clitumnus lapses from his fountain fair;  
 Nor in that land where gods, 'tis said, have  
 been;  
 Yet there Cephissus ran through olives green,  
 And on its banks Aglaia bound her hair.

§ 206. *Song. Love.* COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 Are all but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
 Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
 Had blended with the lights of eve;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
 My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,  
 The statue of the armed knight;  
 She stood and listen'd to my lay,  
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows bath she of her own,  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
 The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
 I sang an old and moving story—  
 An old rude song, that suited well  
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace,  
 For well she knew, I could not choose  
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand;  
 And that for ten long years he woo'd  
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd; and, ah!  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
 With which I sang another's love,  
 Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a fitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
 And she forgave me, that I gazed  
 Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
 That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,  
 And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
 Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
 And sometimes starting up at once  
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face  
 An angel beautiful and bright;  
 And that he knew it was a fiend,  
 This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
 And sav'd from outrage worse than death  
 The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;  
 And how she tended him in vain;  
 And ever strove to expiate  
 The scorn that craz'd his brain;



And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest-leaves  
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reach'd  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense  
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve ;  
The music, and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherish'd long !

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blush'd with love and virgin shame ;  
And, like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She press'd me with a meek embrace ;  
And, bending back her head, look'd up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride.  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beautiful bride.

§ 207. *Eclogue. The Old Mansion-House.*  
SOUTHEY.

*Stranger.*

OLD friend ! why, you seem bent on parish duty,  
Breaking the highway stones,—and 'tis a task  
Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours !

*Old Man.*

Why yes ! for one with such a weight of years  
Upon his back—I've lived here, man and boy,  
In this same parish, well nigh the full age  
Of man, being hard upon threescore and ten.  
I can remember, sixty years ago,  
The beautifying of this mansion here,  
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,  
Came to the estate.

*Stranger.*

Why then you have outlasted  
All his improvements ; for you see they're  
making  
Great alterations here.

*Old Man.*

Ay—great indeed !

And if my poor old Lady could rise up—  
God rest her soul !—'twould grieve her to behold  
The wicked work is here.

*Stranger.*

They've set about it  
In right good earnest. All the front is gone ;  
Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road  
Round to the door. There were some yew  
trees too  
Stood in the court—

*Old Man.*

Ay, Master ! fine old trees !  
My grandfather could just remember back  
When they were planted there. It was my task  
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure  
to me ; [wall !  
All straight and smooth, and like a great green  
My poor old Lady many a time would come  
And tell me where to shear, for she had play'd  
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride  
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say.  
On their new-fangled whimsies ! we shall have  
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs  
And your pert poplar trees ;—I could as soon  
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them  
down !

*Stranger.*

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now ;  
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road  
Round for the carriage,—now it suits my taste.  
I like a shrubbery too, it looks so fresh ;  
And then there's some variety about it.  
In spring the lilac and the snow-ball flower,  
And the laburnum, with its golden strings  
Waving in the wind ; and when the autumn  
comes  
The bright red berries of the mountain-ash,  
With pines enough in winter to look green,  
And show that something lives. Sure this is  
better  
Than a great hedge of yew that makes it look  
All the year round like winter, and for ever  
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under  
boughs  
Wither'd and bare !

*Old Man.*

Ah ! so the new Squire thinks.  
And pretty work he makes of it ! what 'tis  
To have a stranger come to an old house !

*Stranger.*

It seems you know him not ?

*Old Man.*

No, sir ; not I.

They tell me he's expected daily now ;  
But in my Lady's time he never came  
But once, for they were very distant kin.  
If he had play'd about here when a child  
In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,  
And sat in the porch threading the jessamine  
flowers  
Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart  
To mar all this !

*Stranger.*

Come—come ! all is now  
Those old, dark windows—



What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
Or the injuries of to-morrow ? [forth,  
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings  
Not framed to undergo unkindly shocks,  
Or to be trailed along the soiling earth,  
A gem that glitters while it lives,  
And no forewarning gives ;  
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife,  
Slips in a moment out of life.

§ 209. *Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening.* WORDSWORTH.

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
While, facing thus the crimson west,  
The boat her silent course pursues !  
And see how dark the backward stream !  
A little moment pass'd so smiling !  
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure ;  
But, heedless of the following gloom,  
He deems their colours shall endure  
Till peace go with him to the tomb.  
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
And what if he must die in sorrow !  
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?

§ 210. *Remembrance of Collins, composed upon the Thames, near Richmond.* WORDSWORTH.

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,  
O Thames ! that other bards may see  
As lovely visions by thy side  
As now, fair river ! come to me.  
O glide, fair stream ! for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
Till all our minds for ever flow,  
As thy deep waters now are flowing.  
Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,  
That in thy waters may be seen  
The image of a poet's heart,  
How bright, how solemn, how serene !  
Such as did once the poet bless,  
Who, murmuring here a later ditty,  
Could find no refuge from distress  
But in the milder grief of pity.  
Now let us, as we float along,  
For him suspend the dashing oar ;  
And pray that never child of song  
May know that poet's sorrows more.  
How calm ! how still ! the only sound,  
The dripping of the oar suspended !  
—The evening darkness gathers round,  
By virtue's holiest powers attended.

§ 211. *Hester.* LAMB.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead.  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flash'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call.—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which deths the human feeling cool,  
But she was train'd in Nature's school ;  
Nature had bless'd her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,  
She could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
A sweet fore-warning ?

§ 212. *The old familiar Faces.* LAMB.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-  
days,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cro-  
nies,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, faintest among women !  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see  
her,—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a friend has no man ;  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I passed round the haunts of my  
childhood.

Earth seemed a desert, and was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to visit the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why dost thou not show born in my father's dwell-  
ing !

So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have  
left me,

And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

213. *The common Lot.* MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,  
There lived a man :—and WHO WAS HE ?  
—Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
The land in which he died unknown ;  
His name has perished from the earth,  
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;  
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear !  
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid line,  
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;  
We know that these were felt by him,  
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er ;  
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled ;  
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;  
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave  
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :  
O she was fair—but nought could save  
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;  
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :  
He was—whatever thou hast been ;  
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
To him exist no more.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
That once their shades and glory threw,  
Have left in yonder silent sky  
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
Their ruins since the world began,  
Of HIM afford no other trace  
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN !

§ 214. *Ode to the West Wind.* SHELLEY.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of autumn's  
being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter's  
sleeping,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes ! O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild spirit which art moving every where ;  
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O hear !

## II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's  
commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and  
ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce man, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, [dirge  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O,  
hear !

## III.

Thou who didst waken from thy summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,  
And tremble, and despoil themselves : O, hear !

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest hear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable ! if even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision ; I would ne'er have  
striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed :  
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bow-  
ed [proud.  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and

## V.

Make me thy friend, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! be thou me, impetuous one !  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as, from an unextinguished hearth,  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

§ 215. *Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.* SHELLEY.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light  
Around its unexpanded buds;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.  
I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolv'd in star-showers thrown:  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measur'd motion;  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my  
emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within, nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth,  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
Others I see whom these surround—  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another  
measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Ev'n as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tir'd child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I, when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan;  
They might lament,—for I am one  
Whom men love not; and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoy'd like joy in me-  
mory yet.

§ 216. *A Song to Sir Philip Sidney.* THURLOW.

SPIRIT, whose bliss beyond this cloudy sphere  
Is with the rising and the setting light,  
Who, far removed from all that grieves us here,  
For ever happy, and for ever bright,

Yet lookest down with pity from on high,  
'Midst airs of immortality:  
O, with what pure and never-ending song,  
Song that uplifts upon the wings of love,  
May gain access to that celestial throng,  
Shall I now soar above,  
And in the silver flood of morning play,  
And view thy face, and brighten into day?

Forgive me, then, O love-enlarged soul,  
Or love itself in pure felicity;  
If, questioning my nature's fast control,  
I slip my bonds, and wander unto thee;  
But, ah! too well I know  
That this may not be so,  
Till that prefixed doom from heaven be spent:  
Then for a little while,  
If measure may beguile,  
Let thy sweet deeds become my argument;  
'That all the wide hereafter may behold  
Thy mind more perfect than refined gold.

But this is to enlarge the liberal air,  
And pour fresh light into the diamond,  
To herald that the fragrant rose is fair,  
And that the sun in beauty doth abound;  
So vain, and so excessful is the thought  
To add to Sidney aught:  
Yet cannot I forego the sweet delight,  
More sweet to me than music or the spring,  
Or than the starry beams of summer's night,  
Thy sweetest praise, O Astrophel, to sing;  
Till the wide woods, to which I teach the same,  
Shall echo with thy name;  
And ev'ry fount, that in the valley flows,  
Shall stay its fall, and murmur at the close.

Nor yet shall time, a thing not understood,  
Nor weary space, forbid me my desire;  
The nimble mind can travel where it would,  
More swift than winds, or than the greedy fire;  
So shall my thoughts aspire  
To that eternal seat, where thou art laid  
In brightness without shade;  
Thy golden locks, that in wide splendor flow,  
Crowned with lilies, and with violets,  
And amaranth, which that good angel sets  
With joy upon thy radiant head to blow;  
(Soft flow'rs, unknown to woe,  
That in the blissful meads of heav'n are found;)  
The whilst full quires around  
With silver hymns, and dulcet harmony,  
Make land unto the glorious throne of grace,  
And fill thy ears with true felicity;  
Such is the happy place,  
Which thou by thy heroic toil hast won,  
Such is the place, to which my sacred verses run.

Then I believe, that at thy birth was set  
Some guiding planet in the lofty sky,  
Which a sweet influence did on earth beget;  
That all the shepherds which on ground did lie,  
Beholding there that untrampled light,  
That made like day the night,  
Were fill'd with hope and great expectancy,  
That Pan himself would on the earth appear,  
To bless th' unbounded year.

§ 217. *Ode to a Nightingale.* KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
— One minute past, and lethe-wards had sunk :  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt  
mirth!

O, for a beaker full of the warm south,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world un-  
seen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest  
dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never  
known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other  
groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,  
and dies ;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new love pine at them beyond to-mor-  
row.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his bards,  
But on the viewless wings of poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays ;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
blown  
'Through verdurous glooms and winding  
mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalm'd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
'The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time,  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath ;  
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy ! [vain—  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !  
No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick  
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
The same that oft-times hath [foam  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is fund to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

§ 218. *The last Song.* CORNWALL.

Must it be?—then farewell, [long :  
Thou whom my woman's heart chorished so  
Farewell, and be this song  
The last, wherein I say " I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain  
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor breath  
Uttered, of love and death,  
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years  
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart,  
Bid not the pain depart ;  
But shod, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,  
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,  
Daring to disobey  
The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell, again; and yet,  
Must it indeed be so?—and on this shore  
Shall you and I no more  
Together see the sun of the summer set?

For me, my days are gone :  
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare  
Chaplets to bind my hair,  
As I was wont; oh! 'twas for you alone.  
But on my bier I'll lay  
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,  
Martyr of love to man,  
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

§ 219. *The Genius of Death.* CROLY.

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free!  
 No more to love, or hope, or fear;  
 To join the great equality:  
 All, all alike are humbled there!  
 The mighty grave  
 Wraps lord and slave;  
 No pride nor poverty dares come  
 Within that refuge-house—the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,  
 And the ever-weeping eye,  
 Thou of all earth's kings art King!  
 Empires at thy footstool lie!  
 Beneath thee strew'd  
 Their multitude

Sink like waves upon the shore;  
 Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur round thy throne!  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.  
 Before thee stand  
 The wondrous band,  
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
 Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
 Many a million for her one:  
 Through thy gates the mortal flow  
 Has for countless years roll'd on:  
 Back from the tomb  
 No step has come:  
 There fix'd till the last thunder's sound  
 Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound!

§ 220. *The Treasures of the Deep.*

MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and  
 cells,  
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?  
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd  
 shells,  
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and  
 in vain;

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,  
 We ask not such from thee!

Yet more, the depths have more! what wealth  
 untold

Far down, and shining through their stillness  
 lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
 Won from ten thousand royal Argonies.  
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful  
 Main;

Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves  
 have roll'd

Above the cities of a world gone by!  
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!  
 Dash o'er Ocean, in thy scornful play!  
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have  
 more! [breast!

High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy  
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy  
 grave—

Give back the true and brave!"

Give back the lost and lovely ones for whom  
 The place was kept at bottom and hearth so  
 long;

The prayer went up through midnight's breath—  
 And the vain yearning woke 'mid festal song!  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er-  
 thrown,

But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er Manhood's noble  
 head— [crown;

O'er Youth's bright locks and Beauty's flowery  
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the  
 dead! [thee:

Earth shall reclaim her precious things from  
 Restore the dead, thou Sea!

§ 221. *To the Winds.* BARTON.

YE viewless Minstrels of the sky!

I marvel not, in times gone by,

That ye were deified:

For, even in this later day,  
 To me oft has your power, or play,  
 Uncarthy thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when, by your might,  
 You heave the wild waves, created white,

Like mountains in your wrath;

Ploughing between them valleys deep,

Which, to the seaman rous'd from sleep,

Yawn like Death's op'ning path!

Graceful your play! when, round the bower

Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower

To wreath her dark locks there,

Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe

The leaves between, flit round that wreath

And stir her aken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,

And you can give far loftier birth:—

Ye come!—we know not whence!

Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?

All imperceptible to sight,

Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know;

The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow;

The Moon,—her wax and wane;

The Stars,—Man knows their courses well,

The Comet's vagrant paths can tell;—

But you his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!

Who mock all our imaginings,

Like Spirits in a dream;

What epithet can words supply

Unto the Bard who takes such high,

Unmanageable theme?

But one:—to me, when Fancy stirs  
My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's Messengers,  
Who leave no path untrod;  
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,  
I hear your voice in all its power,  
It seems the VOICE OF GOD.

§ 222. *Lines written in the Church-yard of  
Rotham, Yorkshire.* KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here."—*Matt. xxi. 4.*

METHINKS 'tis good to be here,  
If thou'lt let us build—but for whom?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the  
gloom, [tomb.  
The abode of the dead, and the place of the  
Shall we build to Ambition? ah, no!  
Affrighted he shrinketh away:  
For, see! they would pin him below,  
In a small, narrow cave, and begirt with cold  
clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? ah, no! she forgets  
The charms which she wielded before,  
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets  
The skin which, but yesterday, fools could adore  
For the smoothness it held, or the tints which  
it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,  
The trappings which dizen the proud?  
Alas! they are all laid aside:  
And here's neither dress nor adornment al-  
low'd, [the shroud.  
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of

To Riches? alas! 'tis in vain—  
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:  
The treasures are squander'd again;  
And here in the grave are all metals forbid  
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?  
Ah! here is a plentiful board,  
But the guests are all mute as their piteous cheer,  
And none but the worm is miserable here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?  
Ah, no! they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above; [fide:  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by  
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? the dead cannot grieve—  
Not a sob nor a sigh meets mine ear,  
Which compassion itself could receive;  
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor know our sor-  
row fear— [here.  
Peace, peace is the watch-word, the only one

Unto Death, to whom monsters must bow!  
Ah, no! for his empire is known,  
And here there are trophies enow: [stones,  
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,  
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!  
The second to Faith which ensures it ful-  
fill'd;  
The third to the Lamb, on whom virtue relies  
For a glorious abode with himself in the skies.

§ 223. *The Hindoo Widow on the Eve of sa-  
crificing herself at her Husband's funeral  
Pile.* ANONYMOUS.

WHERE is thy dwelling, my early love?  
Is it where those clouds are dancing?  
Is it where those stars are glancing?  
Is thy home in the bright blue sky above?  
Yes, thou art gone to those stary bowers,  
Where the golden waves are glowing  
Over gems in music flowing,  
Where never storm ruffles the summer flowers.  
But is not thy bright home sad to thee?  
Can another world give bliss  
Dearer than our love in this?  
Dost thou not sigh in thy bower for me?  
Think how we dwelt in the desert place;  
How I lov'd the setting sun,  
When the toil of day was done,  
And you came with the spoil of the hunter's  
race.

But our love was like the dawn-flower's bloom,  
In the morn, like that morning's light,  
Faded when all else is bright;  
Yet a memory's left in its lone perfume.

We were too happy to be so long;  
We were so blest in our lonely bower:  
But the storm hangs over the sunniest hour,  
And the serpent follows the sweetest song.

Yet again our hour of meeting's nigh;  
I left my father's halls for thee:  
Death for thy sake is sweet to me;  
Our love was form'd for eternity.

My only child is sleeping there,  
With smile too young for aught of grief,  
Like Love upon a lotus leaf,  
Calm as spring, as summer fair.

My boy, the kiss I give's the last  
Thy lips will ever have from me;  
Now I have said Farewell to thee,  
The bitterness of death is past.  
Come, give the bridal robe, and twine  
The crimson blossoms round my brow:  
My step is on the pile; and now,  
My love, my life, I'm ever thine.

§ 224. *By-past Time.* ANONYMOUS.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,  
The leaf upon the bough is seen,  
The wind comes from the balmy west,  
The little songster builds its nest,  
The bee hums on from flower to flower,  
Till twilight's dim and pensive hour:  
The joyous year arrives; but when  
Shall by-past times come back again?



I think on childhood's glowing years—  
How soft, how bright, the scene appears !  
How calm, how cloudless, pass'd away  
The long, long summer holiday !  
I may not muse—I must not dream—  
Too beautiful these visions seem  
For earth and mortal men ; but when  
Shall by-past times come back again ?

I think of sunny eyes so soft,  
Too deeply felt, enjoy'd too oft,  
When through the bloomy fields I rov'd  
With her, the earliest, dearest lov'd ;  
Around whose form I yet survey  
In thought a bright celestial ray  
To present scenes denied ; and when  
Shall by-past times come back again ?

Alas ! the world, at distance seen,  
Appear'd all blissful and serene,  
An Eden, form'd to tempt the foot,  
With crystal streams, and golden fruit ;  
That world, when tried and trod, is found  
A rocky waste, a thorny ground !  
We then revert to youth ; but when  
Shall by-past times come back again ?

§ 225. From "*Wanderings in Java*." CLARE.

THE season now is all delight,  
Sweet smile the passing hours,  
And summer's pleasures, at their height,  
Are sweet as are her flowers ;  
The purple morning waken'd soon,  
The mid-day's gleaming din,  
Gray evening, with her silver moon,  
Are sweet to mingle in.

While waking doves betake to flight  
From off each roosting bough ;  
While Nature's locks are wet with night,  
How sweet to wander now !  
Fast fade the vapors cool and gray,  
The red sun waxes strong,  
And streaks on labor's early way  
His shadows lank and long.

How strange a scene hath come to pass,  
Since summer 'gan its reign !  
Spring flow'rs are buried in the grass,  
To sleep till spring again :  
And clover heads, with ruddy bloom,  
That blossom where they fall,  
Ere autumn's fading mornings come,  
Shall meet their grave as well.

Life's every beauty fades away,  
And short its earthly race ;  
Change leads us round its varied day,  
And strangers take our place :  
On summers past, how many eyes  
Have waken'd into bliss,  
That Death's bellying hand denies  
To view the charms of this !

The open flow'r, the leaved bough,  
The fields of golden grain,  
Were blooming when the same as now,  
And so will bloom again.

When with the past my being dies,  
Still summer suns shall shine ;  
And other eyes shall see them rise,  
When death has darken'd mine !

§ 226. *An Indian at the Burying-place of his Fathers.* BRYANT.

It is the spot I came to seek—  
My fathers' ancient burial-place,  
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,  
Withdrew our wasted race—  
It is the spot—I know it well—  
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out  
A ridge toward the river side ;  
I know the shaggy hills about,  
The meadow smooth and wide ;  
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,  
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,  
Would say a lovely spot was here,  
And praise the lawns so fresh and green  
Between the hills so sheer.  
I like it not—I would the plain  
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,  
The cattle in the meadows feed,  
And laborers turn the crumbling ground  
Or drop the yellow seed,  
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,  
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight  
To see these vales in woods arrayed  
Their summits in the golden light,  
Their trunks in grating shade,  
And herds of deer, that bounding go  
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,  
The forest king, trained to war,  
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,  
And seamed with glorious scars,  
Walk forth, to mark his reign, to dare  
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, where once the dead were laid,  
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;  
But the artless Indian maid  
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,  
And the gray chief and gifted seer  
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high  
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,  
And scattered in the furrows lie  
The weapons of his rest,  
And there, in the same sand, is thrown  
Of his large arm the pondering bone.

Ah ! little thought the strong and brave,  
Who bore their lifelike chiefs in forth,  
Or the young wife, that weeping gave  
Her first-born to the earth,  
That the pale race, who waste us now,  
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste as—like April snow  
In the warm noon, we shrink away;  
And fast they follow, as we go  
Towards the setting day,—  
Till they shall fill the land, and we  
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,  
To which the white men's eyes are turned;  
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,  
And leave no trace behind,  
Save ruins o'er the region spread,  
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,  
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;  
The melody of waters filled  
The fresh and boundless wood;  
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,  
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,  
The springs are silent in the sun,  
The rivers, by the blackening shore,  
With lessening current run;  
The realm our tribes are crushed to get  
May be a barren desert yet.

§ 227. *Song of the Grecian Amazon.* BRYANT.

I BUCKLE to my slender side  
The pistol and the scimeter,  
And in my maiden flower and pride  
Am come to share the tasks of war.  
And yonder stands my fiery steed,  
That paws the ground, and neighs to go,—  
My charger of the Arabian breed,—  
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,  
At which I dress my ruffled hair;  
My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,  
And wash away the blood-stain there.  
Why should I guard, from wind and sun,  
This cheek, whose virgin rose is fled;  
It was for one—oh, only one—  
I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him,—unforgotten  
Of coward murderers lurking nigh,—  
And left him to the fowls of air,  
Are yet alive—and they must die.  
They slew him—and my virgin years  
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now;  
And many an Othman dame, in tears,  
Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,  
I led in dance the joyous band;—  
Ah! they may move to mirthful lays  
Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.  
The march of hosts that haste to meet  
Seems gayer than the dance to me;  
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet  
As the fierce shout of victory.

§ 228. *Song of the Stars.* BRYANT.  
When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,

And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by his  
mighty breath,  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss, by myriads came,  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung:

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair blue fields that before us lie:  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her Isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides;  
I, o, yonder the living splendors play!  
Away, on our joyous path away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite space, star after star, [pass!  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly  
How the verdant raps o'er each rolling mass!  
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,  
Where the small waves dance, and the young  
woods lean.

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;  
And the morn' and the eve, with their pomp of  
lues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;  
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

"Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,  
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres!  
To weave the dance that measures the years.  
Glide on in the glory and gladness sent  
To the farthest wall of the firmament,  
The boundless visible smile of Him,  
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

§ 229. *The Tunbridge School-Boy.* Spoken  
by Mr. THOMAS KNOX at the annual Visi-  
tation of Tunbridge School.

SWEET is thy month, O Maia! nor less sweet  
Life's earliest prime, when roscate blossoms  
blow

In Fancy's fairy meads, the Elysian fields  
Of infantine illusion, on the breast  
Of boys, who court, like us, the classic Muse,  
And daily sip the dews of Castalie.

Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,  
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems  
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eyes;  
His are the joys of nature, his the smile,

The cherub smile, of innocence and health,  
Sorrow unknown, or, if a tear be shed,  
He wipes it soon; for hark! the cheerful voice  
Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball.  
Away he hies, and clamors as he goes  
With glee, which causes him to tread on air;  
Bounding along, elastic, to the field, [orb  
Or play-ground, scarce the well-stuff'd leathern  
Springs from the earth so light, so swift as he:  
And well he earns the sport he well enjoys;  
For, from the morning's dawn, o'er learning's  
page

His steady eye has por'd till eventide.  
Early he woke; and scarce had chancicleer  
Announc'd Aurora's orient blushing beams,  
When from the turret of the classic dome  
The bell, importunate, rang shrill and loud,  
And call'd him from his pillow; up he sprang,  
Shaking soft slumbers from his shining eyes,  
And eager to renew his daily task.  
First, lowly on his knees, with orisons  
His Father high in heaven he supplicates  
To bless his earthly sire, her that bore him,  
Friends, tutors, all that watch with anxious  
care

To guide his footsteps in the paths of peace:  
Then to the limpid spring he hies, and laves  
In the cold element his morning face.  
His flowing locks well kempt, all neat and fresh  
As vernal violets wash'd with drops of dew,  
He takes his seat upon the classic bench,  
With Lily's volume duly op'd before him,  
And cons the task to memory assign'd,  
Repeating rules of grammar o'er and o'er  
With patience unsubdu'd; but now and then  
He sweetens toil with gingerbread's nice cakes,  
Or apples par'd, unseen, beneath the form,  
Or conversation softly interchang'd  
Of nests, and slides, and marbles; weighty  
cares,

Yet not displeasing. Soon the busy school  
Glow with a general hum, as when in May  
The bees go forth to rife honied flowers;  
They buzz and murmur, yet no labor slight,  
But bring home luscious loads to enrich the  
hive.

The morning part well said, new cares suc-  
ceed;

For now the authors of a golden age,  
Virgil and Horace, Tully's copious page,  
And Homer's manly melody, invite  
The ear attun'd, by nature and by art,  
To revel in the luxury of verse,  
Or prose well measur'd, fraught with sense and  
sound

Harmonious; polish'd is his ear, and keen  
His intellect; he hears, he tastes, he feels,  
Till his whole soul, elate with ecstacy,  
Catching the flame of genius, boldly dares  
To emulate the beauty he admires:  
Hence in the evening exercise the theme  
Pregnant with moral truth, express'd in style  
Purely Augustan; one day sure to grace  
The bar, the pulpit, or the author's page,  
Himself to aggrandize, and serve mankind.

Nor seldom does the watch the lawn  
And strike the deep-ton'd strain. Alas! now  
He emulates; whose sinewy, nervous lines  
Pour forth, like Handel's strains, full harmony;  
And now he sings with Sappho softly sweet;  
The liquid measures flow like honied drops  
That trickle from the dædal cells of bees,  
Adonis closing the mellifluent lay  
With gentlest cadence. Listen yet once more!  
'Tis elgy I hear; the mournful verse.  
Is simple; yet 'tis Nature's voice, and comes  
Directly from the heart; and to the heart  
It deeply pierces. I could weep, and smile  
To think I wept. How plaintive are the notes!  
Like such as oft I hear the nightingale  
Modestly warble from the thickest shade,  
Concealment seeking, yet betray'd by tones  
Softer and sweeter than Italia's sons  
Strain from their throats to raptur'd theatres.  
But not to ode and elgy alone  
His arder leads; his emulative skill  
In epigram he tries; and many a point  
Inserts which Martial might not blush to own,  
With classical expression neat and terse.  
Off on the banks of Medway, near the dome  
Of Sydney's noble race, he sits reclin'd,  
And meditates the verse where Waller sat,  
And sung his Saccharissa; by his side  
Horace and Ovid. While the trembling reed  
With fly appendant lures the golden chub,  
His pencil in his hand, he studious notes  
Some bright idea, or some polish'd phrase  
Suggested by the Muse that haunts the groves  
Of Penshurst, classic ground; if Britain's isle  
Can boast such ground, then Penshurst's is the  
claim,

Though solitude now reigns, and the heron's  
scream

Drowns with the din each song of Philomel.

The task well finish'd, to the master's eye  
The stripling bard submits with anxious heart,  
Happy, thrice happy, could it meet with praise.  
His bosom throbs, till soon the judge's brows,  
That frown'd terrific, gentler looks assume:  
He calls the usher with a friendly voice,  
And, stroking his cur'd locks, "Tis good,"  
he cries,

"And, to reward thy well-done task, I grant  
A holiday." Straight all the air resounds  
"A holiday!" Loud shouts from infant lips  
Proclaim a holiday! they eager rush  
To snatch the licens'd joy; each moment lost  
Seems like an hour. Then take, O take, your  
fill,

Ye innocent tribes, nor let severity  
Too rigorous rob you of the fleeting day:  
'Tis brief at best, and hardly shall ye know,  
In life's most boasted years, a purer bliss,  
Or more exalted. Fly then o'er the lawn,  
Climb yonder hill, expatiate through the grove,  
Or from the green bank plunge into the wave.  
Why need I urge? Already they are gone;  
Some, in the limpid stream already merg'd,  
Their pastime take, and cloave the ambient  
wave,

Or rampant, on the surface float supine,  
Sporting like baby's balls on the smooth expanse.  
Thus nerv'd with added strength, they urge the  
ball!

At cricket, manly game! the boast of Kent;  
Tunbridge's sons against all England's race;  
Nor last, though least, the sprightly boys of  
Judd.\*

Scorning to be surpass'd in school or field.  
Others, as seasons urge, with wary eye  
Search every thicket for the mossy nest;  
And, thoughtless of the wrong, the eggs de-  
spoil,

Blue as the ethereal concave, streak'd or vein'd,  
By Nature's pencil, with a thousand dyes.  
Oh, my companions! rob not the poor bird,  
For many a pang she feels; but be content  
With viewing the fair prize, and leave it there.  
Sweetly the song from yonder hawthorn bush  
Shall pay your generous pity as you pass;  
And conscious virtue shall a bliss bestow,  
Which rapine, though successful, never tastes,  
Though India's gems enrich the plunderer.

'Tis not in wrong and robbery for happi-  
ness;

Nor, when autumnal suns the pensile fruit  
Mature, and on the southern garden-wall  
Blushes the nectar'd peach like Hebe's cheek,  
O'erleap the fence. Oh, turn thy roving eye  
From orchards rich with vegetable gold,  
The pippin and the pear; and learn, like me,  
The ripen'd cherry, shining, sleek, and plump,  
To view with all the stoic's apathy.

I hate the purple clusters of the grape  
When, out of reach, it peeps between the  
leaves [more.]

Half shown and half conceal'd, to tempt the  
Insidious beauty. Comrade, touch it not:  
If e'er, in evil hour, thou pluck the fruit  
Unlawful, thou shalt rue it; short-liv'd sweet,  
Follow'd by bitterness! The owner sees  
Unseen, and tells the master of thy theft.  
Then, lo, the birchen fescues—hateful twigs;  
Down go the galligaskins; sighs and sobs  
Too plainly tell what penalties and woes  
Brings disobedience, and the tempting fruit  
Of that forbidden tree. Then learn content:

A little weekly stipend is thine own,  
And freely use it, as it was given for use.  
Does thy mouth water? See the matron's  
stall;

Plums, nuts, and apples, rang'd in shining  
rows,

Invite, nor rigid Prudence bids forbear;  
There purchase, paying ready cash, and eat;  
Welcome as nuts to thee thy mite to her.  
Enjoy thy feast, poor imp, and freely taste,  
No fears or qualms empoisoning the regale;  
Then, with light heart, and pockets lighter  
still,

Eas'd of thy money—free of every harm!  
Away again to drive the circling hoop,  
Or spin the top, or knuckle down at taw.

\* Sir Arthur Judd, the founder.

But now the shades of eve and turret bell  
Proclaim the holiday too soon expir'd—  
"In, boys! all in, boys!" Instant to the school  
Repairing, low they bend to that high Pow'r  
That guards them from the sultry noon-tide  
heat,

The pestilence that walketh in the night,  
And out of mouths of sucklings and of babes  
Ordained praise. The choral hymn and pray'r  
Ascends like incense to the throne of Heaven.  
And now, all weary, and with eyes half-  
closed,

Down on the couch they sink; nor sooner  
down,

Than sleep seals up their lids. How hush'd the  
din,

The merry noise, that echoed o'er the field  
The live-long day! 'Tis silent all and still  
Along the chambers of the dormitory,  
Save where a gentle breathing soothes the ear,  
Or, now and then, a voice that talks in sleep:  
For many a vision, or fantastic dream,  
Hovers around their pillows; rivers, groves,  
Birds' nests on tops of tallest trees are seen,  
With yellow young, or eggs of varied hue;  
Goldfinches, larks, or linnets, lim'd with twigs,  
Or snar'd in traps, or rudgeous on the hook.  
The orchard's charms with added lures ap-  
pear.

Already up the tree they seize the prize;  
There plump and pippins, pears of freshest hue,  
Clusters of grapes, no longer out of reach,  
Distil nectareous juices on their lips,  
Which seem to smack again: so strong and  
true

Imagination's pencil paints the scene.  
Thus cheer'd by slumbers and a holiday,  
With double diligence they ply the task  
Upon the morrow: then vacation's good,  
When to ingenious minds allow'd it gives  
A spur to industry, and to genius fire.

Rest and alternate labor, these, combin'd  
With discipline, shall form the emulous youth  
To high accomplishments in liberal arts;  
And when his friends and country call him  
forth

To generous services in busy life,  
With energetic force he acts his part,  
And strict propriety, in every place,  
However arduous, in the social sphere.  
Happy and honor'd, prominent he stands  
Among the sons of men; and lustre flings  
Back on the place where education stored  
His mind with arts that taught him to excel.

Pardon my daring, if, amid this group  
Of school-boys, who, beneath your fostering  
smiles,

The muses, graces, virtues, cultivate,  
I venture to foretell, that, spurning ease,  
Some shall emerge, and add to the renown  
Of Tunbridge School; an ancient, hoary seat  
Of classic institution, favor'd long  
By patronage of men, whose liberal souls,  
Amid the cares of gain, commercial toils,  
Chief cause of Britain's proud pre-eminence,

Still find an hour to listen to the Muse,  
 And honor arts which seek no sordid pelf,  
 But add a grace to life, and build up man.  
 Oh, 'tis a noble edifice; and here  
 The solid basis must be firmly laid  
 In elemental lore. The pious Judd,  
 Some centuries past, here placed the corner-  
 stone:  
 His sons, disdaining to degenerate,  
 Support and deck the pile. 'Tis nobly done,  
 And merits praise, which, though our hearts  
 can feel,  
 Our tongues want words to speak in language  
 due.

A school-boy!—you're sure my school-  
 tale;  
 'Tis a true picture of my simple life.  
 Then how should I, in language adequate,  
 Describe your merits? 'Tis a copious theme,  
 And asks a genius, as your bounty, large.  
 But this I know,—instructed in the arts  
 Of elegance and taste beneath this roof,  
 And cherish'd by your smiles, the day may  
 come  
 When I may strike the lyre with manly grace,  
 And justify the favor which e'en now  
 Indulgence, blinding judgment, has bestow'd.  
*Timbridge, May 9, 1802.* T. K.

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

## POETICAL.

### BOOK THE FIFTH.

## EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

*The Art of making one's own Sermons, illustrated by Example*

**J**ACK stole his discourse from the famed  
Doctor Brown,  
But reading it wretchedly, made it his own.

*Ignotum omne pro magnifico*

Averse to pamper'd and high mettled steeds,  
His own upon chopp'd straw Aviro feeds  
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,  
What vast ideas they must have of corn!

*On a Lady who squinted*

"Ancient poets Argus prize,  
Who boasted of a hundred eyes,  
Sure greater praise to her is due  
Who looks a hundred ways with two!"

As Will along the floor had laid  
His lazy limbs in solemn show,  
'You're ill,' quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid"  
"Indeed," says Will, "I'm rather low."

*To a Lady with a Print of Venus attired by  
the Graces.*

That far superior happy state,  
Even Envy must agree;  
On thee a thousand Graces wait,  
On Venus only three.

*On the Phrase "Killing Time" Translated  
from Voltaire*

There's scarce a point wherein mankind  
agree  
So well as in their boast of killing me  
I boast of nothing but when I've a mind,  
I think I can be even with mankind

The gay flirtilla show'd her mimic bust,  
And ask'd blunt Senso if 'twere fashion'd just  
"Ma'am," he replied, 'in this 'tis much like  
you,  
The face is painted, and that badly too!"

"My wife's so very bad," cried Will,  
'I fear she ne'er will hold it— [Phil,  
She keeps her bed" —"Mine's worse," quoth  
"The jade has just now sold it."

*The Clown's Reply* GOLDSMITH

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers  
To tell them the reason why asses had ears  
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not giv-  
en to letters, [betters  
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my  
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your  
graces, [asses"  
As I hope to be sav'd' without thinking on

*An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex*  
GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word—  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor—  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,  
With manners wondrous winning;  
And never follow'd wicked ways—  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, with silks and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size;  
She never slumber'd in her pew—  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has follow'd her—  
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all,  
The doctors found, when she was dead,  
Her last disorder—mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore;  
For Kent-street well may say,  
That—had she liv'd a twelvemonth more—  
She had not died to-day.

#### *On Mr. Churchill's Death.*

SAYS Tom to Richard, "Churchill's dead!"  
Says Richard, "Tom, you lie:  
Old Rancor the report has spread,  
But Genius cannot die."

JACK brags he never dines at home,  
With reason too, no doubt—  
In truth, Jack never dines at all,  
Unless invited out.

#### *To Chloe. PETER PINDAR.*

DEAR Chloe, well I know the swain,  
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,  
And who, alas! can blame him?  
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:  
Look but a moment on these eyes,  
Thou'lt ask me not to name him.

#### *On the Death of a promising Youth of Eighteen.*

THOUGH death the virtuous young destroy,  
They go to rest, and heavenly joy:  
Life is not to be judg'd by days;  
Virtue endures when time decays;  
And many old we falsely call,  
Who truly never liv'd at all:  
For what is time, if not employed  
In worthy deeds, but all a void?  
Then think not, though abridg'd by fate,  
Too short this youth's allotted date;  
With dignity he fill'd his span,  
In conduct and in worth a man.  
So spent a life to Heaven appears  
As full as Nature's length of years.

A DOCTOR there is of some fame,  
That the case he does not disguise;  
But little he says, and if that he will trace,  
His knowledge you'll find to be true.

Then sure you will say he's deficient in brain;  
Or his head to a still you'll compare,  
That does little or nothing but simple contain,  
And yields them by drops that are rare.

*A Distich written by Mr. Cowper, at the Request of a Gentleman who desired him to write something in his Pocket Album.*

I WERE indeed indifferent to fame,  
Grudging two lines to immortalize my name.

#### *To an unfortunate Beauty.*

SAY, lovely maid, with downcast eye,  
And cheek with silent sorrow pale,  
What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,  
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chase,  
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;  
Thy sighs, a storm which wrecks thy peace,  
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favor'd youth,  
Too often blest, thy beauties slight;  
And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
That lip, and bosom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,  
And feigns the fond, impassion'd tear,  
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs  
That, treach'rous, won thy artless ear?—

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,  
For whom his heart may seem to pine:  
That heart shall ne'er be blest by love,  
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

#### *Conscience.*

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell  
To call him to the duties of his cell;  
There needs no noise at all to awaken sin:  
Th' adulterer and thief his 'larum has within.

*Lines sent to Mr. Conway, while Lady C. Pawlet was sitting to him.*

COSWAY, my Cath'rine sits to you;  
And, that the col'ring may be true,  
This nosegay on your pallet place,  
Replete with all the tints that grace  
The various beauties of her face.  
Her skin the snow-drop's whiteness shows,  
Her blushing cheek the op'ning rose:  
Her eyes the modest violet speak,  
Whose silken fringes kiss her cheek.  
The spicy pink, in morning dew,  
Presents her fragrant lips to view.  
The glossy curls that crown her head,  
Paint from the gilt cup of the mead.  
Long may her image fill my eye,  
When these fair emblems fade and die;  
Placed on my faithful breast, and prove  
'Tis Cosway paints the Queen of Love.

*On a servant who sleep near his Master.*

Thou art so near thy master feel'st no woe,  
No sigh, no tear, no pain;  
Thy peace is such that sweetly flow,  
Altogether sport and rest.

Man's earthly lord—affliction's heir!  
And sorrow's only son!

• While thou'st a slave to ev'ry care,  
And thou art slave to none.

Blest, near thy master thus to lie,  
And blest with him to rove!

Unstain'd by guilt thy moments fly  
On wings of grateful love.

Oh! that my heart, like thine, could taste  
The sweets of guiltless life!

Beyond the reach of passion placed,  
Its anguish and its strife.

*On a Waiter, once at Arthur's, and a Fellow-servant of his there, both since Members of Parliament, and the last a Nabob.*

WHEN Bob M-ck-th, with upper servant's  
pride, [cried,

"Here, sirrah, clean my shoes," to Rumb—d  
He humbly answer'd, "Yea, Bob."

But since return'd from India's plunder'd land,  
The purse-proud Rumb—d now, on such com-  
mand,

Would stoutly answer, "Nay, Bob."

To rob the nation two contractors come,

• One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum:  
The greater rogue 'tis hard to ascertain;  
The rogue in spirits, or the rogue in grain.

*Verses written by a Gentleman on finding an Urn.*

TRIFLING mortal, tell me why

Thou hast disturb'd my urn;  
Want'st thou to find out what am I?

Vain man! attend, and learn:

To know what letters spelt my name  
Is useless quite to thee;

A heap of dust is all I am,  
And all that thou shalt be.

Go now, that heap of dust explore,  
Measure its grains, or weigh;

Canst thou the title which I bore  
Distinguish in the clay?

What glitt'ring honors, or high trust,  
Once dignified me here,

Were characters impress'd on dust,  
Which quickly disappear.

Nor will the sparkling atoms show

A *Claudius* or a *Guelph*:

• Vain search, if here the source thou'dst know  
Of nobles or thyself.

The mould will yield no evidence

By which thou mayst divine

If lords or beggars issu'd thence,  
And form'd the ancient line.

Learn then the vanity of birth:

Condition, honors, name,  
Are all but modes of common earth,  
The substance just the same.

Bid *Avarice* and *Ambition* view  
Th' extent of all their gains;  
Themselves, and their possessions too,  
A gallon vase contains.

Haste, lift thy thoughts from earthly things  
To more substantial bliss;  
And leave that grov'ling pride to kings,  
Which ends in dirt like this.

Let virtue be thy radiant guide;

'Twill dignify thy clay,  
And raise thy ashes glorified,  
When suns shall fade away.

### *The Negro's Complaint.*

WINE over the tremulous sea

The moon spread her mantle of light,  
And the gale, gently dying away,  
Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.

On the fore-castle Maratan stood,  
And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;  
His tears fell unseen in the flood,  
His sighs pass'd unheard on the gale.

"Ah, wretch!" in wild anguish he cried,  
"From country and liberty torn;  
Ah, Maratan! wouldst thou had died,  
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne!"

"Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,  
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,  
There I talk'd with my favorite maid,  
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

"From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,  
My cries echo'd loud through the air;  
There was fury and wrath on his tongue;  
He was deaf to the shrieks of despair.

"Accurs'd be the merciless band,  
Who his love could from Maratan tear;  
And blasted this impotent hand,  
That was sever'd from all I held dear.

"Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,  
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,  
And still may the arrows of woe  
Drink deep of the stream of my heart!"

"But hark! on the silence of night  
My Adila's accents I hear,  
And mournful beneath the wan light  
I see her lov'd image appear!"

"Slow o'er the smooth ocean she glides,  
As the mist that hangs light on the wave;  
And fondly her lover she chides,  
That lingers so long from the grave.

"O Maratan, haste thee!" she cries,  
'Here the reign of oppression is o'er,  
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,  
And Adila sorrows no more.'

"Now, sinking amidst the dim ray,  
Her form seems to fade on my view;  
O stay then, my Adila, stay—  
She beckons, and I must pursue."



"To-morrow, the white man in vain  
Shall proudly account me his slave;  
My shackles I plunge in the main,  
And rush to the rescue of the brave."

*By Dr. Young.*

As in smooth oil the razor heat is writ,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;  
They want of edge from their offence is seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

*Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1714.*

O THOU who, with a happy genius born,  
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,  
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early  
days,  
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.  
Blind was the Bard that sung Achilles' rage;  
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving  
age:

If Britain his translated song would hear,  
First take the gold—then charm the list'ning  
ear;  
So shall thy father Homer smile to see  
His pension paid, though late—and paid to thee.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,  
Which most should grace the fair Melinda  
strove. [darts,  
Love arm'd her with his bow, and keenest  
The muses more enrich'd her with arts.  
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore  
Did Venus' and Minerva's powers adore,  
The ancients thought no single goddess fit  
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;  
Each was a separate claim; till now we find  
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

AN opera, like a pill'ry, may be said  
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;  
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

*To the Hon. Mrs. Perceval, with Hutcheson's  
Treatise on Beauty and Order. GRIERSON.*

TH' internal senses painted here we see:  
They're born in others, but they live in thee.  
O! were our author with thy converse blest'd,  
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;  
His needless labors with contempt he'd view,  
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,  
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay:"  
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,  
And with the self-same weapon too."

*Simili similibus gaudet.*

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,  
Adorn'd with charms and beauties not her own;

Where Hogarth, pitying, had made  
Such lips, such eyes, and such a face,  
"Ye Gods!" she cries, "how near  
How near can nature be to art!  
Well, it is wondrous like! my heart  
The very pouting lip, the killing eye,  
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,  
Downright replies: "Like, madam, as you say  
The picture bears this likeness to the face  
The canvass painted is, and so is you."

My sickly sponse with many a sigh  
Oft tells me—"Billy, I shall die!"  
I griev'd, but recollected straight  
'Tis bootless to contend with fate;  
So resignation to Heaven's will  
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.  
'Twas well it did; for, on my life,  
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,  
The waterman ask'd him which way he would  
float.

"Which way?" says the Doctor: "why, fool,  
with the stream."  
To Paul's or to Lambeth, 'twas all one to him.

By fav'ring wit Mæcenas purchas'd fame;  
Virgil's own works immortalis'd his name:  
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,  
At once the patron and the poet too.

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;  
For see, his scarves are rich, and gloves are  
white.

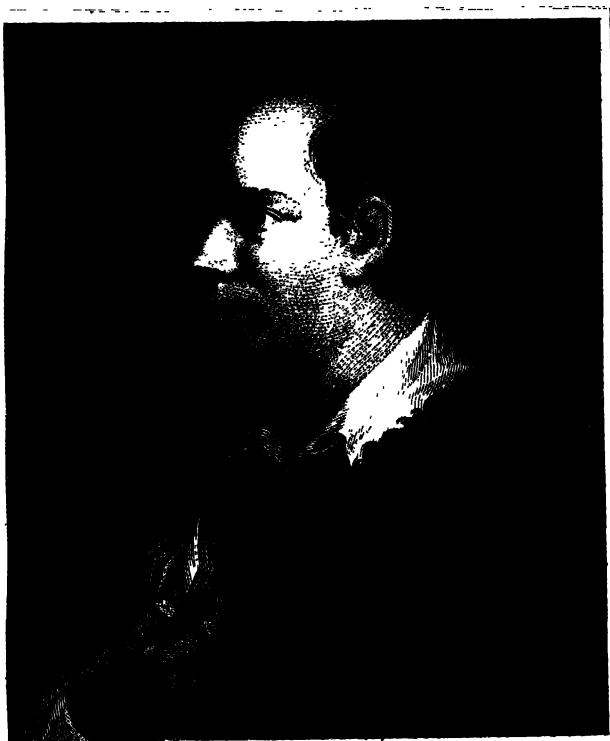
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd:  
With what a zeal he labors to be prais'd!  
No stubborn sinner able to withstand  
The force and reasoning of his wig and band:  
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,  
With five that laugh, than fifty who repent.  
On moral duties when his tongue refines,  
Tully and Plato are his best divines:  
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but  
small; [all.]

What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture  
Touch'd with each weakness which he does  
arraign,  
With vanity he talks against the vain;  
With ostentation does to meekness guide,  
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;  
Ambitiously the love of glory slights,  
And damns the love of fame—for which he  
writes.

*The World.*

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art  
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;  
'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd;  
And all th' errata will appear at the end.





*Painted by Sir J. Reynolds*

*Engraved by W. Hogland*

OLIVER GOLD SMITH.

*Published for Samuel Walker, Dartmouth Place, Westminster Street Boston*

A *Welshman* and an Englishman disputed,  
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest  
state [futed,  
The Englishman, the Welshman quite con-  
futed, the Welshman yet would not his vaunts  
abate. [ding sees."  
"Ten cooks," quoth he, "in Wales, one wed-  
"Ah," quoth the other, "each man toasts his  
cheese."

*On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.*

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse  
attend,  
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

*The Humorist. Imitated from Martial.*

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen,  
about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A NAUGHTY courtier, meeting in the streets  
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:  
"Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit."  
The scholar said, "I do;" and gave him it.

Thus with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd  
his friend: [pend:  
"Dear Dick! thou on my friendship mayst de-  
I know thy fortune is but very scant;  
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want."  
Dick's soon confid'nt his friend, no doubt,  
would free him. [see him.  
His word he kept—he want he ne'er would

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
'They light a torch to show their shame the  
more.

*A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady  
who sent her Compliments on the Ten of  
Hearts.*

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear;  
Old English services are more sincere:  
You send ten hearts, the tithe is only mine;  
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

*By Dr. DONNE.*

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,  
To stand or go. If he says true, he lies.

*To a Writer of long Epitaphs.*

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd  
So very much is said:  
One half will never be believ'd,  
The other never read.

*To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Au-  
thor a Benefit Night. DENNIS.*

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find  
Thy various Seasons in their Author's mind.  
Spring opens her blossoms various as thy muse,  
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.  
VOL. VI. Nos. 91 & 92.

Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,  
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.  
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,  
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.  
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee:  
That hoary season yields a type of me.  
Shatter'd by Time's weak storms I with'ring lay,  
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay!  
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,  
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

*The Fan. ATTERBURY.*

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy  
Can with resistless art employ:  
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove  
An engine of small force in love:  
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,  
Not to be told, or safely seen,  
Directs its wanton motions so,  
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;  
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,  
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

*To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.  
HACKETT.*

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleep-  
ing a little?  
Why, egad! sir, you've hit it off there to a  
title:  
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—  
Pluto knows whom he's got, and will ne'er let  
him out.

*To Mr. Pope.*

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page  
Its own celestial fire;  
While critics and whole bards in rage,  
Admiring, won't admire:  
While wayward pens thy works assail,  
And envious tongues decry;  
These times, though many a friend bewail,  
These times bewail not I.  
But when the world's loud praise is thine,  
And spleen no more shall blame;  
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine  
In one establish'd fame:  
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay  
Devote a wreath to thee:  
'That day (for come it will)—that day  
Shall I lament to see.

*British Economy.*

In merry Old England it once was a rule,  
The king had his poet, and also his fool:  
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know  
it, [poet.  
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and  
free;  
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf.  
You wonder that he don't remember me:  
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

## By PRIOR.

To John I owed great obligation ;  
 But John, unhappily, thought fit  
 To publish it to all the nation :  
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

*Good Music and bad Dancers.*

How ill the motion with the music suits !  
 So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the  
 brutes.

Y<sup>e</sup> little wits, that gleam'd a while,  
 While Pope vouchsafed a ray ;  
 Alas ! depriv'd of his kind smile,  
 How soon ye fade away !  
 To compass Phœbus' car about,  
 Thus empty vapors rise ;  
 Each lends his cloud to put him out,  
 That rear'd him to the skies.  
 Alas ! these skies are not your sphere ;  
 There he shall ever burn :  
 Weep, weep, and fall ; for earth ye were,  
 And must to earth return.

## By HARRINGTON.

THE golden hair that Galla wears  
 Is hers : who would have thought it ?  
 She swears 'tis hers ; and true she swears,  
 For I know where she bought it.

*To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.* WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,  
 Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;  
 Whose travel o'er that silver field does show  
 Like tracks of leverets in morning snow :  
 Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,  
 Without a spot or blemish to the thought.  
 Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,  
 Without the help of colors or of oil !  
 For, though a painter boughs and leaves can  
 make,  
 'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake,  
 Whose breath salutes your new-created grove  
 Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.  
 Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you  
 Can make the motion and the forest too.  
 A poet, when he would describe his mind,  
 Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd ;  
 Your works are read wherever there are men :  
 So far the scissors go beyond the pen.

## By PRIOR.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,  
 So very hard thou lov'st to drive,  
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,  
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.

*A Cure for Poetry.*

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer  
 dead,  
 Through which the living Homer bogg'd his

*The French Poet.*

WHEN old Elijah, as the Scriptures say,  
 Triumphant mounted to the realms of day,  
 His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,  
 He gave Eliaba, by long service tried,  
 Tristan from hence would fain examine take,  
 For honest Quinault his disciple's sake ;  
 But this, alas ! injurious Fate denied,  
 For Tristan poorer than a prophet died.  
 To Quinault thus the bard, expiring, spoke :  
 " My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

*Dr. ALDRICH's Five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine ; a friend ; or being dry ;  
 Or least we should be by and by ;  
 Or any other reason why.

## By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspir'd train,  
 Fair Saccharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain ;  
 Like Phœbus sung the no less anxious boy ;  
 Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.  
 With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,  
 With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use ;  
 All, but the nymph who should redress his  
 wrong,  
 Attend his passion, and approve his song :  
 Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise.  
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

## By PRIOR.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,  
 His spouse is in despair :  
 With frequent sobs and mutual cries,  
 They both express their care.  
 " A diff'rent cause," says Parson Sly,  
 " The same effect may give ;  
 Poor Simon fears that he shall die,  
 His wife—that he may live."

*Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.* ROCHESTER.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King.  
 Whose word no man relies on ;  
 He never says a foolish thing,  
 Nor ever does a wise one.

*To Phyllis.*

THAT little patch upon your face  
 Would seem a foil on one less fair ;  
 On you it hides a killing grace,  
 And you in pity plac'd it there.

## By PRIOR.

As, afternoon, one summer's day,  
 Venus stood bathing in a river ;  
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,  
 New-strung his bow, new-fill'd his quiver  
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart ;  
 With all his might he drew he drew :  
 Swift to his beauteous parent's ear :  
 The too well guided arrow flew.

"I faint! I die!" the goddess cried—  
 "O, cruel! couldst thou find none other  
 To wreak thy spleen on, patricide?  
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother."

POPE. Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;  
 "Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:  
 Alas! how easy my mistake!  
 I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

*From the Greek.* PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass,  
 Since I am not what I was;  
 What from this day I shall be,  
 Venus, let me never see!

*On Lady Manchester.* ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread  
 O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,  
 Beheld this beauteous stranger there,  
 In native charms divinely fair,  
 Confusion in their looks they show'd,  
 And with unusual blushes glow'd.

*Suicide.* DR. SEWELL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,  
 The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

*By POPE.*

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labor ends,  
 And thou shalt live—for Buckingham com-  
 mends.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,  
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;  
 'This more than pays whole years of thankless  
 pain,  
 'Time, pain, and fortune, are not lost in vain;  
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,  
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

*By WALLER.*

WERE men so dull they could not see  
 That Lyce painted; should they ilec,  
 Like simple birds, into a net  
 So grossly woven and ill-set;  
 Her own teeth would undo the knot,  
 And let all go that she had got.  
 'These teeth my Lyce must not show,  
 If she would bite: her lovers, though  
 Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,  
 Are disabus'd when first she gapes:  
 'The rotten bones discover'd there,  
 Show 'tis a painted sepulchre.

*To Mr. POPE.*

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,  
 Though none can equal thine:  
 Our language never rests the same;  
 'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,  
 Too soon will be decay'd;  
 But story lasts, though modern flow'rs  
 Of poetry must fade.

\*A surer way, then, wouldst thou find  
 Thy glory to prolong,  
 Whilst there remains amongst mankind  
 The sense of right and wrong;

Thy fame with nature's self shall end,  
 Let future times but know  
 That Atterbury was thy friend,  
 And Bentley was thy foe.

*The Manchester Millers named Bone and Skin.*  
 BYRON.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,  
 Would starve us all, or near it:  
 But be it known to Skin and Bone,  
 That flesh and blood can't bear it.

*By Sir G. LYTTLETON.*

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest  
 fair,  
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone  
 Dug from the Indian mine;  
 Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,  
 To cut as well as shine.  
 Genius, like that, if polish'd right,  
 With the same gifts abounds;  
 Appears at once both keen and bright,  
 And sparkles while it wounds.

*The Difference between the Ancients and  
 Moderns.*

SOME for the ancients zealously declare;  
 Others our modern wits are fools aver:  
 A third affirms, that they are much the same,  
 And differ only as to time and name:  
 Yet sure one more distinction may be told;  
 'Those once were new, but these will no'er be old.

*To Mr. POPE, on his Epitaph on Mr. GAY.*  
 LORD ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings though Gay's cold  
 ashes lie,  
 A nobler monument thy strains supply.  
 Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,  
 By courts unaw'd, his virtues dare commend.  
 Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,  
 Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.  
 A destiny more glorious who can hope?  
 In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

*Milton.* DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,  
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:  
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,  
 The next in majesty, in both the last.  
 The force of Nature could no farther go:  
 To make a third, she join'd the other two.

*On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of  
 £500 for the best Poem on the Duke's Ac-  
 tions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon  
 To put the poet's muse in tune,  
 That nothing might escape her:  
 Should she attempt th' heroic story  
 Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,  
 It scarce would buy the paper.

By PRIOR.

THUS to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame:  
"Adorn my altars, and reverse my name;  
My son shall else assume his potent darts:  
'Twang goes the bow! my girls, have at your hearts!"

The Muses answer'd—"Venus, we deride  
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.  
Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,  
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:  
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look  
On the instructive verse and moral book;  
On female idleness his power relies,  
But when he finds us studying hard he flies."

By POPE.

GREAT Villiers' fatesage Cutler could foresee;  
And, well he thought, advis'd him—"Live like me."

As wot his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir John!

That I can do when all I have is gone.

*The Giant angling.*

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,  
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;  
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,  
And set upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

*To a noted Liar.*

LIE ON! while my revenge shall be,  
To speak the very truth of thee.

On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the  
Crucifixion, who stabbed a Person that he  
might do it more naturally. Dr. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvass dies,  
Stubb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;  
The daring artist, cruelly serene,  
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;  
He drains off life by drops; and, deaf to cries,  
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;  
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,  
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;  
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,  
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face;  
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!  
With its full charge of death each feature  
fraught!

Such wondrous force the magic colors boast,  
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?  
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?  
What sounds so moving as her own can tell  
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?  
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,  
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

*A Receipt for Courtship.* SWIFT.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets;  
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;  
Two or three serenades, giv'n as a lure;  
Three oaths how much they endure;

Two or three messages sent in one day;  
Two or three times led out from the play;  
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;  
Two or three tickets for two or three times;  
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhyme;  
Two or three months keeping strict to these  
rules

Can never fail making a couple of fools.

*To a Lady who used Patches.*

YOUR homely face, Flippant, you disguise,  
With patches numerous as Argus eyes;  
I own that patching's requisite for you;  
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we  
view:

Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,  
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

*To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.*

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,  
And the true poet is a public good.  
This Britain feels: while, by your lines in-  
spir'd,

Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.  
In Rome had you espous'd the vaquish'd cause,  
Inflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,  
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,  
And giv'n the just success to Cato's sword;  
O'er Cesar's arms your genius had prevail'd,  
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot  
fail'd.

*Jealousy.*

To Bedlam with him: is he sound in mind,  
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By J. LEONARD WELLS.

"I owe," says Thomas, "much to Peter's  
care;  
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir."  
"True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take  
their rise:  
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice."

By Dr. KENRICK.

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will  
displace,  
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.  
His sacred person none will dare profane;  
He may be poor, but never can be mean.  
He holds his value with the wise and good,  
And, prostrate, seems as great as when he stood.  
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,  
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;  
The pious crowd the piles, though fall'n, deplore,  
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

By DEAN SWIFT.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:  
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

*A Flower by Virest.* PRIOR.

WHEN fann'd Virest this little wonder drew,  
Flora vouchsafed the growth to work by view.  
Finding the painter's science all in vain;  
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand:

And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,  
One work of mine that no'er shall  
fade."

*By Sir SAMUEL GARTH.*

CAN you count the silver lights  
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;  
Or the leaves that strew the vales,  
When groves are stripp'd by winter gales;  
Or the drops that in the morn  
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;  
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,  
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;  
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,  
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

*By AARON HILL.*

How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!  
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!  
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud;  
Rustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud;  
While, like some nobler stream, true know-  
ledge glides,  
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

*The Royal Knotter. Sir CH. SEDLEY.*

Ah, happy people! ye must thrive,  
While thus the royal pair does strive  
Both to advance your glory!  
While he by 's valor conquers France,  
She manufactures does advance,  
And makes thread-fringes for ye.

Blest we! who from such queens are freed,  
Who, by ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~superior~~ <sup>superior</sup> led,  
Are always telling beads:  
But here's a queen now, thanks to God!  
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,  
Is always knotting threads.

'Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;  
And when the summer show is past,  
Let all thy trumpets sound:  
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,  
Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,  
Thy conquests will surround.

*What's Honor?*

NOT to be captious, not unjustly fight;  
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's  
right.

*By PRIOR.*

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;  
By demonstration Ned can show it.  
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule  
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

*Dean Swift's Curate.*

I MARCH'd three miles through scorching  
sand,  
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;  
I rode four more to Great St. Mary,  
Using four legs when two were weary.  
To three fair virgins I did tie men,  
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;

I dipp'd two babes in holy water,  
And purified their mothers after.  
Within an hour and eke a half,  
I preach'd three congregations deaf;  
While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,  
I chopp'd so fast that few there minded.  
My emblem, the laborious sun,  
Saw all these mighty labors done  
Before one race of his was run!  
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:  
What mortal else could e'er go through it?

*On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the  
Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and  
Hercules. POPE.*

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move,  
When Kneller painted these? [Love,  
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as  
And strong as Hercules.

*Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.*

THOMSON.

As those we love decay, we die in part;  
String after string is sever'd from the heart;  
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,  
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low;  
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,  
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

*To the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Strad-  
brook, in Suffolk. THOMSON.*

THUS sadly low, my friend, thou canst not  
fall.

Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;  
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife; [life:  
Men, woods, and trees, all breathe untroubled  
Then keep each passion down, however dear;  
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 'tis thine, with philosophic ease,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace!  
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:  
High bliss is only for a higher state.

*The Power of Time. SWIFT.*

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand  
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:  
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,  
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry;  
"When my old cassock," said a Welsh divine,  
"Is out at elbows, why should I repine?"

*Epigram by Dr. DODDRIDGE, on his Motto,  
DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.*

"LIVE while you live," the epicure will say,  
"And take the pleasure of the present day."  
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher  
cries,  
"And give to God each moment as it flies."  
Lord, in my view let both united be!  
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

*By Lord LANSDOWNE.*

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost  
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;  
Not all Arabia would sufficient be; [thee.  
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets; they stink of



By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world  
to retreat,

As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,  
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet  
dead.

"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon  
replied: [you died.]

"You may have forgot; you were drunk when

By DEAN SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burthen grown:  
No more I hear my church's bell  
Than if it rang out for my knoll;  
At thunder now no more I start  
Than at the rumbling of a cart:  
Nay, what's incredible, alack!  
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephæus  
and Procris, with this Motto:

AURA, VENI.

COME, gentle Air, th' Æolian shepherd said,  
While Procris panted in the secret shade;  
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,  
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:  
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.  
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found;  
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound.  
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,  
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:  
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she  
gives:

She views the story with attentive eyes,  
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

On an Epigram.

ONE day, in Chelsea meadows walking,  
Of poetry and such things talking,

Says Ralph, a merry wag,  
"An epigram, if smart and good,  
In all its circumstances should  
Be like a jelly-bag."

"Your simile, I own, is new;  
But how wilt make it out?" says Hugh.  
Quoth Ralph, "I'll tell thee, friend;  
Make it at top both wide and fit  
To hold a budget-full of wit,  
And point it at the end."

TREASON does never prosper: what's the  
reason? [son.  
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it trea-

By Dr. SWIFT.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,  
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.  
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the  
squabble,  
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and  
the rabble; [advice:  
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome  
But ~~there~~ is a fellow of honor so nice,

Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take  
warning, [morning.  
That he sent to all three a challenge next  
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his  
life; [his wife.  
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster  
Abbey. S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,  
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:  
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to  
dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;  
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

By W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes! Sabina wakes!  
And now the sun begins to rise;  
Less glorious is the morn that breaks  
From his bright beams, than he's bright eyes.  
With light united, day they give;  
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:  
How many by his warmth will live  
How many will her coldness kill!

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. LYTTLETON.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall  
find

A hand or colors to express thy mind?  
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear;  
In a false world, that dares to be sincere;  
Wise without art, without ambition great;  
Though firm, yet pliant; active; though sedate;  
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,  
Yet better still by native prudence taught;  
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,  
Can pity frailties it could never feel; [know  
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er sought to  
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;  
That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temp'rate laws,  
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;  
That, to his own perfections singly blind,  
Would for another think this praise design'd.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the  
Second. ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave  
Our sovereign may be our slave;  
And humbly beg that he may be  
Betray'd by us most loyally:  
And, if he please once to lay down  
His sceptre, dignity, and crown,  
We'll make him, for the time to come,  
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES, at this time, giving no need,  
Thanks you as much as if you did.

On Plutarch's Statue. From a Greek.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless  
praise  
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:

For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame  
have shar'd;  
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.  
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own:  
Their lives had parallels, but thine has none!

*On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.*

To stone the gods have changed her, but in  
vain;  
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

*Ulysses' Dog. POPE.*

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast  
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,  
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,  
To all his friends, and e'en his queen, unknown;  
Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,  
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,  
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,  
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,  
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;  
The faithful dog alone his master knew!  
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,  
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;  
And, though e'en then expiring on the plain,  
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,  
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,  
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawl'd to  
meet,— [feet,  
'Twas all he could,—and fawn'd, and kiss'd his  
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then, falling by his side,  
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

*On the Spectator.*

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,  
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;  
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the  
night,  
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.  
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,  
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;  
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,  
Whether a bright successor or the same:  
So we—but now from this suspense are freed;  
Since all agree who both with judgment read,  
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

*To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to  
his Motto,*

LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS!

'Tis not the splendor of the place,  
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,  
And all the pompous train of state,  
With crowds which at the levee wait,  
That make you happy, make you great:  
But when mankind you strive to bless,  
With all the tale you possess;  
When all the joys you can receive  
Flow from the benefits you give;  
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,  
And makes the heavy burden light;  
True pleasure, rightly understood,  
Is only labor to do good.

*Written in a Lady's Milton. PRIOR.*

WITH virtue strong as yours had Eve been  
arm'd,  
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;  
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—  
Nor had frail Adam fell, nor Milton wrote.

*Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in  
Favor of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,  
Thou didst thy system learn:  
From Hippocrate thou hadst it not,  
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,  
And say the same of grass;  
The one for babes is only food,  
The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try;  
(A friend's advice forgive;)  
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die:  
Thy patients then may live.

*Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.*

My system, doctor, is my own;  
No tutor I pretend:  
My blunders hurt myself alone,  
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,  
Thrice happy might you be;  
Perhaps you might regain your mind,  
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,  
But heartily forgive;  
'Tis natural you should bid me die,  
That you yourself may live.

*A smart Repartee. SWIFT.*

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,  
"What reason can be giv'n,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That there is none in heav'n?"

"There are no women," he replied.  
She quick returns the jest:  
"Women there are, but I'm afraid  
They cannot find a priest."

*On a bad Translation.*

HIS work now done, he'll publish it no doubt:  
For sure I am that murder will come out.

*On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion  
and a Cock, at Blenheim.*

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better  
fought,  
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,  
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,  
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

*The Antidote.*

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,  
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;  
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,  
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.

But, soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,  
Forth from her coral lips each folly broke.  
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my  
wound, [bound  
And what her eyes untripp'd, her tongue un-

*Effectual Malice.*

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,  
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;  
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright  
With serious rancor and true Christian spite;  
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,  
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're  
mine.

*On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present  
of Books to Cambridge, by King George I.  
1715. By TRAPP.*

THE king, observing with judicious eyes  
The state of both his universities,  
To one he sent a regiment; for why?  
That learned body wanted loyalty.  
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning  
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

*Answered by Sir Wm. Brouncker.*

THE king to Oxford sent his troops of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force;  
With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

*Against Life. From the Greek of Pindippus.*

WHAT tranquil road, unweav'd by strife,  
Can mortals choose through human life?  
Attend the courts, attend the bar,  
There discord reigns, and endless jar:  
At home the weary wretches find  
Severe disquietude of mind:  
To till the fields gives toil and pain;  
Eternal terrors sweep the main:  
If rich, we fear to lose our store;  
Need and distress await the poor:  
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;  
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:  
Are children born, we anxious groan;  
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:  
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;  
Weakness and wants depress old age.  
Would fate then with my wish comply,  
I'd never live, or quickly die.

*For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.*

MANKIND may rove, unweav'd by strife,  
Through ev'ry road of human life.  
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,  
And peace concludes the wordy war;  
At home auspicious mortals find  
Serene tranquillity of mind:  
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;  
And merchants plough for gold the main:  
Respect arises from our store;  
Security from being poor:  
More joys the bands of Hymen give;  
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:  
If parents, our blest lot we own;  
Childless, we have no cause to moan:

Firm vigor crowns our youthful stage,  
And venerable hairs old age.  
Since all is good, then who would cry,  
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

*Mutual Pity.*

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,  
To appetite a slave,  
In riot throws his life away,  
And laughs to see me grave.  
'Tis thus that we two disagree;  
So still, remote our whims,  
The fellow fondly laughs at me,  
While I could cry for him.

*Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stour-  
head, Somersetshire. From the Latin. FORD.*

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I  
keep  
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;  
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave,  
Or drink in silence, or in silence leave.

*On his own Statue. FORD.*

THOU who shalt stand where Thames' trans-  
lucent wave [cave:  
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy  
Where ling'ring drops from mineral roofs distil,  
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;  
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,  
And latent metals innocently glow—  
Approach! great Nature radiantly beholds  
And eye the mine without a wish for gold  
Approach, but awful!—Let the peasant grove  
Where, nobly pensive, St. John's stand the grove  
Where British rights besmyring Walsingham stood  
And the bright flame was what thrills March-  
mont's soul.  
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor  
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

*A prudent Choice.*

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,  
Whose beauty was the ready penny;  
"I chose her," says he, "like old plate,  
Not for the fashion, but the weight."

*On a great House adorned with Statues.*

THE walls are thick, the servants thin;  
The gods without, the devils within.

*On a hasty Marriage.*

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!  
But poor 's the joy, no gain, possessing.  
In ancient times, when folk did wed,  
'Twas to be one at "board and bed."  
But hard 's his case who can't afford  
His charmer's dinner bed at board.

*The married Couple. SWEET.*

SOME say that Richard Donquixote,  
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere note.  
Others aver that in him Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.  
Strange! that such difference should be  
'Twix Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

*The happy Physiognomy.*

You ask why Roome\* diverts you with his  
jokes,  
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?  
You wonder at it!—This, sir, is the case:  
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

*On certain Pastorals.*

So rude and tuneless are thy lays  
The weary audience vow  
'Tis not the Arcadian swain that sings;  
But 'tis his herds that low.

*On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune  
in Horse-Racing.*

Jock ran so long, and ran so fast,  
No wonder he ran out at last;  
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,  
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

*From the Greek.*

A blooming youth lies buried here;  
Euphemius, to his country dear  
Nature adorn'd his mind and face  
With elegance and every grace:  
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,  
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

*On Sophocles.*

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:  
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine  
With bleeding roses and the clust'ring vine:  
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties  
Prove graceful emblems of the lays he sung:  
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,  
Among the muses and the graces writ.

*On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*

BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Fair, and wise, and good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

*By BEN JONSON.*

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die;  
Which, when alive, did vigor give  
To as much beauty as could live.  
If she had a single fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.

*Intended for Dryden. POPE.*

THIS Sheffield rain'd. The sacred dust be-  
low  
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not know?

*On Mr. Low. POPE.*

THY relics, Rome! to this and shrine we  
trust  
And near thy Shakespeare's place thy honor'd

\* Author of a paper called Pasquin, reflecting on  
Mr. Pope, &c.

O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,  
For never heart felt passion more sincere;  
To nobler sentiments to fire the brava;  
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave;  
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;  
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!  
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene re-  
mov'd,  
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

*On Mr. Fenton. POPE.*

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles  
can,  
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"  
A poet, bless'd beyond a poet's fate, [great.  
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and  
Free to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
Content with science in the vale of peace,  
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,  
Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he  
died.

*On Mr. Gay. POPE.*

Or sweeter, gentle, of affections mild;  
In wit a man, simplicity a child;  
With native modesty tempering virtuous rage,  
Form'd to distinguish virtue and lash the age:  
Above temptation in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:  
A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
Unblam'd through life, lamented in his end:  
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust  
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

*PRIOR on himself.*

To me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis giv'n  
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;  
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven!

*To the Pie-house Memory of Nell Batchelor,  
the Oxford Pie-Woman.*

HERE, into the dust  
The mouldering trust  
Of Eleanor Batchelor's shoven;  
Well vers'd in the arts  
Of pies, custards, and tarts,  
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,  
She made her last puff—  
A puff by her husband much prais'd:  
Now here she doth lie,  
And makes a dirt-pie,  
In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

*Posthumous Fame.*

A MONSTER, in a course of vice grown old,  
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:  
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues  
shown,  
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd  
stone.

If on his specious marble we rely,  
 If by a worth like his should ever die!  
 If credit to his real life we give,  
 Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

*On Mr. Craggs Poet*

STAFFSWAN, yet friend to truth! of soul  
 sincere,  
 In action faithful, and in honor clear!  
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
 Who gain'd no title and who lost no friend!  
 Unobled by himself by all approv'd, (lov'd)  
 Prais'd, wept and honor'd, by the must he

*On Sir Isaac Newton*

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with two di-  
 vine [shrine]  
 His Newton's name that consecrates this  
 That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray  
 kindled the gloom of nature into day  
 That soul of science that unbouded mind  
 That genius which enabled human kind!  
 Conced'd supreme of men his country's pride,  
 And half esteem'd in angel—till he died  
 Who in the eye of Heaven like Jacob stood  
 Aid through the paths of knowledge will'd  
 with God  
 Whose fume extends a sea without a shore!  
 Who but for took one world to know the laws  
 of more

*On the same Poet*

NATURE and nature's laws lay hid in night  
 God said, "I let Newton be" and all was light

*From Cowley*

He is he the great Indicable, tell me  
 where  
 Nothing but poor and solid dust lies here

*On a Young Lady MAILER*

Thy humble grave though no proud true  
 ture grace,  
 Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place  
 Yet blindness virtue that adorn'd thy bloom  
 lamented mud! now weeps upon thy tomb  
 I scap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore  
 Where sin and pain and passion, are no more!  
 What never wealth could buy, nor power de-  
 crease

Regard and pity what sincere on thee!  
 I of soft remembrance drops a pious tear,  
 And holy friendship sits a mourner here

*On Mr. Askman and his Son MURRAY*

DEATH to the wise and good, beneath this  
 stone  
 He re sleep in peace the father and the son!  
 By virtue as by nature, close allied,  
 The punter's genius but without the pride  
 Worth unobscured wit afraid to shine,  
 Honor's clear light, and friendship's warmth  
 divine  
 The son far rising, knew too short a life!  
 But O! how more severe the parent's fate!  
 He saw him torn untimely from his side,  
 Felt all a father's anguish wept, and di'd

*On an Infant*

To the dark and silent tomb  
 Soon I huri'd from the womb,  
 Scarce the dawn of life began  
 I re I measur'd out my span

I no smiling pleasures knew,  
 I no gay delights could view,  
 Joyless sojourner was I  
 Only born to weep and die

Happy infant early blest!  
 Rest in peaceful slumber rest,  
 I early reason'd from the cares  
 Which increase with growing years

No delights are worth thy stay,  
 Smiling as thou seem'st and gay,  
 Short and sickly are they all,  
 Huidly tasted ere they fall

All our grievedness is vain  
 All our laughter is but pain  
 I resting, only and divine  
 Is an innocence like thine

*Epitaph on Mrs. Mason in the Cathedral at Bristol MASON*

TAK'G holy earth! all that my soul holds dear  
 Take that best gift which Heaven so lately  
 gave

To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care  
 Her faded form She bow'd to taste the  
 water—

And died Does youth, does beauty read the  
 Does sympathetic fear their breath's alarm!  
 Speak dead Maria! breathe a strain divine,  
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power  
 to charm

Did them be chaste, be innocent, like thee  
 Did them in duty's sphere, be meekly move  
 And if so far, from vanity be free,  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love  
 Fell them though tis in awful thing to die  
 (I was oen to thee,) yet, the dread path  
 once trod,

Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high  
 And bids 'the pure in heart behold their  
 God'

*Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire MASON*

HIERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was  
 grace,

Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd  
 To form that harmony of soul and face,  
 Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind  
 Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,  
 In virgin innocence in nature's pride  
 Bless'd with each art that owes its charms to  
 truth,

Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died  
 He weeps, O venerate the holy fear!  
 Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load,  
 The parent mourns his child upon the bier,  
 The Christian y olds an angel to his God

\* \* \* *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.* GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,  
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;  
A heart, within whose sacred cell  
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.  
Affection warm, and faith sincere,  
And soft humanity, were there.  
In agony, in death resign'd,  
She felt the wound she left behind.  
Her infant image, here below,  
Sits smiling on a father's woe;  
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays  
Along the lonely vale of days?  
A pang to secret sorrow dear;  
A sigh, an unavailing tear,  
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,  
With life, with merr'y, and with love.

*The Prayer of a wise Heathen.*

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;  
(Thou knowest best what mortals want;)  
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;  
What's evil, to our prayers deny!

*An Incident in high Life.*

THE Duck had din'd, and deep in council  
sat; [flat:  
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew  
Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,  
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries.  
"Where?" quoth Sir John. "Why, see! two  
drops of rain  
Start from the summit of the crystal pane:  
A thousand points, which drop with nimblest  
force,  
Perform its current down the slippery course!"  
The bets were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait  
For victory pendent on the nod of Fate.  
Now down the path, unconscious of the prize,  
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.  
But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—  
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the  
sport!  
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,  
Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.  
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project  
cross'd;  
How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

*A Court Audience.*

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,  
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;  
But, much too serious for a sport,  
Who at all preaching made a sport,  
He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,  
Deaf to the zealous man of God.  
The doctor stopp'd, began to call,  
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale!  
My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!  
You were so loud, you'll wake the king!"

*On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir  
Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common  
way  
Into one common garden—and each had a key.

Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that  
door,  
If ever I find it unlock'd any more."  
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "disturb  
not my ease;  
And, so you don't paint it, e'en do what you  
please."  
"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but say  
what you will:  
I'll take any thing from you—but potion or pill."

*On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, be-  
tween the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and  
Mr. Pope, at Bath.* CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit  
In hieroglyphic dress,  
To give men pains in search of it,  
And please themselves with guess.  
Moderns, to hit the self-same path,  
And exercise their parts,  
Place figures in a room at Bath:  
Forgive them, God of arts!  
Newton, if I can judge aright,  
All Wisdom does express;  
His knowledge gives mankind delight,  
Adds to their happiness.  
Pope is the emblem of true Wit,  
The sunshine of the mind;  
Read o'er his works in search of it,  
You'll endless pleasure find.  
Nash represents man in the mass,  
Made up of wrong and right;  
Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass,  
Now blunt, and now polite.  
The picture, plac'd the busts between,  
Adds to the thought much strength;  
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,  
But Folly's at full length.

## EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL.

## Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts;  
Nor lively she, nor made for sports;  
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,  
That she has got a church-yard cough.

## Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side  
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,  
"I feel not what I've done," she cried;  
"What Pætus is to do, I feel."

## Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,  
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.  
Ah! cease your arts—Death knows you're gray,  
And, spite of all, will keep his day.

## Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,  
And I must dine with Lady Anne.  
A silver service loads the board,  
Of eatables a slender board.  
"Your pride and not your victuals spare;  
I came to dine, and not to stare."

## Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,  
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;  
Or take thee to their country seat,  
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;  
—, dream not on preferment soon:  
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

## Book i. Ep. 40.

Is there t' enrol amongst the friendly few,  
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame re-  
new;

Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,  
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore;  
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pur-  
sues,

Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?  
Is there, who can on his great self depend?  
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

## Book ii. Ep. 30.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,  
His own hands stopp'd his breath:  
And was 't not madness, I would know,  
By dying to 'escape death?

*The same.*

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;  
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

## Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honor recommends  
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,  
Remember you are now almost threescore;  
Few days of life remain, if any more:  
Defer not what no future time ensures;  
And only what is past, esteem that yours.  
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;  
Pleasure not so; it nimbly fleets away:  
'Then seize it fast; embrace it ere it flies;  
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.  
'I'll live to-morrow,' will a wise man say?  
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

*From Martial, literally translated.*

A LANDLORD at Bath put upon me a queer  
hum: [mere rum.\*]  
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me

## Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your  
end: [friend.  
I'm now your slave, that would have been your  
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove,  
Respect, adore you—every thing, but love.

## Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's  
not; [groat.  
But take his word for't: Hal's not worth a

## Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY words the reader and the hearer praise;  
They're incorrect, a brother-poet says:  
But let him rail; for when I give a feast,  
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

## Book i. Ep. 34.

HEN father dead, alone no grief she knows;  
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.

\* *Mercum* is not translated at all.

No mourner he who must by praise be feed'd;  
But he who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

## Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read,  
are mine; [thine.  
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for

## Book ii. Ep. 3.

You say, you nothing owe; and so I say:  
He only owes, who something has to pay.

## Book ii. Ep. 58.

You're ~~fine~~ and ridicule my thread-bare  
gown:  
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name;  
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:  
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,  
But ne'er inquir'd; so left it to the bandle.  
A certain nobleman takes up the child;  
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.  
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace:  
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!  
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!  
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

*An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all  
eyes; [wise;  
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,  
Polite as all her life in courts had been,  
Yet good as she the world had never seen;  
The noble fire of an exalted mind;  
With gentle female tenderness combin'd;  
Her speech was the melodious voice of love;  
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;  
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,  
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;  
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;  
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

*Epitaph on Miss Stanley. THOMSON.*

HERE, Stanley! rest, escap'd this mortal  
strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.  
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,  
And sternal try thee with a year of pain:  
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:  
With tender art to save her anxious groan,  
No more thy bosom presses down its own:  
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sin-  
cere;  
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!  
O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the  
storm,  
To show us Virtue in her fairest form;  
To show us artless Reason's moral reign,  
What boastful Science and gates in vain:  
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,  
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!  
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,  
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;  
Th' d with vain life, will close the willing eye;  
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.

Wrest be the bark that wafts us to the shore  
Where death-divided friends shall part no  
more!

To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

My heart still hovering round about you,  
I thought I could not live without you:  
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,  
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

*Dialogue between an old Intendant and the  
Person promised the next Presentation.*

"I'm glad to see you well,"—"O faithless  
breath! [death!"  
What, glad to see me well, and wish my  
"No more," replies the youth, "sir, this mis-  
giving:  
I wish not for your death, but for your living!"

*To Chloe.*

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd;  
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,  
Though all I swore was true.  
I lov'd one, gen'rous, good, and kind,  
A form created in my mind;  
And thought that form was you.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,  
Again may claim it from her lover;  
But she who plays the trifler's part,  
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.  
Then grant the boon for which I pray;  
'Tis better ~~and~~ than throw away.

We thought you without titles great,  
And wealthy with a small estate;  
While by your humble self alone  
You seem'd unrated and unknown.  
But now on fortune's swelling tide  
High borne in all the pomp of pride,  
Of grandeur vain, and fond of self,  
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

*On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford upon  
Avon. SEWARD.*

GREAT Homer's birth seven rival cities  
Too mighty such monopoly of fame. [claim,  
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe [stow,  
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could be-  
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,  
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.  
Nor yet unrivall'd the Mæonian strain:  
The British Eagle\* and the Mantuan Swan  
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford,  
thou,

With uncontested laurels deck thy brow:  
Thy bard was mine unschoold'd, and from thee  
brought  
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia, taught.

\* Milton.

Not Homer's self such matchless honors won;  
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

*A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of  
Lopez de Vega: Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176.  
EDWARDS.*

CAPRICIOUS Wray a sonnet needs must have;  
I ne'er was so put to't before—a sonnet!  
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:  
'Tis good, howe'er, t' have conquer'd the first  
stave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,  
Said I; and found myself i' the midst o' the  
second:

If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,  
I should turn back on the hardest part and  
laugh. [bled,

Thus far with good success I think I've scrib-  
And of the twice seven lines have clean got  
o'er ten.

Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.  
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to  
shorten. [dribble:

There's thirteen lines got through, dribble by  
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt  
there's fourteen.

*Why the Universities abound in Learning.*

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge, pro-  
found,

In learning and science so greatly abound;  
When all carry thither a little each day,  
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

As Quin and Foote  
One day walk'd out  
To view the country round,  
In merry mood  
They chatting stood  
Hard by the village pound.  
Foote from his poke  
A shilling took,  
And said, "I'll bet a penny  
In a short space,  
Within this place,  
I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground,  
Within the pound,  
The shilling soon was thrown:  
"Behold," says Foote,  
"The thing's made out;  
For there is one pound one."  
"I wonder not,"  
Says Quin, "that thought  
Should in your head be found,  
Since that's the way  
Your debts you pay—  
One shilling in the pound."

"O LET me die in peace!" Eumenides cried  
To a hard creditor at his bed-side. [evade!  
"How! die!" roar'd Gripus; "thus your debts  
No, no, sir; you shan't die 'till I am paid."



*On Sleep.*

ALTHOUGH soft sleep death's sad resemblance wears,  
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie.  
Come, balmy sleep; for sweetly it appears,  
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,  
And met his parish-curate as he went;  
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,  
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.  
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said— [sed!]

"I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than  
"Why, ay!" says Tom, still jogging on, "that's true: [yon.]

Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by  
*Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.*

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem to fear [it here].  
He, who increased Heaven's fame, could want  
Yes; when the sun be lighted up shall fade,  
And all the world he found at first decay'd;  
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,  
And Time and Newton's name together die!

*Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the Author in the Park, because he was not dressed well.* GARRICK.

FRIEND Col. and I, both full of whim,  
To shun each other oft agree;  
For I'm not beau enough for him,  
And he's too much a beau for me.

Then let us from each other fly,  
And arm in arm no more appear;  
That I may ne'er offend your eye,  
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

*Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout, was acted.* GARRICK.

For physic and farces  
His equal there scarce is;  
His farces are physic,  
His physic a farce is.

*To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I to Mr. Garrick.* GARRICK.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter, [better]  
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the  
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,  
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;  
Most devoutly I wish they both had their due,  
And that they may be never mistaken for U.

*To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland, in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1746.* GARRICK.

O THOU, whose artless, free-born genius  
Whose radiant soul each patriot bloom warms;

Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil;  
Forsake the field, and till a nobler soil;  
Extend the Farmer's care to human kind;  
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:  
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,  
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth;  
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choke,  
And shake the vermin from the British oak;  
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,  
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome:

On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,  
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

*Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author.* GARRICK.

As Doctor — musing sat,  
Death saw, and came without delay;  
Enters the room, begins the chat,  
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"

The doctor started from his place;  
But soon they more familiar grew;  
And then he told his piteous case,  
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom said,  
As soon as he had heard his tale:  
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:  
We both are losers if you fail.

"Go, write; your wit in satire show,  
No matter whether smart or true;  
Call — names, the greatest foe  
To dulness, folly, pride, and you."

"Then copies spread,—there lies the trick,—  
Among your friends be sure you send 'em;  
For all who read will soon grow sick;  
And, when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus, trade increasing by degrees,  
Doctor, we both shall have our ends;  
For you are sure to have your fees,  
And I am sure to have your friends."

*Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."* GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who cau,  
Of "finely for a gentleman!"  
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,  
To the hired artist only given?  
Or, like the Catholic salvation,  
Paled in for any class or station?  
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,  
Which works, and as it works is paid?  
Is there no skill to build, invent,  
Unless impart'd by one per cent?  
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,  
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?  
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,  
That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

*From the Spaniard.* GARRICK.

For me my fair a wreath has wove,  
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;

As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,  
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee within a damask rose  
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;  
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,  
And fixes on Louisa's lip;

Where, tasting all the bloom of spring,  
Waked by the ripening breath of May,  
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,  
And with the honey flew away.

*An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.*

GARRICK.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could re-  
move

The gangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,  
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;  
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;  
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

*Epitaph on William Hogarth,† in Chiswick Church-Yard.* GARRICK.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear :—  
If neither move thee, turn away;  
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

*Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.*

HERE lies a man misfortune could not bend;  
Prais'd as a poet, honor'd as a friend,  
Though his youth kindled with the love of fame,  
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame:  
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,  
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,  
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm ap-  
plied,  
Nor quitted their distresses till he died.

*Inscription on a Grotto of Shells, at Crux-Easton,† the Work of nine young Ladies.*  
POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,  
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;  
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,  
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;  
Beauty which nature only can impart,  
And such a polish as disgraces art;  
But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,  
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

\* This epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson; but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See *Euro-  
pean Magazine*, January, 1785.

† Died October 24, 1764.  
In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward  
Lisle.

‡ The Ladies, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq.  
and wife to Mr. Lisle.

*Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by  
nine Sisters.* HERBERT.

So much this building entertains my sight,  
Nought but the builders can give more delight:  
In them the masterpiece of Nature's shown;  
In this I see Art's masterpiece in stone.  
O Nature, Nature! thou hast conquer'd Art;  
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

*Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON, to  
his Amanda; with a Copy of the Seasons.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due  
To sacred friendship, and to you:  
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,  
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!  
If fancy here her pow'r displays,  
Or if a heart exalts these lays,  
You fairest in that fancy shine.  
And all that heart is fondly thine!

*An Epigram.*

A MEMBER of the modern great  
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;  
The peer was in a car of state,  
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise  
His lordship would parade for:  
One's debtor for his dapple grays,  
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

*On a Bowl of Punch.*

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,  
Four striking opposites we take;  
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet  
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;  
And, when they happily unite,  
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,  
That four men, diff'rently inclin'd;  
With talents each distinct, and each  
Mark'd by peculiar pow'rs of speech;  
With tempers, too, as much the same  
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;  
Their parts by properly sustaining,  
May all prove highly entertaining.

*A Description of London.*

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together;  
Streets unpleasant in all weather;  
Prisons, palaces contiguous,  
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;  
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye;  
Showy outsides, insides empty;  
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,  
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;  
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,  
Lords of laundresses afraid;  
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,  
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;  
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,  
Noble, simple, all conditions;  
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,  
Villany bedaub'd all over;  
Women black, red, fair, and gray;  
Prudes, and such as never pray;

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,  
Some that will not, some that will;  
Many a beau without a shilling,  
Many a widow not unwilling,  
Many a bargain if you strike it:  
'This is London!—how d'ye like it?

*Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco and a Pinch of Snuff.*

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,  
Thus to myself I say:  
"Why should I anxious be for life,  
Which vanishes away?"

Our social snuff-boxes convey  
The same ideas just;  
As if they silently would say,  
"Let's mingle dust to dust."

*Epigram.*

CRIES Ned to his neighbors, as onward they  
press'd,  
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;  
"Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more  
leisure, [pleasure?]  
For why should we thus make a toil of a

*On six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.*

THE miser fasts because he will not eat;  
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;  
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare;  
The glutton fasts to eat the greater share;  
The hypocrite he fasts to seem more holy,  
The righteous man to punish sin and folly.

*Epitaph on a Blacksmith.*

My sledge and hammer lie declin'd,  
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd;  
My vice is in the dust all laid;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My nails are drove, my work is done.  
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest,  
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

*A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.*

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,  
Who as a wife did never vex one;  
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

*To-morrow. An Epigram.*

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry:  
In what far country does to-morrow lie,  
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?  
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?  
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear  
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.  
"To-morrow I will live," the fool does say.  
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

*Spoken extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a parish Clerk.*

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,  
When they translated David's Psalms,

To make the heart full glad:  
But had it been poor David's fate  
To hear thee sing, and them translate,  
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

*Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.*

HERE's a health to Kate,  
Our Sovereign's mate,  
Of the Royal House of Lisbon:  
But the devil take Hyde,  
And the Bishop beside  
That made her bone of his bone.

*The Disappointed Husband.*

A SCOLDING wife so long a sleep possess'd,  
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;  
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,—  
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack:  
Two mourning staffs stood gentry at the door,  
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;

The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs pre-  
They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-  
yard, [par'd. [come!

When, see, of narrow streets what mischiefs  
The very dead can't pass in quiet home;  
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,  
And madam from her dream of death awoke.  
Now all was spoil'd! The undertaker's pay,  
Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.  
But, some years after, when the former scene  
Was acted, and the coffin lid'd again,  
The tender husband took especial care  
To keep the passage from disturbance clear,  
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,  
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

*Epigram by the Rev. Francis Blackburne, M. A. late Archdeacon of Cleveland.*

*LYCIDAS to PRUDENTIA.*

DESCEND, fair Stoic, from thy flights;  
From Nature learn to know,  
Our passions are the needful weights  
That make our virtues go.

*PRUDENTIA to LYCIDAS.*

TRUE, Lycidas; but think not so  
Another truth to shun;  
Our passions make our virtues go,  
But make our vices run.

*The Biter bit.*

A CERTAIN priest had hoarded up  
A secret mass of gold;  
But where he might bestow it safe,  
By fancy was not told.

At last it came into his head  
To lock it in a chest  
Within the chancel; and he wrote  
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind  
Long wish'd for such a prey,  
Respecting not the sacred words  
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold ; and, blotting out  
The priest's inscript thereon,  
Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic*,  
"Your god is risen and gone."

*Epigram, occasioned by the Words "ONE PRIOR," in Burnet's History.*

ONE Prior!—and is this, this all the fame  
The poet from th' historian can claim?  
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote.  
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

#### *The First Pair.*

ADAM alone could not be easy,  
So he must have a wife, an' please ye;  
And how did he procure this wife,  
'To cheer his solitary life?  
Out of a rib, sir, from his side,  
Was form'd this necessary bride.  
But how did he the pain beguile?  
How!—he slept sweetly all the while.  
And when this rib was re-applied,  
In woman's form, to Adam's side,  
How then, I pray you, did it answer?—  
He never slept so sweet again, sir.

#### *Similes to Molly.*

My passion is as mustard strong;  
I sit all sober sad;  
Drunk as a piper all day long,  
Or like a March hare mad.  
Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,  
I drink, yet can't forget her;  
For, though as drunk as David's sow,  
I love her still the better.  
Port as a pear-monger I'd be,  
If Molly were but kind;  
Cool as a cucumber could see  
The rest of womankind.  
Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er;  
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,  
Sleek as a mouse before.  
Plump as a partridge was I known,  
And soft as silk my skin;  
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;  
But as a goat now thin!  
I, melancholy as a cat,  
Am kept awake to weep;  
But she, insensible of that,  
Sound as a top can sleep.  
Hard is her heart as flint or stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a grig is grown,  
And brisk as bottled ale.  
The god of love, at her approach,  
Is busy as a bee;  
Hearts sound as any bell or coach  
Are smug, and sigh like me.  
Ah me! as thick as hops or hail  
The fine men crowd about her:  
But soon as dead as a door-nail  
Shall I be, if without her.  
Vol. VI. Nos. 53 & 94.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;  
O! were we join'd together,  
My heart would be scot-free from cares,  
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,  
No drum was ever tighter;  
Her glance is as a razor keen,  
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,  
Methinks I taste them yet;  
Brown as a berry is her hair,  
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,  
Her pretty hand invites;  
Sharp as a needle are her words,  
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,  
Clean as a penny dress'd;  
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,  
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,  
And happy as a king!  
Good Lord! how all men envied me!  
She lov'd like any thing:

But, false as hell, she, like the wind,  
Chang'd as her sex must do;  
Though seeming as the turtle kind,  
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,  
Let who would take Peru;  
Great as an emperor should I be,  
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,  
I'm dull as any post;  
Let us like burrs together stick,  
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die;  
And wish me better sped,  
Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,  
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,  
When I am rotten as a pear,  
And mute as any fish.

#### *On the Word REPRESENTATIVE*

To represent is but to personate,  
Which should be truly done at any rate.  
Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee  
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty.  
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,  
He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

#### *On the Shortness of Human Life.*

LIKE as a damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on a tree;  
Or like the dainty flower in May,  
Or like the morning to the day;  
Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;  
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done:

Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,  
The flower fades, the morning hastes;  
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,  
The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun;  
Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearly dew of May;  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan;  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death:  
The grass decays, the tale doth end,  
The bird is flown, the dew ascends;  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look:  
Or like the shuttle in the hand,  
Or like the writing in the sand;  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of the stream;  
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death:  
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides, man's life is done.

*Epitaph on Captain Jones, who published  
some marvellous Accounts of his Travels,  
the Truth of all which he thought proper to  
testify by affidavit.*

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones  
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!  
Who told his glorious deeds to many,  
But never was believ'd by any.

Posterity, let this suffice:

He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

*An Epigram, on seeing a young Lady writing  
Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.*

To see a lady of such grace,  
With so much sense, and such a face,  
So slatternly, is shocking:  
O! if you would with Venus vie,  
Your pen and poetry lay by,  
And learn to mend your stocking.

#### *On Time.*

SAY, is there aught that can convey  
An image of its transient stay?

'Tis a hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;

'Tis a vessel under sail;

'Tis a courser's straining steed;

'Tis a shuttle in its speed;

'Tis an eagle in its way,

Darting down upon its prey;

'Tis an arrow in its flight,

Mocking the pursuing sight;

'Tis a vapour in the air;

'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;

'Tis a short-liv'd, fading flow'r;

'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;

'Tis a momentary ray  
Smiling in a winter's day;  
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;  
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;  
'Tis the closing watch of night;  
Dying at approaching light;  
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,  
Painted upon crumbling clay;  
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;  
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;  
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh:  
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

#### *An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.*

*Written by HIMSELF.*

HERE lies a head that often ach'd;  
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;  
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;  
Here lies a heart that often beat;  
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,  
And in the night but seldom slept;  
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd,  
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;  
Here lie the midriff and the breast,  
With loads of indigestion press'd;  
Here lies the liver, full of bile,  
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;  
Here lie the bowels, human tripe,  
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;  
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,  
The source of life's sad tragic scene,  
That left-side weight that clogs the blood,  
And stagnates nature's circling flood;  
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd  
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;  
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,  
Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins;  
Here lies the skin by scurvy fed,  
With pimples and eruptions red;  
Here lies the man, from top to toe,  
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

#### *A Poem. Sir WALTER RALEIGH.*

SHALL I like a hermit dwell  
On a rock or in a cell,  
Calling home the smallest part  
That is missing of my heart,  
To bestow it where I may  
Meet a rival ev'ry day?  
If she undervalues me,  
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel-gold;  
If a stranger may be bold,  
Unrebuked, unafraid,  
To convert them to a brayde,  
And, with little more ado,  
Work them into bracelets too;  
If the mine be grown so free,  
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize  
As her hair, or precious eyes;  
If she laid them out to take  
Kisses, for good manners' sake,  
And let ev'ry lover skip  
From her hand unto her lip;

If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow  
In effect, as well as show ;  
Warming but as snow-balls do,  
Not like fire by burning too ;  
But when she by change hath got  
To her heart a second lot,  
Then, if others share with me,  
Farewell her whate'er she be !

*A Poem, occasioned by the foregoing.*

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,  
Or chequer so thy face with spots,  
That I must view thee, as men strive  
To see eclipses, through a sieve ;  
Fits thou but pleasing unto me,  
What care I what else thou be ?

Be thou fatter than a hog,  
A butcher's doublet, or his dog ;  
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease ;  
May we make brows on thy face ;  
Yet if thou do not melt to me,  
What care I how fat thou be !

Be thy nose like fiery coals,  
Or a grater, full of holes,  
Let it turn up, or else hook in,  
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin ;  
Yet, if it turn not unto me,  
What care I how crook'd it be !

Though reading, thou must look so close,  
As thou wert reading with thy nose ;  
From thine eyes let filth run more  
Than broken bile, or plaguy sore ;  
Yet if they do not look on me,  
What care I how foul they be ?

Canst thou outscold a butter wench,  
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench ;  
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,  
Sour all the beer about the town ?  
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,  
What care I how loud thou be ?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,  
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth ;  
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,  
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in ;  
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,  
What care I how broad it be ?

Snells thy breath like nurse's clout,  
Or a candle just burnt out ;  
Or so, that men mistake the place,  
And untruss, coming near thy face !  
Yet, if it snell not so to me,  
What care I how strong it be ?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,  
Are fit for every man to write ;  
I'd have a mistress such a one,  
I might be sure she was my own ;  
Be thou, then, but such to me,  
What care I what else thou be ?

*The Stage Coach.*

RESOLV'D to visit a far-distant friend,  
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,  
And bid the slave at all events engage.  
Some place or other in the Chester stage  
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—  
Your honor's sure when once the money's paid  
My brother whip, impatient of delay, [paid ;  
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay ;  
(Four diurnal hours ere the break of day.)  
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at  
length I see, [eyes ;  
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half close my  
By steps and lantern enter the machine,  
And take my place, how cordially ! between  
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk.  
To mend the matter, too, of meaner folk ;  
While, in like mode, jam'd in on th' other  
A bullying captain and a fair one ride ; [side  
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—  
Our plague eternal, but her only joy ;  
At last, the glorious number to complete,  
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat :  
When soon, by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,  
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown ;  
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain  
swears,  
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears ;  
While our plump landlord, train'd in other  
lore,  
Slumbers at ease, nor yet ashamed to snore ;  
And master Dicky, on his mother's lap, [pap.  
Squalling, brings up at once three meals of  
Sweet company ! next time, I do protest, sir,  
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I ride to Chester.

*The Thought ; or, a Song of Similes.*

I've thought, the fair Narcissa cries,  
What is it like, sir ?—"Like your eyes—"  
'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—  
'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—  
'Tis like a beggar—like the sun—  
'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—  
'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—  
'Tis like a doctor—like a whale—"'  
Why are my eyes, sir, like a SWORD ?  
For that's the Thought, upon my word.  
" Ah ! witness every pang I feel,  
The deaths they give the likeness tell.  
A sword is like a chair, you'll find,  
Because 'tis most on end behind.  
'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one ;  
'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run through one ;  
'Tis like a flea, and reason good,  
'Tis often drawing human blood."  
Why like a beggar ?—" You shall hear ;  
'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r.  
'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gift ;  
Besides, it travels in a bell.  
'Tis like the Dutch we plainly see,  
Because that state, whenever we  
A push for our own int'rest make,  
Does instantly our sides forsake." [done,  
The moon ?—" Why, when all's said and  
A sword is very like the moon ;

For if his Majesty, (God bless him,) When Country Sheriff comes t' address him, Is pleas'd his favors to bestow On him, before him kneeling low, This o'er his shoulders glitters bright, And gives the glory to the Knight (night). 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt, For 'tis not long in drawing out. 'Tis like a doctor, for who will Dispute a doctor's power to kill ? But why a Sword is like a whale Is no such easy thing to tell "But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see, Why, let it then a backword be ; Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail To raise up somewhat like a *whale*."

*An original Epitaph.*

HERE lies fast asleep.—awake me who can,— That medley of passions and follies, a *Man*, Who sometimes lov'd license, and sometimes restraint, Too much of the sinner, too little of saint ; From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack ; 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack ; But, alas ! I soon found the defects of my skill, And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous still ; [ease, From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek The remedy oft prov'd another disease ; What in rapture began often ended in sorrow, And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-morrow ; [seen, When each action was o'er, and its errors were Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing I had been ; My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd, That at each other's failing both parties contriv'd ; [pain, Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and The body diseases'd paid the debt back again : Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd, Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last ; Thus tir'd and weary, I've finish'd my course, And glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

*Epitaph on an honest Sailor.*

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast ! Poor Tom's mizzen top-sail is laid to the mast ; He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead ; He's now all aback, nor will smil's shoot ahead ; He ever was brisk, and, though now gone to wreck, When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

*A Rhapsody.*

As I walk'd by myself, I said to myself, And myself said again to me ; Look to thyself, take care of thyself, For nobody cares for thee.

Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself, With the self-same repartee ; Look to thyself, or look not to thyself, 'Tis the self-same thing to me.

*To-day and To-morrow.*

To-day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright, Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night ; To-day he's feeding on delicious food, To-morrow dead, unable to do good ; To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crums, To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms ; To-day he's honor'd and in vast esteem, To-morrow not a beggar values him ; To-day he rises from the velvet bed, To-morrow lies in one that's made of lead, To-day his house, though large, he thinks but small, To-morrow, no command, no house at all ; To-day has forty servants at his gate, To-morrow scorn'd,—not one of them will wait ; To-day perfum'd as sweet as any rose, To-morrow stinks in every body's nose ; To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight, Ghostful and pale before to-morrow night ; True, as the Scripture says, "man's life span," The present moment is the life of man.

*An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.*

To my best my friends are free ; Free with that, and free with me ; Free to pass the harmless joke, And the tubo sodately smoke ; Free to drink just what they please. As at home, and at their ease ; Free to speak, and free to think— No informers with me drink ; Free to stay a night, or so ; When uncasy, free to go.

*The Character.*

AN easy mien, engaging in address, Looks which at once each winning grace express, A life where love and truth are ever join'd, A nature ever great and ever kind ; A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear, The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere ; Meek without meanness, gentle and humane Fond of improving, but yet never vain ; So justly good, so faithful to his friend, Ever obliging, cautious to offend ; A mind where generous pity stands confess'd, Ready to ease and succor the distress'd : If these respect and admiration rak, They surely must demand our greatest praise : In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see, These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

*Poverty and Poetry.*

'Twas sung of old, how one Amphion  
 Could by his verses tame a lion,  
 And, by his strange enchanting tunes,  
 Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;  
 His songs could call the timber down,  
 And form it into house or town.  
 But it is plain, now, in these times,  
 No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;  
 They for themselves can only rear  
 A few old castles in the air.

Poor are the Brethren of the Bays,  
 Down from high strains to ekes and ayes:  
 The muses too are virgins yet,  
 And may be till they portious get:  
 Yet still the doating rhymers dream,  
 And sing of Helicon's bright streams:  
 O Helicon, for all his clatter,  
 Yields nothing but insipid water!  
 Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings  
 Of Nectar and Elysian springs.  
 The grave physician, who, by physic,  
 Like Death, despatches him that is sick,  
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade;  
 Though patients die, the doctor's paid:  
 Fain wou'd to kill, he gains a palace  
 For what another mounts a gallows.

In shady groves the muses play,  
 And love in flow'ry meads to stay;  
 Pleas'd with a bleaky, barren ground,  
 Where rip'ning fruits are never found.  
 But then, some say, you purchase fame,  
 And gain a never-dying name;  
 Great recompense for real trouble,  
 To be rewarded with a bubble!

Thus soldiers, who in many battles [else,  
 Get bangs and blows, and God knows what  
 Are paid with fame and wooden leg,  
 And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

*Queen Elizabeth, being asked her Opinion  
 concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament,  
 gave the following artful and solid  
 Answer:*

CHRIST was the word that spak'd it;  
 He took the bread and brake it;  
 And what the Word did make it,  
 That I believe, and take it.

*Epigram.*

It blew a hard storm, and in utmost confu-  
 sion,  
 The sailors all hurried to get absolution;  
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they  
 confess'd  
 Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves  
 To the priest,  
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devo-  
 tion,  
 They toss'd the poor parson souse into the [ocean.  
*Dialogue between Harry, who had a large  
 Library, and Dick, who had more Under-  
 standing than Books.*

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,  
 "Would, Richard, I'd thy head!"

"What wilt thou give for't?" Dick replied.  
 "The bargain's quickly made."  
 "My head and all my books I'd give,  
 With readiness and freedom."  
 "I'd take thy books, but with thy head,  
 Gadzooks! I ne'er could read them."

*True Benevolence.*

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,  
 Near Bedlam's confines groping,  
 "When'er I hear the cries of woe,  
 My hand is always open."  
 "I own," says Joe, "that, to the poor,  
 (You prove it ev'ry minute,)  
 Your hand is open, to be sure,  
 But thou there's nothing in it."

*Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.*

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd  
 (There love's artillery lies:)  
 One from her snowy finger blaz'd,  
 Two sparkled in her eyes.

The first, which shone with fainter rays,  
 Could here her name impart;  
 The others drew her charming face  
 More deeply on my heart.

*On the Death of Dean Swift.*

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence  
 complain'd,  
 But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;  
 Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our  
 cries, [skies:  
 And pray'rs daily made to keep Swift from the  
 Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the wind they  
 are given, [heaven.  
 For death comes relentless, and takes him to  
 At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,  
 But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to  
 run mad.

*Quod petis hic est.*

A THOUSAND objects of desire  
 On foreign coasts you'll view;  
 Now Art, now Nature's works admire,  
 Here splendor, there virtue.  
 But blessings, which at home you see,  
 Sublimar joy suggest:  
 Old England gives you liberty,  
 And that gives—all the rest.

*French Cooking.*

To make a plum-pudding a French count  
 once took  
 An authentic receipt from an English lord's  
 cook; [spice,  
 Mix suet, milk, eggs, sugar, meal, fruit and  
 Of such numbers, such measure, and weight,  
 and such price;  
 Drop a spoonful of brandy to quicken the mess,  
 And boil it for so many hours, more or less.  
 These directions were tried, but, when tried,  
 had no good in,  
 'Twas all wash, and all squash, but 'twas not  
 English pudding;



And monsieur, in a pet, sent a second request  
For the cook that prescrib'd to assist when  
'twas dress'd,

Who, of course, to comply with his honor's  
beseeching,

Like an old cook of Colbrook, march'd into  
the kitchen.

The French cooks, when they saw him, talk'd  
loud and talk'd long.

They were sure all was right, he could find  
nothing wrong;

Till, just as the mixture was rais'd to the pot,  
"Hold your hands! hold your hands!" scream'd  
astonish'd John Trot:

"Don't you see you want one thing, like fools  
as you are?"

"Vone ting, Saro! Vat ting, Saro?"—"A  
pudding-cloth, Saro!"

#### *The Decanter.*

O TROU, that high thy head dost bear,  
With round, smooth neck, and simple ear,

With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence  
Flow streams of noblest eloquence:

'Tis thou that fir'st the bard divine,

Sacred to Phoebus and the nine;

That mirth and soft delight canst move,

Sacred to Venus and to Love;

Yet, spite of all thy virtues rare,

'Thou'rt not a boon companion fair;

'Thou'rt full of wine when thirsty I,

And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

#### *Qualis ab Incepto.*

CURIO, whose hat a nimble knave had snatch'd,  
Fat, clumsy, gouty, and asthmatic, old,

Paunting against a post, his noddle scratch'd,

And his sad story to a stranger told:—

"Follow the thief," replied the stander-by;

"Ah, sir!" said he, "these legs will wag no  
more."

"Alarm the neighborhood with a hue and cry."

"Alas, I've roar'd as long as lungs could  
roar."

"Then," quoth the stranger, "vain is all en-  
deavor,

*Sans* voice to call, *sans* vigor to pursue;

And since your *hat*, of course, is gone for ever,  
I'll e'en make bold to take your *wig*—adieu!"

#### *How to make Fools scarce.*

MANKIND, though satirists with jobations  
weary us,

Has only two weak parts, if fairly reckon'd;  
The first of which is, trifling with things serious,

And seriousness in trifles is the second.

Remove these little rubs, whoe'er knows how,  
And fools will be as scarce as wise men now.

#### *Mental Optics.*

To a noted optician, a simple grave man  
In these terms his address for assistance began:

"If with me, like my neighbors, you think  
'twould succeed,

I would purchase a glass that would help me  
to read."

Number this, number that, no effect could pro-  
duce,

Concave, and convex, are alike of no use;

The shop was all rummag'd for old ware and  
new,

But nothing came of it, for nothing would do.

"'Tis strange," said the artist, "you see none  
the better;

Cannot all these varieties show you a letter?"

"Show a letter?" quoth he, "yes, by hun-  
dreds they show 'em; [em.]"

I can see fast enough: what I want is, to know

#### *On Howard's dying in Russia.*

THOUGH far from Britain, Britain's worthiest  
pride, [did],

The world's great patriot, generous Howard,

Let not our sorrow blame his wish to *go*;

With such a heart, as such a life display'd;

A heart, which all mankind one family made;

To travel was but to enlarge his home!

#### *Magna est Veritas et prævalebit.*

FALSEHOOD and Truth, in rival race,

Eternal contrast prove;

Falsehood speeds on with rapid pace,

Truth scarce appears to move.

Falsehood finds numbers in her course,

Who prompt assistance lend;

Ill-nature loves to aid her force,

And Folly stands her friend.

Guilt, Envy, Cunning, all make shift

To help her on her way,

And Fortune gives her many a lift;

No matter for foul play.

Yet, after all her efforts tried,

And all her circuit run,

When Time the victory shall decide,

She'll end where Truth begun!

#### *Fati valet Illoa benigna.*

WHEN Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,

His wife was plastering dearee's head,

Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it!

'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower,

For, had he come an hour before,

He'd seen the vixen break it.

#### *Brevis esse laboro.*

ON Folly's lips eternal tattlings dwell;

Wisdom speaks little, but that little well;

So lengthening shades the sun's decline betray,

But shorter shadows mark meridian day.

#### *Latin Learning of little Use.\**

YOUR venerable chaplain once

(Though now with age he bend)

Train'd *here* the scholar, lash'd the dunce,

A master and a friend.

To profit by his well-known care,

His child a butcher brought;

And, all the needful to prepare,

A dictionary bought.

\* Spoken at Merchant Taylors' School.

Before a week its course had run,  
 'The butcher came again :  
 "Take back your book, give back my son,"  
 'He cried with might and main.  
 "Larning!" 'tis money thrown away,  
 Such larning to procure ;  
 'The book don't show, the boy can't say,  
 What's Latin—for a skewer."

*Nothing new under the Sun.*

THERE'S nothing new beneath the sun,  
 So ancient wits' decisions run :  
 But wit no match for facts is :  
 For I know things, and so do you,  
 Though everlasting, ever new !  
 What think you, wits, of taxes ?

*Ancient and Modern Poets distinguished.*  
 'T'WIXT those poets of old, and our poets of late,  
 One perpetual distinction holds true :  
 'The new, in a twinkling, are all out of date,  
 'The old—will for ever be new !

*The Progress of Wigs.*

WHEN Charles the First the sceptre bore,  
 Each grave divine, I trow,  
 A silken cap all sable wore,  
 With nine straight hairs below.  
 The Restoration's jovial day  
 Chang'd, with the men, the mode,  
 And orth'dox heads, in broad display,  
 'The flaxen buckle show'd.  
 In Anna's reign, from general view  
 'Th' enormous flaxens fled :  
 And, lo ! perukes of milk-white hue  
 Succeeded in their stead.

These too incur'd, by lapse of years,  
 Disuse, though not disgrace ;  
 New clerical brows requir'd new gears,  
 And grizzles took their place.

Yet still the wig's full form retain'd  
 The feather'd foretop's peak :  
 Yet still the solemn bush remain'd  
 To flank the rosy cheek.

But now ! forgive the conscious muse,  
 That feels her verse too bold :  
 What fashions modern reverends use,  
 You need not here be told.

Though new their taste, while they adopt  
 'Their good forefathers' ways ;  
 The frizz'd, the curl'd, the bald, the cropt,  
 Have all their claim to praise.

*The Effect of Pulpit Eloquence.*

A VETERAN gambler, in a tempest caught,  
 Once in his life a church's shelter sought,  
 Where many a hint, pathetically grave,  
 On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.  
 The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,  
 Howe'er frug'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he  
 Went. [declar'd ;  
 "Strict truth," quoth he, "this rev'rend sage  
 I feel conviction, and will be prepar'd ;

Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,  
 Give credit for a bet—beyond a day !"

*Case in the Constitutional Court.*

A FARMER, as records report,  
 Most hugely discontented,  
 His vicar at the Bishop's Court  
 For gross neglect presented.  
 "Our former priest, my Lord," he said,  
 "Each Sunday the year round,  
 Some Greek in his discourses read,  
 And charming was the sound !  
 "Not such our present parson's phrase,  
 No Greek does he apply ;  
 But says in English all he says,  
 As you might speak, or I.  
 "And yet for this so simple style,  
 He claims each tithe and due ;  
 Pigs, pippins, poultry, all the while,  
 And Easter off'rings too !"  
 "You're skill'd in languages, I guess,"  
 'Th' amaz'd diocesan cry'd :  
 "I know no language, more nor less,"  
 'The surly clown reply'd :  
 "But Greek, I've heard the learned say,  
 Surpasses all the rest ;  
 And since 'tis for the best we pay,  
 We ought to have the best."

*On Hope.* ANON.

HOPE, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,  
 Howe'er misfortune seems to lower :  
 Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,  
 And is the rainbow of the shower.

A LONG way off Lucinda strikes the men ;  
 As she draws near,  
 And one sees clear,  
 A long way off—one wishes her again.

*On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.*

"On Tuesday next," says Tom to Ned,  
 "I'll dine with you, and take a bed."  
 "You may believe him," Will replies,  
 "Where'er Tom dines he always LIES."

*On a natural Grotto, near a deep Stream.*

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd cherub, haunts this spot ;  
 She slumbers oft in yonder nook :  
 If in the shade you find her not,  
 Plunge—and you'll find her in the brook !

*On a Lady who beat her Husband.*

COME hither, Sir George, my picture is here ;  
 What think you, my love ? don't it strike—  
 you ?  
 "I can't say it does, just at present, my dear,  
 But I think it soon will, it's so like you."

*What is an Epigram.*

WHAT is an epigram ? a dwarfish whole :  
 Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

*To a living Author.*

YOUR comedy I've read, my friend,  
And like tho half you pilfer'd best ;  
But sure the piece you yet may mend :  
Take courage, man ! and steal the rest.

*Imitated from the French.*

By Mr. P. DORR.

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no  
more,  
Last debt ? Tom never paid a debt before.

*Bargains.*

NED'S thrifty spouse, her taste to please,  
With rival dames at auctions vies ;  
Is charm'd with ev'ry thing she sees,  
And ev'ry thing she sees she buys.  
Nod feels at ev'ry sale enchanted ;  
Such costly wares ! so wisely sought !  
Bought because they may be wanted,  
Wanted because they may be bought.

*On a bad Singer.*

'SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad  
thing  
' Should certain persons die before they sing.

*From the Greek.*

BUT five years old—sweet babe, adieu !  
Beneath thy sod repose ;  
Little of life poor Henry knew,  
Yet 'scap'd from all its woes.

*From the Greek.*

Busv, thoughtless, playful, I,  
Little dreaming danger nigh,  
Was plac'd, ere twice three years had gone,  
By cruel death, beneath this stone.  
Yet weep not, weep not, parents dear,  
No pains nor cares shall enter here ;  
If little of life's joys I knew,  
So little of its sorrows too.

*From the Greek.*

To the happy and prosperous life's but a span,  
So quickly the years pass away ; [man,  
To the wretched, forsaken, disease-tortur'd  
An age is invol'd in a day.

*From the Greek.*

BLAME not love, as fraught with care,  
Cease, ye lovers, thus to moan ;  
Light and Joy Love's daughters are,  
The Woes from Folly spring alone.

*The Thief.*

I TELL, with equal truth and grief,  
That little Kitt's an arrant thief.  
Before the urchin well could go,  
She stole the whiteness of the snow ;  
And more—that whiteness to adorn,  
She stole the blushes of the morn ;  
Stole all the softness Æther pours  
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles :  
She stole the Graces' winning smiles ;  
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,  
To plant a star in either eye ;  
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,  
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath ;  
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,  
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils ; a store  
To which, in time, she added more :  
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen  
Her air and love-commanding mien ;  
Stole Juno's dignity ; and stole,  
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul ;  
She sung—amaz'd the Sirens heard,  
And to assert their voice appear'd ;  
She play'd—the Muses from their hill  
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill ;  
Apollo's wit was next her prey ;  
And then rise beams that light the day ;  
While Jove, her pilfering threats to crown,  
Pronounc'd these boonties all her own,  
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art ;  
And t' other day she stole my heart.

Cupid ! if lovers are thy care,  
Revenge thy votary on the fair ;  
Do justice on her stolen charms,  
And let her prison be—my arms.

*Beauty's Value. SHAKESPEARE.*

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,  
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;  
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,  
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.  
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.  
As goods when lost, we know, are seldom  
found,  
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite ;  
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the  
ground,  
As broken glass no cement can unite ;  
So beauty, blemish'd once, is ever lost,  
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

*Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.*

HERE lies my wife ; poor Molly ! let her lie :  
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

A Sailor, having been sentenced to the Cat o'  
Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punish-  
ment, spoke the following Lines to his Com-  
mander, who had an aversion to a Cat.

By your honor's command, an example I stand  
Of your justice to all the ship's crew ;  
I am hamper'd and stripp'd, and, if I am  
whipp'd,

'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition  
To offer some lines to your eye :  
Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the  
lash,  
And, if fate and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like  
a cat;

Why, your honor's aversion is mine : [fail,  
If puss then with one tail can make your heart  
O save me from that which has nine !

N. B. He was pardoned.

*On a certain Lady's Study.*

To Chloe's study shall we go ?  
(For ladies have their studies now.)  
O what a splendid sight is there !  
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare :  
There stand, all rang'd in proud array,  
Each French romance, and modern play ;  
Love's magazine of flames and darts,  
Whole histories of eyes and hearts :  
Sat, O ! view well the outward scene,  
You'll never need to look within ;  
What Chloe loves she plainly shows,  
For, lo ! her very books are bonus.

*The modern Courtier.*

" Pray say what's that which smirking trips  
this way."  
That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay,  
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled  
sword ; [Lord !  
That supple, servile thing ?—O ! that's a  
" You jest—that thing a Peer ? an English  
Peer ? [clear  
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience  
Either in grave debate, or hardly fight,  
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right :  
Surely those Lords were of another breed  
Who met their monarch John at Runnemedes ;  
And, clad in steel, there, in a glorious hour,  
Made the curs'd tyrant feel the people's pow'r ;  
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,  
'Their voice united is the voice of God."

*Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young  
Lady.*

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,  
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

*An Epitaph on a poor but honest Man.*

STOP, reader, here, and deign to look  
On one without a name,  
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book  
Of fortune or of fame.

Studios of peace, he hated strife ;  
Meek virtues fill'd his breast ;  
His coat of arms, " a spotless life,"  
" An honest heart " his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,  
And thus his motto ran :  
" A conscience void of all offence,  
Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, though pride  
Now scorns his pedigree,  
Thousands shall wish they'd been allied  
To this great family.

*An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.*

From CAMDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and  
cried, [died.  
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he

*Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real  
Enemy.*

Thy hesitating tongue and doubtful face  
Show all thy kindness to be mere grimace.  
Throw off the mask ; at once be foe or friend ;  
'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end.  
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor  
dread,  
But double terror that which hides its head.

*To Lady Mary Wortley Montague. PORT.*

In beauty or wit, no mortal as yet  
To question your empire has dar'd ;  
But men of discerning have thought that in  
learning  
'To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty, dull rules,  
Have reading to females denied ;  
So papists refuse the Bible to use,  
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas woman at first (indeed she was curst)  
In knowledge that tasted delight ;  
And sages agree, the laws should decree  
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,  
Which to your whole sex does belong  
And let men receive from a second bright Eve  
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve had doom did receive,  
When only one apple had she ; [you,  
What punishment new shall be found out for  
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree !

*On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and  
a Shrew. By the Husband.*

WE liv'd one-and-twenty year  
As man and wife together ;  
I could no longer keep her here ;  
She's gone, I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest  
I speak it not to flatter ;  
Of all the women in the world  
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,  
A handsome grave doth hide her ;  
And, sure, her soul is not in hell,—  
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft ;  
For, in the last great thunder,  
Methought I heard her very voice  
Rending the clouds in sunder.

*The Rose. PHILIPS.*

THE rose's age is but a day,  
Its bloom the pledge of its decay ;

Sweet in scent, in color bright,  
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

*Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.*

My age is not a moment's stay,  
My birth the same with my decay;  
I savor ill; no color know;  
And fade the instant that I blow.

*A Boston Epigram—written in 1774.  
To the Ministry.*

You've sent a rod to Massachuset,  
'Thinking the Americans will buss it;  
But much I fear, for Britain's sake,  
That this same rod will prove a snake.

*On Matrimony. An Epigram.*

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,  
For binding fast himself and Kate  
In union so divine;  
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried.  
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd:  
"Twill be the end of mine."

*Verses supposed to be written by Alexander  
Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the  
Island of Juan Fernandez. COWPER.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O solitude! where are the charms  
That sagas have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
O, had I the wings of a dove,  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford:  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some comfort, endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But, alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair:  
E'en here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There is mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

*Ode to Peace. COWPER.*

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!  
Return, and make thy downy nest

Once more in this sad heart:  
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,  
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;  
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,  
From av'rice and ambition free,  
And pleasure's fatal wiles?  
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare  
The sweets that I was wont to share,—  
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake  
The heaven that thou alone canst make?  
And wilt thou quit the stream  
That murmurs through the dewy mead,  
The grove and the sequester'd shed,  
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,  
For thee I gladly sacrific'd  
Whate'er I lov'd before;  
And shall I see thee start away,  
And, helpless, hopeless, hear thee say,  
Farewell! we meet no more?

*Human Frailty. COWPER.*

WEAK and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.  
The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.  
'Tis here the folly of the wise  
Through all his art we view;  
And, while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known.

A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast;  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

*On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica.* COWPER.

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot  
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!  
In vain recorded in historic page,  
They court the notice of a future age:  
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land  
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand!  
Lethargic gulfs receive them as they fall,  
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,  
Has burnt to tinder a stale last-year's news,  
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire:  
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;  
There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!  
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

*The Nightingale and Glow-Worm.* COWPER.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
Had cheer'd the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off, upon the ground,  
A something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glow-worm by his spark:  
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.  
The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
"As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine  
Taught you to sing, and me to shine,  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,  
And, warbling out his approbation,  
Releas'd him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn  
Their real interest to discern:  
That brother should not war with brother,  
And worry and devour each other,  
But sing and shine by sweet consent,  
'Till life's poor transient night is spent,  
Respecting in each other's case  
The gift of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name  
Who studiously make peace their aim;  
Peace, both the duty and the prize  
Of him that creeps, and him that lies.

*On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.*  
COWPER.

TIME was when I was free as air,  
The thistle's downy seed my fare,  
My drink the morning dew;  
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,  
My form genteel, my plumage gay,  
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,  
And form genteel, were all in vain,  
And of a transient date;  
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,  
In dying sighs my little breath  
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,  
And thanks for this effectual close  
And cure of every ill!  
More cruelty could none express;  
And I, if you had shown me less,  
Had been your prisoner still.

*The Pine-Apple and the Bee.* COWPER.

THE pine-apples in triple row  
Were basking hot and all in blow:  
A bee, of most discerning taste,  
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.  
On eager wing the spoiler came,  
And search'd for crannies in the frame;  
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,  
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied—  
But still in vain; the frame was tight,  
And only pervious to the light.  
Thus having wasted half the day,  
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find  
The sin and madness of mankind; \*  
To joys forbidden man aspires,  
Consumes his soul with vain desires;  
Folly the spring of his pursuit,  
And disappointment all the fruit.  
While Cynthio ogles as she passes  
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,  
She is the pine-apple, and he  
The silly, unsuccessful bee.

The maid, who views with pensive air  
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,  
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,  
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;  
Like thine her appetite is keen,  
But, ah, the cruel glass between!

Our dear delights are often such,  
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;  
The sight our foolish heart inflames;  
We long for pine-apples in frames.  
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,  
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;  
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,  
Can gather honey from a weed.

*The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.*  
COWPER.

AN oyster, cast upon the shore,  
Was heard, though never heard before,

Complaining in a speech well worded,  
And worthy thus to be recorded :  
" Ah, hapless wretch ! condemn'd to dwell  
For ever in my father's shell,  
Ordain'd to move ~~about~~ others' pleasure,  
Not for my own comfort or ease,  
But toss'd and ~~hurled~~ about,  
Now in the water, and now out.  
'Twere better to be born a stone  
Of ruder shape and feeling none,  
Than with a tenderness like mine,  
And sensibility so fine :  
I envy that unfeeling shrub,  
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub."

The plant he meant grew not far off,  
And felt the anger with scorn enough ;  
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,  
And with asperity replied.

(When, cry the botanists, and stare,  
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there ?  
No matter when, a poet's muse is  
To make them grow where just she chooses.)

" You shapeless nothing in a dish,  
You that are but almost a fish,  
I scorn your coarse insinuation,  
And have most plentiful occasion  
To wish myself the rock I view,  
Or such another dolt as you.  
For many a grave and learned clerk,  
And many a gay, unletter'd spark,  
With curious touch examines me,  
If I can feel as well as he ;  
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,  
Says, ' Well, 'tis more than one would think.'  
' Thus life is spent, O lie upon 't !  
In being touch'd, and crying, ' Don't ! ' "

A poet, in his evening walk,  
O'erheard, and check'd this idle talk.

And, " Your fine sense," he said, " and  
yours,

Whatever evil it endures,  
Deserves not, if so soon offended,  
Much to be pitted or commended.  
Disputes, though short, are far too long,  
Where both alike are in the wrong ;  
Your feelings, in their full amount,  
Are all upon your own account.  
" You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,  
Complain of being thus expos'd,  
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,  
Save when the knife is at your throat :  
Wherever driven by wind or tide,  
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside."

" And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,  
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,  
If all the plants that can be found  
Embellishing the scene around  
Should droop and wither where they grow,  
You would not feel at all, not you.  
The noblest minds their virtue prove  
By pity, sympathy, and love.  
These, these are feelings truly fine,  
And prove their owner half divine."

His discourse reach'd them as he dealt it,  
And each, by shrinking, show'd he felt it.

### A Fable. COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glassy breast  
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,  
And on her wicker-work high mounted  
Her chickens prematurely counted,  
(A fault philosophers might blame,  
If quite exempted from the same,)  
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day ;  
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,  
The legislature call'd it May.  
But suddenly a wind, as high  
As ever swept a winter sky,  
Shook the young leaves about her ears,  
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,  
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,  
And spread her golden hopes below.  
But just at eve the blowing weather,  
And all her fears were hush'd together :  
" And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,  
" 'Tis over, and the brood is safe ;"  
(For ravens, though as birds of omen  
They teach both conjurers and old women  
To tell us what is to befall,  
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)  
The morning came, when neighbor Hodge,  
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,  
And destin'd all the treasure there  
A gift to his expecting fair,  
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,  
And bore the worthless prize away.

### MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures,  
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.  
Safety consists not in escape  
From dangers of a frightful shape :  
An earthquake may be bid to spare  
The man that's strangled by a hair.  
Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
And in the sunshine strikes the blow.

### The Love of the World detected. COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk :  
" Good Mussulman, abstain from pork ;  
There is a part in ev'ry swine  
No friend or follower of mine  
May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
On pain of excommunication."  
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
And thus he left the point at large.  
Had he the sinful part express'd,  
They might with safety eat the rest :  
But for one piece, they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,  
And set their wit at work to find  
What joint the prophet had in mind.  
Much controversy straight arose ;  
These choose the back, the belly those ;  
By some 'tis confidently said  
He meant not to forbid the head ;  
While others at that doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail :  
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,  
Mahometians eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well ; the tale applied  
 May make you laugh on t' other side.  
 "Renounce the world," the preacher cries :  
 "We do," a multitude replies.  
 While one as innocent regards  
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;  
 And one, whatever you may say,  
 Can see no evil in a play ;  
 Some love a concert, or a race,  
 And others, shooting, and the chase.  
 Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,  
 Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd :  
 Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,  
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :  
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

*The Jackdaw.* COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,  
 And by the hoarseness of his note,  
 Might be supposed a crow ;  
 A great frequenter of the church,  
 Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch  
 And dormitory too.  
 About the steeple shines a plate,  
 That turns and turns, to indicate  
 From what point blows the weather ;  
 Look up, your brains begin to swim ;  
 'Tis in the clouds : that pleases him,  
 He chooses it the rather.  
 Fond of the speculative height,  
 Thither he wings his airy flight,  
 And thence securely sees  
 The bustle and the rareshow  
 That occupies mankind below,  
 Secure and at his ease.  
 You think, no doubt, he sits and nurses  
 On future broken bones and bruises,  
 If he should chance to fall ;  
 No, not a single thought like that  
 Employs his philosophic pate,  
 Or troubles it at all.  
 He sees that this great roundabout,  
 The world, with all its motley rout,  
 Church, army, physic, law,  
 Its customs and its businesses  
 Are no concern at all of his,  
 And says—What says he ? "Caw."  
 Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen  
 Much of the vanities of men,  
 And, sick of having seen 'em,  
 Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
 For such a pair of wings as thine,  
 And such a head between 'em.

*We are Seven.* WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE child  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death ?  
 I met a little cottago girl :  
 She was eight years old, she said ;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad ;  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;  
 —Her beauty made me glad.  
 "Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
 How many are you then ?"  
 "How many ? Seven in all," she said,  
 And wondering look'd at me.  
 "And where are they ? I pray you tell."  
 She answer'd, "Seven are we ;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.  
 "Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
 My sister and my brother ;  
 And, in the church-yard cottage, I  
 Dwell near them with my mother."  
 "You say that two at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea,  
 Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
 Sweet maid, how this may be ?"  
 Then did the little maid reply,  
 "Seven boys and girls are we ;  
 Two of us in the church-yard lie,  
 Beneath the church-yard tree."  
 "You run about, my little maid,  
 Your limbs they are alive ;  
 If two are in the church-yard laid,  
 Then ye are only five."  
 "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
 The little maid replied,  
 "Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
 And they are side by side.  
 "My stockings there I often knit,  
 My kerchief there I hem ;  
 And there upon the ground I sit—  
 I sit and sing to them.  
 "And often after sun-set, sir,  
 When it is light and fair,  
 I take my little porringer,  
 And eat my supper there..  
 "The first that died was little Jane ;  
 In bed she moaning lay,  
 Till God releas'd her of her pain ;  
 And then she went away.  
 "So in the church-yard she was laid ;  
 And, all the summer dry,  
 Together round her grave we play'd,  
 My brother John and I.  
 "And when the ground was white with snow,  
 And I could run and slide,  
 My brother John was forc'd to go,  
 And he lies by her side."  
 "How many are you then," said I,  
 "If they two are in heaven ?"  
 The little maiden did reply,  
 "O, master ! we are seven."  
 "But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
 Their spirits are in heaven !"  
 'Twas throwing words away : for still  
 The little maid would have her will,  
 And said, "Nay, we are seven !"



*Rural Architecture.* WORDSWORTH.

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming,  
and Benjamin Stone, [not more  
Three rosy cheek'd school-boys, the highest  
Than the helms of the countriers' barges;  
To the top of the crag? How did it please  
them to choose? [lime,  
And there they built up, without mortar or  
A man on the wall of the crag.

They built him of stones gather'd up as they  
lay; [day,  
They built him and christen'd him all in one  
An urchin both vigorous and hale;  
And so without scruple they call'd him Ralph  
Jones,  
Now Ralph is renown'd for the length of his  
bones;

The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,  
And, in anger or merriment, out of the north  
Coming on with a terrible pother,  
From the peak of the crag blew the giant away.  
And what did these school-boys?—The very  
next day.

They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works  
By Christian disturbers, more savage than  
Spirits busy to do and undo; [Turks,  
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes  
will fling— [crag]  
Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of the  
And I'll build up a giant with you.

*Goody Blake and Harry Gill.*—A true Story.  
WORDSWORTH.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?

What is't that ails young Harry Gill?

That evermore his teeth they chatter,

Chatter, chatter, chatter still!

Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,

Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;

He has a blanket on his back,

And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

The neighbours tell and tell you truly,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

At night, at morning, and at noon,

'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;

Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,

His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,

And who so stout of limb as he?

His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;

His voice was like the voice of three.

Old Goody Blake was old and poor;

Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;

And any man who pass'd her door

Might see how poor a hut she had.

\* Great How is a single and conspicuous hill,  
which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, on the  
western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite,  
along the high road between Kewrick and Ambleside.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling;  
And then her three hours' work at night!  
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
Remote from sheltering village green,  
Upon a bleak hill-side, she dwelt,  
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,  
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage;  
But she, poor woman! housed alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,  
Then at her door the canny dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter.  
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and dead!  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout;  
And scatter'd many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could any thing be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?  
And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake;  
And vow'd that she should be detected,  
And he on her would vengeance take  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take;  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand:  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
He hears a noise—he's all awake—  
Again? on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:  
Stick after stick did Goody pull;  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
'Till she had fill'd her apron full.  
When with her load she turn'd about,  
The by-road back again to take,

He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.  
And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast;  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed  
To God, that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;  
Young Harry heard what she had said,  
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill:  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,  
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a riding-coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he:  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,—  
And blankets were about him pinned;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away;  
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.

word to any man he utters,  
ed or up, to young or old;  
er to himself he mutters,  
r Harry Gill is very cold."

by night or day,  
they chatter, chatter still.  
farmers all, I pray,  
like and Harry Gill.

*Gentleman's Pocket being  
of his Watch.*

ould wear, this he must

atch his pocket too.

*e-Side.*

re was clear,

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;  
She stole an anxious kiss,  
And, blushing, modestly confess'd  
The fullness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart a-fire,  
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,  
That it might ever be his fate,  
Just so to live and love.

"Be this eternity," he cried,  
"And let no more be given;  
Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,  
I ask no other heaven."

*Address to a Nightingale. THOMSON.*

O NIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,  
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,  
Bless'd in the full possession of thy love:  
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale! to me.

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate;  
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,  
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;  
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws  
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;  
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,  
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of int'rest and of pride,  
Dare not be blest, lest any tongues  
should blame;  
And hence in vain I languish for my bride:  
O mourn with me, sweet bird! my hapless  
flame.

*Retaliation. GOLDSMITH.*

The title and nature of this Poem show that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which, from the wit of the company and the very ingenious author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some strokes of humor. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shown how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

Of old, when Scarron his company invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;  
If our landlord\* supplies us with beef and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:  
Our Dean† shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;  
Our Burket‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

\* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor and the friends he has characterized in this poem held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wexford, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.



But now he is gone, and we want a detector,  
Our Dods shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;  
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;

New Layders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross  
No countryman living their tricks to discover:  
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat  
in the dark. [can?

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who  
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;  
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;  
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent  
heart,

The man had his failings, a depe to his art;  
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,  
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.  
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;  
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting;  
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;  
Though secure of our hearts, yet confounded-  
ly sick

If they were not his own by finessing and trick;  
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle  
them back. [came,

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;  
Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who pepper'd the highest was sure best to  
please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind:  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,  
What a commerce was yours, while you got  
and you gave! [you rais'd,

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that  
While he was be-Roscious'd, and you were be-  
prais'd!

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies!

These poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;  
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and  
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant  
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature:  
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bum-  
per; [per,

Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumb-  
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?  
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?  
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.

Perhaps he scolded in men as they go,  
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah, no!

Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and  
burn ye.

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

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Here Reynolds sits, and to tell you my  
mind,

He has not left a stone unturned behind:  
His pencil was as busy as his pen; and grand;  
His manners were as well as his complying, and  
bland.

Still born to flatter, and to every part,  
His pencil our flesh, his manners our heart:  
To cosset and to caress, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judg'd without skill he was still  
hard of hearing; [and stuff,  
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios,  
He shifted his trumpet,\* and only took snuff.

*The Haunch of Venison: a Poetical Epistle  
to Lord Clara.—1765. GOLDSMITH.*

THANKS, my lord, for your valision, for finer  
or fatter [ter;

Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a plat-  
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;  
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce  
help regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;  
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in  
view,

To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtue;  
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,  
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:  
But, for eating, rasher of what they take pride  
in, [in.

They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd  
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-  
nounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;  
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,  
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce. I protest, in  
my turn. [Burn.

It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr.  
Togo on with my tale—as I gar'd on the haunch,  
I thought of a friend that was trusty and stanch;  
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,  
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.  
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;  
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival  
Monroe's:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,  
With the how, and the who, and the where,  
and the when. [H—d,

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and  
I think they love venison—I know they love  
beef. [alone

There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him  
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.  
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,  
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;  
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,  
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a  
shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie centred,  
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself,  
enter'd;

\* Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as  
to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in  
company.

An under-bred, but a good fellow was he,  
And he smil'd at the thought of the venison and tea.  
"What have you got here?—why, this is good eating!"

Your own I suppose, and worth waiting for?"  
"Why, whose?—I was told I was to dine with a  
[bouncer—]

"I got these things, what?" but that was a  
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the  
nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind; but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,  
"I'm glad I have taken this house to my way."

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;  
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:

We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits  
will be there; [Clare.

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord  
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,  
We wanted this venison to make out the dinner!

What say you—a party, it shall and it must,  
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.  
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;  
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear  
friend!" [wind,

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the  
And the waiter and waiters follow'd behind.

Left alone, and poor, having emptied my shelf,  
And "nothing left me at sea but myself;"

Though I could not help thinking my gentle-  
[party,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison  
Were things that I never desired in my life,  
Though I was d with a coxcomb, and Kitty his  
[proach,

So next day, in the splendour to make my ap-  
I drove to his door in my downy hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were  
to dine, [nine,)

(A chair-lumber'd place just twelve feet by  
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me  
quite dumb, [not come;

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would  
For "I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,  
The one with his speeches, and th' other with  
Thrale; [party,

But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the  
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew;  
They're both of them merry, and authors like  
you; [Scourge;

The one writes the Snarler, the other the  
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Pu-  
nurge." [name,

While thus he describ'd them by trade and by  
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they  
came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,  
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;  
At the sides there was spinach and pudding  
made hot.

In the middle a place where the party—was not.  
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,  
As your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian—

So there he sat, like a horse in a pound,  
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:  
But what year'd me most, was that d—m'd  
Scottish rogue, [his brogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and  
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be  
my poison.

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;  
Pray, a slice of your liver, though may I be  
[burst."

But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to  
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his choco-  
late cheek, [week:

"I could dine on this tripe seven days in the  
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;  
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing  
at all." [in a trice,

"O—oh!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on  
He's keeping a corner for something that's  
nice: [Jew;

There's a party—"A party!" repeated the  
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."

"What the de'il mean a party!" re-echo'd the  
Scot; [that."

"Though spinning I'll still keep a corner for  
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;

"We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.  
While thus we were talking, and the party delay'd,

With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the  
maid:

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,  
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.

But we quickly found out, for who could mis-  
take her?

That she came with some terrible news from  
the baker:

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven  
Had shut out the party on shutting his oven.

Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—  
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labor mis-  
plac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste;  
You've got an odd something—a kind of dis-  
cerning—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by hearing—  
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,

That you think very slightly of all that's your  
own:

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,  
You may make a mistake, and think slightly  
of this.

### *The Double Transformation: A Tale.*

GOLDSMITH.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,  
Jack Book-worm led a college life;

A fellowship at twenty-five  
Made him the happiest man alive;

He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,  
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,  
Could any accident impair?

Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix  
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?

O had the archer ne'er come down  
To ravage in a country town !  
Or Flavia beam content to stay  
At Memphis in a best-street shop ;  
O had her eyes forgot to blink !  
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze ;  
O !—But let exclamations cease,  
Her presence banish'd all his peace.  
So with decorum all things carry'd ;  
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—mar-  
ried.

Need we expose to vulgar sight  
The raptures of the bridal night ?  
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,  
Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?  
Let it suffice, that each had charms ;  
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;  
And, though she felt his usage rough,  
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon-like lightning flew ;  
The second brought its transports too ;  
A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;  
The fifth was friendshipp'd with bliss ;  
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,  
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;  
Found half the charms that robb'd her face  
Arose from powder, streaks, or lace ;  
But still the worst remain'd behind,  
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,  
But dressing, patching, repartee ;  
And, just as humor rose or fell,  
By turns a slattern or a belle ;  
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace ;  
Half naked at a ball or race ;  
But when at home, at board or bed,  
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.  
Could so much beauty condescend  
To be a dull domestic friend ?  
Could any curtain-lectures bring  
To decency so fine a thing ?  
In short, by night, 'twas fit or fretting ;  
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.  
Fond to be seen, she kept a bery  
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee ;  
The 'squire and captain took their stations,  
And twenty other near relations ;  
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke  
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;  
While, as their hours were pass'd between  
Insipid repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,  
He thinks her features coarser grown ;  
He fancies every vice she shows ;  
Or views her lip, or points her nose :  
Whenever rage or envy rise,  
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !  
He knows not how, but so it is ;  
Her face is grown a knowing this ;  
And, though her lips are wondrous civil,  
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex that insoll'd noose,  
As each different way pursues,  
While still the inquisitious strife  
Promised to hold them on for life,

That dire disaster, which no less power  
Withers the beauty's blossoming flower,  
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glass  
Lovell'd its terrors to the fair ;  
And, riding slow, yet with grimace,  
Left but the residuum of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,  
Reflected now a perfect fright ;  
Each former art she vainly tries  
To bring back lustre to her eyes.  
In vain she tries her paste and creams,  
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;  
Her country beaux and city cousins,  
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :  
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,  
And even the captain quit the field.  
Poor madam now condemn'd to hack  
The rest of life with anxious Jack,  
Perceiving others fairly flow'd,  
Attempted pleasing him alone.  
Jack soon was dash'd to behold  
Her present face surpass the old ;  
With modesty her cheeks were dy'd,  
Humility disploes pride ;  
For tawdry finery, is seen  
A person ever neatly clean :  
No more presuming on her way,  
She learns good-nature every day.  
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,  
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

#### The Progress of Knowledge.—1740.

WARTON

When new-mature in classic knowledge,  
The joyful youth is sent to college,  
His father comes, a vicar plain,  
At Oxford bred—in Angus reign,  
And thus, in form of humble tutor,  
Bowing, accepts a pension tutor.  
" Sir, I'm a Gloucestershire squire,  
And this my eldest son of mine ;  
My wife's ambition and my own  
Was that this child should wear a gown ;  
I'll warrant that his good behaviour  
Will justify your future favour ;  
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,  
My son is a very forward youth ;  
His Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—  
And smother'd out Homer's Greek like thunder.  
If you'd examine—and admit him,  
A scholarship would nicely fit him ;  
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one ;  
Your vote and interest, sir !"—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,  
Are with a scholarship completed ;  
A scholarship but half maintain'd,  
And college rules are heavy chains :  
In garret dark he smokes and puns,  
A prey to discipline and duns ;  
And now, intent on new designs,  
Sighs for a fellowship—and fails.

When nigh full tedious winters past,  
That utmost wish is crown'd at last,  
But the rich prize he never gets,  
Again he quarrels with his lot.

"These fellows do not busy things,  
We live indeed, but busy not;  
But who can busy the whole age?  
Amid the dulness of a state,  
Debar'd the common joys of life,  
And that prime business of a wife,  
O! what's a table without wine,  
Without a woman at the side?  
Would some sang benedictum fill,  
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!  
To offices I'd bid adieu,  
Of dean, vice pres.—of burar too;  
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,  
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"

Too fond of freedom and of ease  
A pitron's vanity to please,  
Long time he watches, and by stealth,  
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;  
At length, and in his fortieth year,  
A living drops—two hundred clear!  
With breast elate beyond expression,  
He hurries down to take possession,  
With rapture views the sweet retreat—  
"What a convenient house! how neat!  
For fuel here's sufficient wood  
Pry God the cellars may be good!  
The garden—that must be new-plann'd—  
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?  
O'er yonder yew-tree plot shall rise  
The flow'ry streets of thousand dyes—  
Yon wall, that feels the southern sun,  
Shall blush with ready fruitage gay;  
While thick beneath its shadow walk  
O'er wall-rings the bees shall swarm,  
From which the lang, of golden gleam  
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream  
This awkward hut, overgrown with ivy,  
We'll alter to a modern fairy:  
Up yon green slope, of beauty trim,  
An avenue so cool and daisy,  
Shall to an arbour at the end,  
In spite of gout, entice a friend  
My predecessor lov'd devotion—  
But of a garden had no notion!"

Continuing this fantastic farce on,  
He now commences country parson.  
To make his character entire,  
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;  
Not over-weighty in the purse,  
But many doctors have done worse  
And though she boasts no charms divine,  
Yet she can carve, and make burch wine  
Thus fir'd, content he taps his barrel,  
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;  
Finds his church-wardens have discerning  
Both in good liquor and good learning;  
With tithes his barns replete he sees,  
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;  
Studies to find out latent dues,  
And regulates the state of pews;  
A sleek mare with purple housing,  
Is the monthly club's carousing;  
And pranks & frolics tells,  
On Sunday, there no bells;

Sends prospects of his choicest fruit,  
And presses himself each morning shoot;  
Plants cauliflower, and tends to rear  
The earliest melons of the year;  
Thinks alteration champing work is,  
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;  
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,  
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast  
By cures domestic is oppress'd;  
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,  
Threaten inevitable run.  
For children fresh expenses yet,  
And Dicky now for school is fit.  
"Why did I sell my college life,"  
He cries, "for benefice and wife?  
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure  
I found in reading, or in leisure!  
When calm around the common room  
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!  
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,  
At annual bottlings, casks selected  
And din'd tatar, undoubled, under  
The portrait of our noble founder!  
When impostures were supply'd  
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—  
No cares were then my forward peas,  
A yearly-longing wish to please,  
My thoughts no chafing dinners crost,  
No children cry'd for butter'd toast;  
An ev'ry night I went to bed,  
Without a modus in my head!"  
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!  
Chagr'n'd at whatsoe'er thou art;  
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,  
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!  
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,  
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

#### *Description of Hudibras. BUTLER.*

His tawny beard was th' equal grate  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and die so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile;  
The upper part whereof was whey,  
The nether orange; mix'd with gray.  
This hairy meteor did dance  
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;  
With grisly type did represent  
Declining age of government,  
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,  
It's own grave and the state's were made  
Like Sampson's heart-breakers, it grew  
In time to make a nation rue;  
Though it contributed its own fall  
To want upon the public downfall;  
It was monastic, and did grow  
In holy orders by strict vow;  
Of rule as sullen and severe,  
As that of rigid Cordelier;  
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,  
And martyrdom, with resolution;  
To oppose itself against the state  
And vengeance of th' incensed state,

In whose defence it was worn,  
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,  
Rev'd, and cut upon, and martyr'd;  
Maugre-all which 'twas to stand fast  
As long as monarchy should last.  
But when the state should hap to reel,  
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
And fall, as it was consecrate,  
A sacrifice to fall of state,  
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters  
Did twist together with its whiskers,  
And twine so close, that Time should never,  
In life or death, their fortunes sever,  
But with his rusty sickle mow  
Both down together at a blow.  
So learned Taliacotus, from  
The hairy part of Porter's bum,  
'ut supplemental noses, which  
Would last as long as parent breech,  
But, when the date of Nock was out,  
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather *buttocks*, show'd  
As if it stoop'd with its own load.  
I or as *Aneas* bore his name,  
Upon his shoulders through the fire,  
Our knight did bear as long a pack  
Of his own buttocks on his back;  
Which now had almost got the upper-  
Hand of his head for want of crupper  
To poise this equally, he bore  
A paunch of the same bulk before,  
Which still he had a special care  
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;  
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
Such as a country house affords;  
With other victual, which anon  
We farther shall predicate upon,  
When of his hose we come to treat,  
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen;  
To old King Harry so well known,  
Some writers held they were his own  
Through they were lined with many a piece  
Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
And fat black puddings, proper food  
For warriors that delight in blood,  
For, as we said, he always chose,  
To carry victual in his hose,  
That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise;  
And when he put a hand but in  
The one or t' other magazine,  
They stoutly on defence on't stood,  
And from the wounds he drew blood,  
And till they were starv'd and beaten out,  
Ne'er left the fortification.  
And though his knights errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,

Because when they were out of rest,  
And regions desolate they went,  
Where belly-bumping shew'd no rest,  
Or under, was not to be sent;  
Unless they guess'd, there's not one word  
Of their provisions on record;  
Which made some confidently write,  
They had no stomachs but to fight.  
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall  
Round table like a farthingale,  
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before, his good knights dined,  
Though 'twas no table some suppose,  
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,  
In which he carry'd as much meat  
As he and all the knights could eat,  
When laying by their swords and truncheons,  
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.  
But let that pass at present, lest  
We should forget where we digress'd,  
As learned authors use, to whom  
We leave it, and to the purpose come.

His pumant sword unto his side,  
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,  
With basket hilt that would hold broth,  
And served for fight and dinner both;  
In it he melted lead for bullets  
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pellets,  
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
He ne'er gave quarter to any wretch.  
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For what of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.  
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,  
The ranget of its edge had felt;  
For of the lower end two faithful  
It had devour'd, 'twas so faithful,  
And so much mow'd to look in case,  
As if it durst not show its face.  
In many desperate attempts  
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,  
It had appear'd with courage bolder  
Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder  
Of had it ta'en possession,  
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

Thus sword a dagger had, his page,  
That was but little for his age,  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.  
It was a servicable dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging,  
When it had stab'd, or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,  
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care,  
'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth  
Set leaks and snore, and so forth.  
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure,  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.  
In the holiest of his saddle-bow,  
Two aged physicians did stow,



Among the surpluses of the great  
 As in his hose he would not get  
 These would have been the best  
 To forage when the others were beat,  
 And sometimes catch the willow snap,  
 As cleverly as the best trap  
 They were upon their fifty-bill,  
 And every night stood sentinel,  
 To guard the magazine of the hose  
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,  
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.  
 But first, with nimble, active force,  
 He got on th' outside of his horse  
 For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 Th' his saddle on the further side,  
 It was so short h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desperate toe,  
 But after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the middle-eaves,  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat  
 With so much vigor, strength, and heat,  
 That he had almost tumbled over  
 With his own weight, but did recover,  
 By laying hold on tail and mane,  
 Which oft he used instead of rein.

*Baucis and Philemon — 1708 On the ever-  
 lamented loss of the two Yew-Trees, in the  
 Parish of Chilthorne, Somerset. Imitated  
 from the eighth Book of Ovid. SWIFT*

In ancient times, as story tells,  
 The saints would often leave their cells,  
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
 To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter's night,  
 As authors of the legend write,  
 Two brother-hermits, saunters by trade,  
 Taking their tour in masquerade,  
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went  
 To a small village down in Kent,  
 Where, in the strollers' ranting strain,  
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,  
 Tried every tone might pity win,  
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saunts, in woful state,  
 Treated at this un-odly rate,  
 Having through all the village pass'd,  
 To a small cottage came at last  
 Where dwelt a good, old, honest ye'man,  
 Call'd, in the neighborhood, Philemon;  
 Who kindly did these saunts invite  
 In his poor hut to pass the night;  
 And then the hospitable sire  
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;  
 While he from out the chimney took  
 A slice of bacon off the hook,  
 And freely from the fattest side  
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;  
 Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,  
 I'll'd a large jug up to the brim,  
 And saw it flick twice go round;  
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,  
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop

The good old couple were amaz'd,  
 And often on each other gaz'd;  
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,  
 And just began to cry, "What art thou?"

Then softly turn'd aside to view  
 Whether the lights were burning blue  
 The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,  
 Told them their calling, and then errand

"Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
 We are but saunts," the hermits said,  
 "No hurt shall come to you or yours.

But for that pack of churlish boors,  
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,  
 They told their houses shall be drown'd;  
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,  
 And grow a church before your eyes."

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft  
 The roof began to mount aloft;  
 Aloft rose every beam and rafter,  
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,  
 Became a steeple with a spire

The kettle to the top was hoist,  
 And there stood fasten'd to a joint,  
 But with the upside down, to show  
 Its inclination for below

In vain, for a supernat force,  
 Apply'd at bottom, stops its course  
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,  
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell

A wooden jack, which had almost  
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,  
 A sudden alteration feels,  
 Increas'd by new intestine wheels,  
 And, what exalts the wonder more,  
 The number made the motion slower  
 The fier, though 't had leaden feet,  
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could  
 see 't;

But, shicken'd by some secret power,  
 Now hardly moves an inch an hour.  
 The jack and chimney, near ally'd,  
 Have never left each other's side

The chimney to the steeple grown,  
 The jack would not be left alone,  
 But, up against the steeple rear'd,  
 Became a clock, and still adher'd;  
 And still its love to household cares,  
 By a shrill voice at noon, declares,  
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn  
 That roast-meat which it cannot turn

The groaning chest began to crawl,  
 Like a huge snail, along the wall,  
 There stuck aloft in public view,  
 And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row  
 Hung high, and made a glittering show,  
 To a less noble substance chang'd,  
 Were now but leather buckets rang'd

The ballads, pasted on the wall,  
 Of Joan of France, and English-Mell,  
 Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,  
 The Little Children in the Wood,  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,

And, high in order plac'd, describe  
The heraldry of every tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a leaf;  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphos'd into paws;  
Which still their ancient nature keep  
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these  
Grown to a church by just degrees,  
The hermits then desir'd their host  
To ask for what he fancy'd most.  
Philemon, having paus'd a while,  
Return'd them thanks in homely style:  
Then said, "My house is grown so fine,  
Methinks I still would call it mine;  
I'm old, and fair would live at ease;  
Make me the parson, if you please."

He spoke, and presently he feels  
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:  
He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
About each arm a padding sleeve;  
His waistcoat to a rumpus gown,  
And both assum'd a sable hue.  
But, being old, continued fit,  
As thread-bare, and as full of dirt.  
His talk was now of tithes and dues:  
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;  
Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;  
At christenings well could act his part,  
And had the service all by heart;  
Wish'd women might have children fast,  
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;  
Against dissenters would repine,  
And stood up firm for right divine;  
Found his head fill'd with many a system;  
But classic authors, he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,  
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.  
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen  
Good pinners edg'd with colberts;  
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,  
Became black satin, bound'd with lace.  
Plain Goody would no longer down;  
'Twas Madam, in her program gown.  
Philemon was in great surprise,  
And hardly could believe his eyes,  
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;  
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life  
Were several years this man and wife;  
When, on a day, which prov'd their last,  
Discouraging o'er old Baucis past,  
They went by chance, amidst their talk,  
To the church-yard to take a walk;  
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,  
"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"  
"Sprout!" quoth the man; "what's this you  
tell us?"

"Do you don't believe me jealous?  
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;  
And really yours is budding too—  
Nay—now I cannot stir my foot;  
It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would be mine my muse;  
In short, they both were bound to yaws.

Old Goodman Dives, of the green  
Remembers, he has once has seen:  
He'll talk of them from noon till night,  
And goes with folks to show the sight:  
On Sundays, after evening prayer,  
He gathers all the parish there;  
Points out the place of either yew;  
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:  
Till once a parson of our town,  
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;  
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd  
How much the other tree was griev'd,  
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;  
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

*To the Earl of Peterborough, who commanded  
the British forces in Spain. SWIFT.*

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,  
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,  
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,  
Sits up till midnight with his host,  
Talks politics, and gives the toast;  
Knows every prince in Europe's face,  
Flies like a quib from place to place,  
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette to la main,  
This day array'd without his train,  
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-race,  
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;  
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy wins his horn,  
And rides through Biscay in the morn:  
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,  
The roads are with his followers strown;  
This breaks a girth and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,  
Returning sound in limb and wind,  
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,  
His meager corpse, though full of vigor,  
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,  
When you have not the least suspicion,  
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;  
In senates bold, and fierce in war;  
A land commander, and a far

Heroic actions early bred in,  
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading.  
But by his name—ake, Charles of Sweden.

*Upon Nothing. ROCHESTER.*

Nothing! thou elder brother art to shade,  
That hadst a being ere the world was made,  
And (well fix'd art alone of ending not afraid,

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place  
were not. [they got]  
When primitive Nothing Something straight  
Then all proceeded from the great united—  
What.

Something, the general attributes of all,  
Sever'd from thee, the sole original, [fall]  
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd

Yet Something did thy mighty power command,  
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand  
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,  
By Force assisted, flew from thy embrace;  
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend, dusky  
face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did  
join;

Body, thy foe, with these did leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy  
line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,  
And, brib'd by thee, asserts thy short-liv'd  
reign, [again].

And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves  
Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,  
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries  
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,  
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away,  
And to be just with thee the wicked wisely  
prays.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise  
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,  
Didst thou not stand to point their dull phi-  
losophies!

Is, or is not, the two great ends of Fate,  
And, true or false, the subject of debate,  
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of  
Fate;

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,  
Within thy bosom most securely rest, [best]  
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe; and  
But Nothing, why does Something still permit,  
That sacred monarchs should at council sit  
With persons highly thought at best for noth-  
ing fit?

While weighty Something modestly abstains  
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's  
brains,

And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave dis-  
guise, [wise],

For whom they reverence shapes and forms de-  
lawned, and furs, and gowns, when they  
like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,  
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,  
Spaniards' despatch, Danes' wit, are mainly  
seen in thee.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,  
Kings' promises; whores' vows, towards t'  
they tend,

Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

*The Secular Masque.* DRYDEN.

*Enter Janus.*

*Janus.* CHRONOS, Chronos, mend thy pace.  
A hundred times the rolling sun  
Around the radiant belt has run  
In his revolving race.  
Behold, behold the goal in sight,  
Spread thy fans and wing thy flight.

*Enter Chronos with a sieve in his hand, and  
a globe on his back; which he sets down at  
his entrance.*

*Chronos.* Weary, weary of my weight,  
Let me, let me drop my freight.  
And leave the world behind.  
I could not bear  
Another year  
The load of human-kind.

*Enter Momus, laughing.*

*Momus.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! well hast  
thou done,  
To lay down thy pack,  
And lighten thy back;  
The world was a fool, e'er since it  
began: [nos, nor I,  
And since neither Janus, nor Chro-  
can hinder the crimes,  
Or mend the bad times,  
'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

*Cho. of all three.* 'Tis better to laugh than to cry.

*Janus.* Since Momus comes to laugh below,  
Old Time begin the show,  
That he may see, in every scene,  
What changes in this age have been.

*Chronos.* Then, Goddess of the silver bow, be-  
gin. [Horns, or hunting;  
music, within.]

*Enter Diana.*

*Diana.* With horns and with hounds I  
awaken the day,  
And hie to the woodland walks  
away; [soon,  
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd  
And tie to my forehead a waxing  
moon. [fox,  
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the  
And chase the wild goats o'er sum-  
mits of rocks.

With shouting and hooting we pierce  
through the sky, [the cry,  
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles

*Cho. of all.* With shouting and hooting we  
pierce through the sky,  
And Echo turns hunter, and  
doubles the cry.

*Janus.* Then our age was in it's prime,

*Chronos.* Free from rage,

*Diana.* ——— And free from crime.

*Momus.* A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking  
time.

*Cho. of all.* Then our age was in its prime,  
Free from rage, and free from crime.  
A very merry, dancing, drinking,  
Laughing, quaffing, and astonishing  
time.

[*Dance of Diana's attendants.*]

*Enter Mars.*

*Mars.* Inspire the vocal brass, inspire;  
The world is past its infant age;

Arms and honor,  
Arms and honor,  
Set the martial mind on fire,  
And kindle manly rage.  
Mars has look'd the sky to red;  
And Peace, the lazy good, is fled.  
Plenty, peace, and pleasure fly;  
The sprightly green

In woodland walks no more is seen;  
The sprightly green has drunk the

*Cho. of all.* Plenty, peace, &c. [Tyrian dyc.

*Mars.* Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;

Though all the world around  
Sound a reveille, sound, sound.  
The warrior god is come.

*Cho. of all.* Sound the trumpet, &c.

*Momus.* Thy sword within the scabbard keep,  
And let mankind agree;

Better the world were fast asleep,  
Than kept awake by thee  
The fools are only thinner,  
With all our cost and care;  
But neither side a winner,  
For things are as they were

*Cho. of all.* The fools are only, &c

*Enter Venus.*

*Venus.* Calms appear, when storms are past;

Love will have his hour at last:  
Nature is my kindly care,  
Mars destroys, and I repair  
Take me, take me, while you may,  
Venus comes not every day.

*Cho. of all.* Take her, take her, &c.

*Chronos.* The world was then so light,

I scarcely felt the weight;  
Joy rail'd the day, and love the night.  
But since the Queen of Pleasure left  
I faint, I lag, [the ground,  
And feebly drag

The ponderous orb around.

*Momus.* All, all of a piece throughout;

Point- }  
ing to } Thy chase had a beast in view;  
Diana, }

[*To Mars.*] Thy wars brought nothing about;

[*To Venus.*] Thy lovers were all untrue.

*Janus.* 'Tis well an old age is out,

*Chronos.* And time to begin anew.

*Cho. of all.* All, all of a piece throughout

Thy chase had a beast in view;  
Thy wars brought nothing about;  
Thy lovers were all untrue.  
'Tis well an old age is out,  
And time to begin anew.

[*Dante of hunters, nymphs, warriors and lovers.*]

*A Session of the Poets: Humbling.*

A session was held the other day,  
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;

The laurel, that had been so long reserv'd,  
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the wits of the town came  
thither;

'Twas strange to see how they flock'd together;  
Each, strongly confident of his own way,  
Thought to gain the laurel away that day.

There was Selden, and he sat close by the  
chair;

Walsman not far off, which was ever fair;  
Sands with Townsend, for they kept the order;  
Digby and Shillingsworth a little further:

There was Lucan's translator too, and he  
That makes God so big in his poetry

Selwin and Waller, and Hartlets both the  
brothers;

Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,  
Propar'd with Canary wine,

And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,  
For his were call'd works, where others were  
but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd  
the stage

O' errors that had lasted many an age,  
And he hop'd they did not think the Silent

Woman, [man,  
The Fox and the Alchemist excus'd by no

Apollo stopp'd him there, and bid him not go  
on;

'Twas merit, he said, and not presumption,  
Must carry't; at which Ben turn'd about.

And in great choler offer'd to go out

But those that were there thought it not fit  
To discontent so ancient a wit:

And therefore Apollo call'd him back again,  
And made him mine host of his own New Inn.

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault

That would not well stand with a laureat;  
His Muse was hard bound, and the issue of's

brain [and pain,  
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble

And all that were present there did agree,  
A Laureat-Muse should be easy and free,

Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that  
his Grace [place,

Consider'd he was well he had a cup-bearer's  
Will Davenant, ashamed of a foolish mischance

That he had got lately travelling in France,  
Modestly hop'd the handsomeness of's Muse

Might any deformity about him excuse.

And surely the company would have been con-  
fident if they could have found any precedent; [sent,

But in all their records, either in verse or  
prose,

There was not one Laureat without a poem  
To Will Bartlet, and all the wits means well,

But first they would see how his show would  
sell:

Will smil'd; and swore, if their judgments they  
went back.

That concluded all success.

Suddenly tak' [in]  
He gave way to bewilder'd, who straight stepp'd  
But alas! he had been so lately a wit,  
That Apollo himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews, (poor in him!) how came he  
there?

Was whispering nothing in somebody's ear,  
When he had the honor to be nam'd in court.  
But, sir, you may thank my Lady Carlisle for't:

For had not her characters furnish'd you out  
With something of handsome, without all  
doubt.

You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been  
In the number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the court two or three came in,  
And they brought letters, forsooth, from the  
Queen,

'Twas discreetly done too, for if th' had come  
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the  
room.

This made a dispute; for 'twas plain to be seen  
Each man had a mind to gratify the Queen:  
But Apollo himself could not think it fit;  
There was difference, he said, betwixt fooling  
and wit.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,  
But straight one whisper'd Apollo in th' ear,  
That of all men living he could not find  
He lov'd not the Queen so well as his sport;

And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit  
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;  
But Apollo was angry, and dubiously said  
'Twere fit that a few words appear'd on his head.

Wat Montague next stood forth to his trial,  
And did not so much suspect a denial;  
But witty Apollo ask'd him first of all  
If he understood his own pastoral.

For if he could do it, 'twould plainly appear  
He understood more than any man there,  
And did merit the bays above all the rest,  
But the Monsieur was modest; and silence  
confest.

During these troubles in the court was hid  
One that Apollo soon miss'd, little Old;  
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the  
throne,  
And advic'd him in his ear not to write  
so strong.

Murray was summon'd, but 'twas such that he  
Was chief already of another company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile  
To see them about nothing keep such a coil;  
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his mind  
Pass'd by, and call'd Falkland, that was just  
behind:

But he was of late so gone with divinity,  
That he had almost forgot his poetry,

Though, to say the truth, and Apollo did know  
[poet.

He might have been both his priest and his  
[poet.  
At length who but an Alderman did appear,  
At which Will Dervant began to swear;  
But wiser Apollo bids him draw nigher,  
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the best sign [coin,  
Of good store of wit is to have good store of  
And without a syllable more or less said,  
He put the laurel on the Alderman's head.

At this all the wits were in such amaze [gaze  
That, for a good while, they did nothing but  
One upon another; not a man in the place  
But had discontent writ at large in his face.

Only the small poets cheer'd up again,  
Out of hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;  
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his  
crown

When he lends to any poet about the town.

### *The Sale of the Tools.* MOORE.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you, Ge'mmen  
and Ladies, [trade is;

They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your  
[Except it be Cabinet-making—I doubt [out;  
In that delicate service they're rather worn  
Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had  
his own will, [still.)

Would have bungled away with them joyously  
You can see they've been pretty well hack'd—  
and slack!

What tool is there job after job will not hack?  
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,  
And their temper, like B———ab'r——h's,  
none of the best. [upon trying,  
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools  
Worth for their brass, they are well worth  
the buying; [screens,

They're famous for making blinds, sliders, and  
And they're, some of them, excellent turning  
machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a Chan-  
cellor)

Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—  
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note  
tis,

'Tis ready to meet at a half minute's notice.  
Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou  
shapest— [Papist;

'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a  
Or else a cramp-iron to stick in the wall [fall;  
Of some church that old women are fearful will  
Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at sun-  
dones)

A heavy one, that for some Lawyer's old  
Tumult!

Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, sir—  
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—It is  
yours, sir.

To pay ready money you shan't be distress'd;  
As a bill at long date suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here  
in a trice—  
This implement, Gemmen! at first was a  
(A tenuous and close sort of tool, that will  
let

Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get,)  
but it since has receiv'd a new coating of Tin,  
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself  
in!

Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! but  
We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite  
gone!  
God be with it, such tools, if not quickly  
Might at last cost their owner—how much!  
why, a Crown!

The next Tool I'll set up has hardly had han-  
sel or

Trail as yet, and is also a Chancellor—  
Such dull things as these should be sold by  
the gross,

Yet dull as it is, 'twould be found to *shave*  
And, like *other* close shavers, some courage to  
gather,

This *blade* first began by a flourish on leather!  
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel  
with me

At the terrible *flattering* work there must be,  
Where a Tool such as this is (I'll leave you to  
judge it)

Is plac'd by ill luck at the top of the *Budget*!

#### *A Receipt for stewing Veal.* GAY

TAKA a knuckle of veal,  
You may buy it or steal  
In a few pieces cut it,  
In a stewing-pan put it,  
Salt pepper, and mace,  
Must season this knuckle,  
Then what's join'd to a piece,  
With other herbe muckle,  
That which kill'd king Will,  
And what never stands still,  
Some sprigs of that beddy  
Where children are bred,  
Which much you will mend,  
Both spinach and endive,  
And lettuce and beet,  
With marygold meet  
Put no water at all,  
For it maketh things small,  
Which lest it should happen,  
A close cover clap on  
Put this pot of *Woe's* metal  
In a hot boiling kettle,  
And there let it be  
(Mark the doctrine I teach)  
About—let me see—  
Three as long as you stretch if

\* *Exult* salary  
† *Exposed* sort  
‡ This is by Dr Bentley thought to be true, or  
thine  
§ *Parley* Vide Chamberlayne  
|| Of this *Compartan*, see the works of the Copper-  
plate Dean  
¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours

So skimming the fat off,  
Say grace with your hat off  
O then with what rapture  
Will it fill *Dana* and *Chapter*!

#### *An Evening Ode. To Stella* DR JOHNSON

EVENING now from purple wings  
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings,  
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
Cooling breezes shake the reed,  
Shake the reed and curl the stream  
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam,  
Near the chequer'd lonely grove  
Hears and keeps thy secrets, Love  
Stella! thither let us stray  
Lightly o'er the dewy way  
Phœbus drives his burning car  
Hence, my lovely Stella, far,  
In his stead the queen of night  
Round us pours a lumbent light,  
I light that seems but just to show  
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow  
Let us now in whisper'd joy,  
Evening's silent hours employ,  
Silence best, and conscious shades,  
Pleuse the hearts that love invades,  
Other pleasures give them pain,  
Lovers all but love disdain

#### *The natural Beauty. To Stella* DR JOHNSON

WHEN *Stella's* eyes are found  
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,  
If her face with pleasure glow,  
If she sigh at other's woe,  
If her easy air express  
Conscious worth or self distress,  
Stella's eyes, and all, and face,  
Charm with undiminish'd grace  
If on her we see display'd  
Pendent gems, and rich brocade,  
If her chints with less expense  
Flows in easy negligence,  
Still she lights the conscious flame,  
Still her charms appear the same  
If she strikes the vocal strings,  
If she's silent, speaks or sings,  
If she sit, or if she move,  
Still we love, and still approve  
Vain the casual, transient glance,  
Which alone can please by chance,  
Beauty which depends on art,  
Changing with the changing heart,  
Which demands the toilet's aid,  
Pendent gems and rich brocade  
I those charms alone can prize  
Which from constant nature rise,  
Which nor circumstance nor dress  
E'er can make or more or less

#### *To LYCE, an elderly Lady* DR JOHNSON.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,  
By flattering poets given,

Who shines by *Lyce*'s name, and  
 In all the pens of *Cupid*'s wing  
 Engross not all the praise which  
 Which gilds the world's renown,  
 But, as your *Lyce* shines,  
 Let *Lyce* shine the more;  
 Her silver locks, and eyes, and  
 Her brows a cloud do show,  
 Strid'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,  
 And shows from either eye  
 Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,  
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er;  
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,  
 And can with thunder roar.

But some *Zelinda*, while I sing,  
 Denies my *Lyce* shines:  
 And all the pens of *Cupid*'s wing  
 Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair *Zelinda*'s eye,  
 And all her hardy express,  
 My *Lyce* makes as good a sky,  
 And I but flatter less.

*Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hamner.*

DR. JOHNSON.

THOU who, survey'st these walls with curious eye,  
 Pause at this tomb where *HAMNER*'s ashes lie:

His various worth through *Lyce*'s eyes attend,  
 And learn his virtues while thou gaze'st at his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth  
 With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,  
 Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.

Thus early wise, th' endearing realm to aid,  
 His country call'd him from the studious shade:  
 In life's first bloom his public toils began,  
 At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dextrous, weighty in debate,  
 Thrice ten long years he labor'd for the state.  
 In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,  
 In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;  
 Suspended faction cess'd from rage and strife,  
 To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistance merit fix'd the Senate's choice,  
 Who hail'd him *Speaker* with united voice.  
 Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,  
 When *HAMNER* fill'd the chair and *ANNE* the throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce  
 When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of  
 The Moderator firmly mild appear'd, [state,  
 Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This task perform'd, he sought the gainful  
 post,

Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost:  
 Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,  
 With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;  
 Nor e'er from *Virtue*'s paths was lur'd aside,  
 To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.

Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blus'd and fled,  
 And *Fame* pursu'd him where *Conviction* led.  
 Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,  
 With honors met, and with cares oppress'd:  
 To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,  
 To rural grandeur, and domestic worth,  
 Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,  
 The patting fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Consciousness to his former life sur-  
 vey'd,

And recollected toils endur'd the shade;  
 Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,  
 And *Virtue*'s sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

*Written at Wynslade, in Hampshire.*

WYNSLADE; thy beech-capt hills, with wavy-  
 ing grain

Mantled; thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,  
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn  
 'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,  
 Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:  
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has  
 drawn.

Too free with saffron gently phrase to fawn,  
 Too weak to try the bards' stately strain.  
 Yet now no more the slopes of beech and corn,  
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays  
 With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and  
 morn,

From *Aethion* far, to cull *Hesperian* bays;  
 In this alone they please, how'er forlorn,  
 That still they can recall those happier days.

*On Bathing.*

WAX late the trees were stripp'd by win-  
 ter pale,

Young *Health*, a daisy-maid in verdure green,  
 Or the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,  
 On early splenda that the piercing gale;  
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,  
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.  
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,  
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;  
 She to the cave retires high-arch'd, beneath  
 The fount that laves proud *Isis*' tow'rd brim.  
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,  
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,  
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,  
 She sits amid the gurg of *Helian* trim.

*Written in a Mossy Leaf of Dugdale's  
 Manuscript.*

DEEM not devoid of language the sage,  
 By *Fancy*'s restless feelings unengaid,  
 Of painful *Industry*'s laboring child,  
 Who turns of these proud domes the historic  
 page,

Now sunk by Time and *Henry*'s fierce rage;  
 Think't then the warbling *Muses* ever sm'd  
 On his lone hours? Ingenious *Phœbus* engages  
 His thought, on themes, unalleg'd, singly styl'd,  
 Intent. While cloister'd *Plethys* displays  
 Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores

New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
Whence culls the pensive bard his mimic  
stores.

Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strew'd with bow'ns.

*Written at Stonehenge.*

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!  
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's shore  
To Amber's fatal plain, I enderagon bore.  
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,  
To entomb his Britons slain by Heugiot's gulls;  
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,  
Taught 'mid thy many towers their mystic lore;  
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,  
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,  
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in the hollow'd round,  
Repose the kings of Britain's genuine line;  
Or here those kings in solemn state were  
crown'd.

Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,  
We muse on many a legendary tale renown'd.

*Written after visiting the White Horse.*

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where  
mimic Art

Decks with a magic hand the dazling bow'ns,  
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,  
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,  
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?  
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous  
towers,

In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!  
Vain the complaint; for Fate can impart  
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)  
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall.  
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,  
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;  
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;  
And in bright trophies clothe the willow's wall.

*To Mr. Gray.*

NOT that her blooms are marked with beauty's  
hue,  
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;  
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings,  
While slowly pacing through the churchyard  
dew,

At curfew-time, beneath the dark green yew,  
Thy pensive Genius strikes the moral strings;  
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,  
Hears Cambria's hills devout the dreadful doom  
Of Edward's race, with murmurs sad and wild.  
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear away?  
No, bard divine! Ere many a care beguile'd  
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,  
For many a night I'd thought, and vision wild,  
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

*Somerset.*

WHILE summer-sun o'er the gay prospect  
spreads,  
Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epithum  
Mid intermingling plants her flow'ry meads;  
And Haslemere's Mill, in tow'ring groves ar-  
rays'd.

\* One of the barlish traditions about Stonehenge.

Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene  
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd:  
For now my bosom with remorseful passion burn'd.  
Wet with tears, amidst the gay scene  
Which late in careless idleness I pass'd;  
And Autumn all around those hues had cast  
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.  
Sad change! that Nature's congenial gloom  
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood  
to chase.

I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

*On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.*

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears  
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fess  
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,  
On yonder steep in naked state appears:  
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,  
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round  
Some British pen has sketch'd the names re-  
nown'd,

In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.  
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a  
rhyme,

The Druid frame unbear'd falls a prey  
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,  
And fade the British characters away;  
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime  
Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

*From River Lodon.*

AS I sit on the bank, where my feet have run,  
Since first I found thy stream with siders crown'd,  
And thought my way with all through fairy  
glades.

Between the azure sky, and golden sun,  
Where first my music lingers, notes beguile!  
While pensive musings round thee back the round  
Which fills the varied interval between,  
Much pleasure, think of sorrow, marks the  
scene.

Sweet native stream! these skies and sun so  
No more return to cheer my evening road!  
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure  
Nor useless all my radiant days have flow'd.  
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime  
mature;

Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

*The Bald-pated Welshman and the Fly.*

SOMERVILLE.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher  
Than that of any other squire,  
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honor  
Haveng'd each slight was put upon him;  
Upon a mountain's top one day,  
Expos'd to Sope's meridian ray,  
He fum'd, he sm'd, he curs'd, he swore,  
Exhal'd a wet as every pore;  
At last, such insults to evade,  
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;  
Where as he lay dispos'd in sweet,  
And wip'd off many a rivulet,  
Off in a pet the beaver flies,  
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,



By which folks of many tongues  
Vie with smooth bears, and ladies' pages;  
Though 'twas a secret easily known,  
Ill-natur'd age had crown'd his crown,  
Grubb'd all the silver up, and now  
A large, smooth plain extends his brow,  
Thus as he lay with numskull base,  
And courted the refreshing air,  
New persecutions still appear;  
A noisy fly offends his ear.  
Alas! what man of parts and senses  
Could bear such vile impertinence?  
Yet, no discourteous is our fate,  
Fools always buzz about the great.  
This insect now, whose active spite  
'Tears'd him with never-ceasing bite,  
With so much judgment play'd his part,  
He had him both in tierce and carte:  
In vain with open hands he tries  
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;  
For now at last, familiar grown,  
He perch'd upon his worship's crown,  
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,  
And stuff'd himself with human gore:  
At last, in manners to excel,  
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.  
But now what rhetoric could assuage  
The furious, squiring, stark mad with rage?  
Impatient at the foul disgrace  
From insect of so mean a race,  
And plotting vengeance on his foe,  
With double fit he shew'd a show.  
The nimble fly, as usual wont,  
And skipp'd from this unequal fight,  
Th' impending stroke with all its weight  
Fell on his own beloved pate.  
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed;  
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

## MORAL:

Let senates hence learn to preserve their  
state,  
And scorn the fool below their grave debate,  
Who by the unequal strife grows popular and  
great.  
Let him buzz on, with senseless rant defy  
The wise, the good, yet still 'tis but a fly.  
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost;  
Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be  
lost:  
Let cranes and penguins in mock-war engage,  
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage,  
True honor o'er the clouds sublimely wings;  
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than  
kings.

*The Frog's Choice.* SOMERVILLE.

In a wild state of nature, long  
The frogs at random liv'd:  
The weak a prey unto the strong,  
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.  
At length the lawless rout,  
Taught by their suff'rings, grew devout:  
An embassy to Jove they sent,  
And besought his highness would bestow

Some settled form of government,  
A king to rule the fens below.  
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:  
A king th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,  
Such as might suit their genius best:  
A beam of a prodigious size,  
With all its cumbersome load,  
Came tumbling from the skies.  
The waters dash against the shore,  
The hollow caverns roar:  
The rocks return the dreadful sound,  
Convulsions shake the ground.  
The multitude with horror fled,  
And in his oozy bed  
Each skulking coward hid his head.

When all is now grown calm again,  
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,  
A frog more resolute and bold,  
Peeping with caution from his hold,  
Recover'd from his first surprise,  
As o'er the wave his head he popp'd,  
He saw, but scarce believ'd his eyes.  
On the same bank where first he dropp'd,  
Th' imperial toad lies  
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content.  
"Is this the monarch Jove has sent,"  
Said he, "our warlike troops to lead?  
Ah, 'tis a glorious prince indeed!  
By such an active general led,  
The routed mice our arms shall dread,  
Subdued shall quit their claim:  
Old Homer shall recant his lays,  
For us new trophies raise, [fame!]"  
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our  
Then, laughing impudently loud,  
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.  
The croaking nations with contempt  
Behold the worthless indolent.  
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,  
Libels, lampoons, and lies,  
Hoarse treasons, tiresome blasphemies.  
With active leap at last upon his back they  
stride,  
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove they prayers address'd,  
And once more Jove grants their request:  
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,  
Red lightning flashes in his eyes.  
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,  
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;  
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,  
And only not adore.  
Addresses of congratulation,  
Sent from each loyal corporation,  
Full fraught with truth and sense,  
Exhausted all their eloquence. [meat]  
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have  
The Grand Visier first goes to pot:  
Three Basins next, happy their lot!  
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.  
"And this," said he, "and this is mine;  
And this by right divine."  
In short, 'twas all for public weal,  
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove  
This cruel tyrant to remove,  
With fierce repentment in his eyes,  
The frowning Thunderer replies  
"Those evils which yourselves create,  
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;  
Made wretched by the public voice,  
Not through necessity or choice! [course:  
Begone! nor wreathe from Heaven some heavier  
Better bear this, this stroke, than wage."

ROBERT.

Opress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,  
Not Heaven itself our fickle mind can please.  
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial stores,  
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before:  
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,  
With plenty starv'd, and e'en with health diseas'd,  
With partial eyes each present good we view,  
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.  
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,  
To bless the suppliant, reject his pray'r!

*Epitaph on Miss Barnes, in St. Pauline Church-yard.*

Go, spotless Honor, and unsullied Truth;  
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;  
Go, female Sweetness, join'd with manly Sense;  
Go, winning Wit, that never gave offence;  
Go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;  
Go, saint-eyed Patience, from Affliction's door;  
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;  
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.  
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;  
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears be-  
dew'd thy hearse.

ODE. THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah! tell me whither art thou fled?  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead?  
Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,  
And sometimes share the lover's woe;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas! no comfort know?  
O! if thou hov'rest round my walk,  
While, under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
And every tear is fall of thee:  
Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
O visit thou my soothing dream!

My Mother.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?

My Mother.

When mine awak'd my open eye,  
Who was it sang sweet lullaby,  
And spok'd me that I should not cry?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,  
When sleeping on my cradle-bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gasp'd upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,  
And taught me pretty how to play,  
And minded all I had to say?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And would some pretty story tell,  
Or kiss the place to make it well?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,  
To love God's holy Word and say,  
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who wast so very kind to me,

My Mother!

Oh no! The thought I cannot bear,  
And, if God please my life to spare,  
I hope I shall reward thy care.

My Mother.

When thou art gone, old and gray,  
My healthy men shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away.

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed.

My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,  
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,  
If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

*The Butterfly's Ball. ROSCOE.*

Come take up your hats, and away let us  
Haste

To the *Butterfly's* ball, and the *Grasshopper's*  
feast.

[crew,

The trumpeter, *Gad-fly*, has summon'd the  
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and, pacing along,  
His merry companions came forth in a throng.  
And on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,  
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,  
Saw the children of earth, and the tenants of

air,

For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the *Beetle*, so blind and so  
black,

Who carried the *Ant*, his friend, on his back.

And there was the *Gnat* and the *Dragon-fly* too,  
With all their relations, green, orange, and  
blue.

And there came the *Mocker*, with his plumage  
of down;

And the *Hornero* in jacket of yellow and brown;  
Who with him the *Wren*, his companion, did  
bring.

But they promised that evening to lay by their  
And the sly little *Dormouse* crept out of his hole,  
And brought to the feast his blind brother, the  
*Mole*.

And the *Snail*, with his horns peeping out of  
his shell,

Came from a great distance, the length of an  
A mushroom their table, and on it was laid  
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.

The viands were various, to each of their taste,  
And the *Bee* brought her honey to crown the  
repast.

Then close on his haunches, so solemn and  
wise,

The *Frog* from a corner look'd up to the skies.  
And the *Squirrel*, well pleas'd such diversions  
to see,

Mounted high over head, and look'd down from  
Then out came the *Spider*, with finger so fine,  
To show his dexterity on the tight line.

From one branch to another, his cobwebs he  
slung.

Then quick as an arrow he darted along.  
But, just in the middle, — Oh! halting to tell, —  
From his eye, in an instant, poor harkness fell.

Yet he was not the fittest, but with talons  
outspread,

Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.  
Then the *Grasshopper* came with a jerk and a  
spring,

Very long was his leg, though but short was  
his wing;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of  
sight,

Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the  
With step so majestic the *Snail* did advance,  
And promis'd the gaze a minute to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in  
his head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.  
Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of  
night,

Their watchman, the *Glow-worm*, came out  
with a light.

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,  
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.  
So sad little Robert, and, pacing along,  
His merry companions return'd in a throng.

The *Paint King*. W. ALSTON.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young,  
No damsel could with her compare;

Her charms were the theme of the heart and  
the tongue,

And bards without number in ecstasies sung  
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions  
advanc'd,

All drill'd by Ovidean art, [danc'd,  
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and  
Like shadows they came, and like shadows  
they pass'd

From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.  
Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore  
A something that could not be found;

Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,  
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but  
the roar

Of breakers high dashing around.  
From object to object still, still would she veer,  
Though nothing, alas! could she find;

Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant  
and clear, [cheer

Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to  
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still  
When the rain made her mansion a pound.

Up and down would she go, like the sails of a  
mill,

And pat every stain like a woodpecker's bill,  
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement in-  
clin'd,

Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.  
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her  
mind;

For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;  
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do?" said the languishing  
maid,

"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"  
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets, and  
pray'd;

When the youth pass'd again: and again he dis-  
play'd

The frame and a picture to view.  
"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,  
"I must see thee again or I die."

Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,  
And after the youth and the picture she hied,  
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he, (and he chuckled the  
while,)

"This picture I see you admire:  
Then take it, I pray you; perhaps 'twill beguile  
Some moments of sorrow, (nay, pardon my  
smile,)

Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift with delight and surpris-  
e

From the tanning young stripling receiv'd.  
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her  
eyes,

When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her.  
Thus, alas! are fair maidens deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,  
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;

Yet he languish'd as though for its beauty he  
pin'd,

And gaz'd as the eyes of the statue so blind  
Reflected the beams of his own.

"Twas the tale of the sculptor P'ygmalion of old;  
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd; [cold,  
"Ah, could'st thou but lift from that marble so  
Thine eyes too imploring; thy arms should en-  
fold,

And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvass arose  
The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame:  
With a furious transport his arms did enclose  
The love-plighted Ellen: and, clasping, he froze  
The blood of the maid with his flame!

She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing.

"Oh, heaven! cried ahe, who art thou?"  
From the roof to the ground did his fierce an-  
swer ring, [KING!

As, frowning, he thunder'd, "I am the FAINT-  
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim mon-  
ster lift

The loud-screaming maid like a blast;  
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,  
While the clouds, whirling by him, did fear-  
fully drift.

To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,  
With an eddying whirl he descends;  
The air all below him becomes black as night,  
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd  
with affright,

Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend; and he thunder-  
ing knock'd

At the gates of a mountainous cave;  
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,  
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and  
fro, rock'd

Like an island of ice on the wave.

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his  
arms;

But the FAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.  
"Prithee, love!" said the monster, "what  
mean these alarms?"

She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,  
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes  
Behold the fair youth she would woo;  
Now appears the FAINT-KING in his natural  
guise;

His face, like a palette of villanous dyes,  
Black and white, red, and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,  
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,  
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,  
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse,  
descried

As it looms through an easterly fog.  
And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were  
seen,

In horrid festoons on the wall,

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Legs and arms, heads and bodies, emerging  
between, [Fey Beane,  
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Saw-  
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the damsel, and fell at his feet,  
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"

"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung  
from his seat,

"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;  
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,  
An oil jug he plung'd her within.

Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of  
despair,

Did Ellen, in torment, convulse the dun air,  
All covered with oil to the chin!

On the morn of the eighth, on a huge sable  
stone,

Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;  
With a rock for his muller he crush'd every  
bone, [groan;

But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she  
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care  
Each tint on its surface he spread;  
The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,  
And the pearl and the white of her forehead so  
fair,

And her lips and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then, stamping his foot, did the monster ex-  
claim,

"Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"

When, lo! from a chasm, wide-yawning, there  
came

A light, tiny chariot, of rose-color'd flame,  
By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst, on an emerald bright,  
Fair Geraldine sat without peer;  
Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,  
And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,  
And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air  
Like the first gentle language of Eve,

Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:  
"I come at thy call; but, oh, FAINT-KING! be-  
ware,

Beware! if again you deceive."

"Tis true!" said the monster, "thou queen  
of my heart,

Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;  
Yet ne'er to the canvass could I with my art  
The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;  
And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's  
tail!"

And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,  
"If again with these magical colors I fail,  
The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,  
And my food shall be sulphur and smoke."

"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine!  
Thy promise with justice I claim,

And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,  
The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine  
Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold, the fair Geraldine's  
form

On the canvass enchantingly glow'd;  
His touches—they flew like the leaves in a  
storm; [warm

And the pure pearly white and the carnation  
Contending in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem  
To the figure of Geraldine fair:

With the same sweet expression did faithfully  
teem

Each muscle, each feature; in short, not a gleam  
Was lost of her beautiful hair.

"Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes  
Still a pupil did ruefully lack;  
And who shall describe the terrific surprise  
That seiz'd the FAINT-KING when, behold, he  
descries

Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like  
a leaf;

When, casting his eyes to the ground,  
He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief  
In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief  
Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a  
stone;

Then rising the Fairy in ire,  
With a touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,  
(While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible  
groan,)

And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear, now a thunder-bolt, flash'd in the air,  
And sulphur the vault fill'd around:

She smote the grim monster; and now by the  
hair, [spair

High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless de-  
Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,  
"Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;

When, behold, from the canvass descending,  
appear

Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than e'er,  
With grace more than ever divine!

#### *The Hypocrite's Hope.* L. HOPKINS.

BEST is the man, who, from the womb,  
To saintship him betakes,  
And when too soon his child shall come,  
A long confession makes.

When next in Broad Church-alley, he  
Shall take his former place,  
Relates his past iniquity,  
And consequential grace;

Declares how long, by Satan vex'd,  
From truth he did depart,  
And tells the time, and tells the text,  
That smote his flinty heart.

He stands in half-way cov'nant sure;  
Full five long years or more,  
One foot in church's pale secure,  
The other out of door.

Then, riper grown in gifts and grace,  
With ev'ry rite complies,  
And deeper lengthens down his face,  
And higher rolls his eyes.

He tones, like Pharisee sublime,  
Two lengthy prayers a day,  
The fame that he from early prime  
Had heard his father say.

Each Sunday, perch'd on bench of pew,  
To passing priest he bows,  
Then, loudly, 'mid the quav'ring crew,  
Attunes his vocal nose.

With awful look then rises slow,  
And pray'ful visage sour,  
More fit to fright the apostate foe,  
Than seek a pard'ning power.

Then nodding hears the sermon next,  
From priest's haranguing loud;  
And doubles down each quoted text,  
From Genesis to Jude.

And when the priest holds forth address,  
To old ones born anew,  
With holy pride and wrinkled face,  
He rises in his pew.

*Good works* he careth not about,  
But *faith* alone will seek,  
While Sunday's pieties blot out  
The knaveries of the week.

He makes the poor his daily pray'r,  
Yet drives them from his board:  
And, though to his own good he swear,  
Through habit breaks his word.

This man, advancing fresh and fair,  
Shall all his race complete;  
And wave at last his hoary hair,  
Arrived in Deacon's seat.

There shall he all church honors have,  
By joyous brethren given—  
Till priest, in fun'ral sermon grave,  
Shall send him straight to heaven.

#### *The Liberty Pole.* TRUMBULL.

WHEN now the mob in lucky hour  
Had got their enemies in their power,  
They first proceed, by grave command,  
To take the Constable in hand.  
Then from the pole's sublimest top  
The active crew let down the rope,  
At once its other end in haste bind,  
And make it fast upon his waistband:  
Till, like the earth, he stretch'd on tenter,  
He hung self-balanced on his centre.\*  
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,  
They swung him, like a keg of ale,  
Till to the pinnacle in height  
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.

\* And earth self-balanced on her centre hung.  
Milton.

As Socrates\* of old at first did  
To aid Philosophy get hoisted,  
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,  
Swung in a basket in mid air:  
Our culprit thus, in purer sky,  
With like advantage raised his eye,  
And, looking forth in prospect wide,  
His Tory errors clearly spied,  
And from his elevated station,  
With bawling voice, began addressing.  
"Good Gentlemen, and friends, and kin,  
For Heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!  
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,  
The King, the Devil, and all their works;  
And will, set me but once at ease,  
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;  
And always mind your rules so justly,  
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,  
I'll never join in British rage,  
Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;  
Nor lift my gun in future fights,  
Nor take away your Charter-rights;  
Nor overcomes your new-raised levies,  
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;  
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,  
Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth:  
But leave King George and all his elves  
To do their conq'ring work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,  
Spread at all points, like falling cat;  
But took a vote first on the question,  
That they'd accept this full confession,  
And to their fellowship add favor,  
Restore him on his good behavior.

Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,  
But stood, heroic as a mule.  
"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,  
"To play your rebel tricks on me.  
All punishments the world can render,  
Serve only to provoke th' offender;  
The will gains strength from treatment horrid,  
As hides grow harder when they're carried.  
No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law;  
Or held in method orthodox  
His love of justice, in the stocks;  
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears  
At once his loyalty and ears.  
Have you made Murray† look less big,  
Or smok'd old William‡ to a Whig?  
Did our mobb'd Ol'vert quit his station,  
Or heed his vows of resignation?  
Has Rivington,§ in dread of stripes,  
Ceas'd lying since you stole his types?

\* In Aristophanes' Comedy of the Clouds, Socrates is represented as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.

† Members of the Mandamus Council in Massachusetts. The operation of smoking Tories was thus performed; the victim was confined in a close room before a large fire of green wood, and a cover applied to the top of the chimney.

‡ Thomas Oliver, Esq., Lieut. Gov. of Massachusetts. He was surrounded at his seat in the country, and intimidated by the mob into the signing of his resignation.

§ Rivington was a Tory printer in New-York.

And can you think my faith will alter,  
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?  
I'll stand the worst; for recompense  
I trust King George and Providence.  
And when with conquest gain'd I come,  
Array'd in law and terror, home,  
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,  
And curse the day when ye were born,  
In Job's high style of imprecations,  
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard  
A Bench of Justice had prepared,  
Where sitting round in awful sort  
The grand Committee hold their Court;  
While all the crew, in silent awe,  
Wait from their lips the lore of law.  
Few moments with deliberation  
They hold the solemn consultation;  
When soon in judgment all agree,  
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree:  
"That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown  
The vilest Tory in the town,  
And now in full examination  
Convicted by his own confession,  
Finding no tokens of repentance,  
This Court proceeds to render sentence:  
That, first, the Mob a slip-knot single  
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal,  
And in due form do tar him next,  
And feather, as the law directs;  
Then through the town attendant ride him  
In cart with Countess's people him,  
And, having held him up to shame,  
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck  
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,  
While he, in peril of his soul,  
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;  
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,  
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar.  
With less profusion once was spread  
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,  
That down his beard and vestments ran,  
And cover'd all his outward man.  
As when (so Claudian† sings) the Gods  
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,  
The stout Enceladus in malice  
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;  
And while he held them o'er his head,  
The river, from their fountains fed,  
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,  
And wore its channels in his hide:  
So from the high-raised urn the torrents  
Spread down his side their various currents;  
His flowing wig, as next the brim,  
First met and drank the sable stream;  
Adown his visage stern and grave  
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;

Just before the commencement of the war, a  
from New-Haven attacked his press, and carried  
or destroyed the types.

† An imitation of legal forms was universally practised, by the mobs in New-England, in the trial and condemnation of Tories. This marks a curious trait of national character.

‡ Claudian's Gigantomachia.

With arms depending as he stood,  
 Each cuff capacious holds the flood;  
 From nose and chin's remotest end,  
 The tarry icicles descend;  
 Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,  
 He glitter'd to the western ray,  
 Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,  
 Or Lapland idol carved in ice.  
 And now the feather-bag display'd  
 Is waved in triumph o'er his head,  
 And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,  
 And down, upon the tar, adhesive:  
 Not Maia's\* son, with wings for ears,  
 Such plumage round his visage wears;  
 Nor Milton's six-wing'd† angel gathers  
 Such superfluity of feathers.  
 Now all complete appears our 'Squire,  
 Like Gorgon or Chimera dire;  
 Nor more could boast on Plato's‡ plan  
 To rank among the race of man,  
 Or prove his claim to human nature,  
 As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.  
 Then, on the fatal cart, in state  
 They raised our grand Duumvirate.  
 And as at Rome§ a like committee,  
 Who found an owl within their city,  
 With solemn rites and grave processions  
 At every shrine perform'd lustrations;  
 And, lest infection might take place  
 From such grim fowl with feather'd face,  
 All Rome attends him through the street  
 In triumph to his senator's seat:  
 With like pomp, and in the choir  
 Paraded round our great 'Squire;  
 In front the martial music comes  
 Of horns and fiddles, flutes and drums,  
 With jingling sound of carriage bells,  
 And treble creak of rattling wheels.  
 Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row  
 With proud procession, closed the show.  
 And at fit periods every throat  
 Combined in universal shout;  
 And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,  
 Or bawl'd confusion to the Tories.  
 Not louder storm the weakish braves  
 From clamors of conflicting waves;  
 Less dire in Libyan wilds the noise  
 When rav'ning lions lift their voice;  
 Or triumphs at town-meetings made,  
 On passing votes to regulate trade.||

\* Mercury, described by the Poets with wings on his head and feet.

† And angel wing'd—six wings he wore. Milton.

‡ Alluding to Plato's famous definition of Man, *Animal bipes implume*—a two-legged animal without feathers.

§ Livy's History.

|| Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with a view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

Thus having borne them round the town,  
 Last at the pole they set them down;  
 And to the tavern take their way,  
 To end in mirth the fatal day.

And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,  
 Left 'Squire and Constable alone.  
 The constable with rueful face  
 Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;  
 And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,  
 Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,  
 Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,  
 Like barnacle on vessel's side.  
 But though his body lack'd physician,  
 His spirit was in worse condition.  
 He found his fears of whips and ropes  
 By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.  
 As men in jail without mainprise  
 View every thing with other eyes,  
 And all goes wrong in church and state,  
 Seen through perspective of the grate:  
 So now M'Fingal's Second-sight  
 Beheld all things in gloomier light;  
 His visual nerve, well purged with tar,  
 Saw all the coming scenes of war.  
 As his prophetic soul grew stronger,  
 He found he could hold in no longer.  
 First from the pole, as fierce he shook,  
 His wig from pitchy durance broke,  
 His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,  
 His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd:

"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain  
 We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!  
 Behold my doom! this feathery omen  
 Portends what dismal times are coming.  
 Now future scenes, before my eyes,  
 And second-sighted forms arise.  
 I hear a voice,† that calls away,  
 And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'  
 My beck'ning Genius gives command,  
 And bids me fly the fatal land;  
 Where changing name and constitution,  
 Rebellion turns to Revolution,  
 While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,  
 Stands trembling for its neck and ears.

"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting  
 To muster at our usual meeting;  
 There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em  
 Of all things future that concern 'em,  
 And scenes disclose on which, my friend,  
 Their conduct and their lives depend.  
 There I\*\*—but first 'tis more of use,  
 From this vile pole to set me loose;  
 Then go with cautious steps and steady,  
 While I steer home and make all ready."

† I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
 That says, I must not stay. Tickell's *Ballad*.

\*\* Quæstio—sed motus præstat componere fluctus.  
 Virgil.

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

## POETICAL.

### BOOK THE SIXTH.

#### SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

##### § 1. Song. LORD LYTTLETON.

SAY, Mira, why is gentle love  
A stranger to that mind,  
Which pity and esteem can move,  
Which can be just and kind?  
Is it because you fear to share  
The ills that love molest,  
The jealous doubt, the tender care,  
That rack the anxious breast?  
Alas! by some degree of woe  
We ev'ry bliss must gain:  
The heart can ne'er a transport know,  
That never feels a pain.

##### § 2. Song. WALLER.

Go, lovely rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.  
Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That, hadst thou sprung  
In deserts, where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.  
Small is the worth  
Of beauty, from the light retir'd;  
Bid her come forth,  
Sufficient to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare

May read in thee:  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

##### § 3. Song. *L'Amour Timide*. MOORE.

If in that breast so good, so pure,  
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,  
Pity the sorrows I endure,  
The cause I must not dare not tell.  
That grief that on my silent preys,  
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,  
I fear will last me all my days,  
But feel it will not last me long.

##### § 4. Song. EARL OF DORSET.\*

To all you ladies now at land  
We men at sea indite;  
But first would have you understand  
How hard it is to write;  
The Muses now, and Neptune too,  
We must implore, to write to you,  
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.  
For though the Muses should prove kind,  
And fill our empty brain;  
Yet, if rough Neptune rouse the wind  
To wave the azure main,  
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,  
Roll up and down our ships at sea,  
With a fa, &c.

\* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement



Then, if we write not by each post,  
Think not we are unkind;  
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost  
By Dutchmen or by wind;  
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,  
The tide shall bring them twice a day,  
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,  
Will swear the seas grow bold;  
Because the tide will higher rise,  
Than e'er it did of old:  
But let him know it is our tears  
Bring floods of tears to Whitehall stairs,  
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know  
Our sad and dismal story,  
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,  
And quit their fort at Goree:  
For what resistance can they find  
From men who've left their hearts behind?  
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind,  
Let Dutchmen vapor, Spaniards curse,  
No sorrow we shall find:  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe,  
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,  
We throw a merry main;  
Or else at serious games play;  
But why should we in vain  
Each other's ruin thus pursue?  
We were undone when we left you,  
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our hopes away;  
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,  
Sit careless at a play;  
Perhaps permit some happier man  
To kiss your hand, or fan your fan,  
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,  
That dies in ev'ry note;  
As if it sigh'd with each man's care  
For being so remote:  
Think then how often love we've made  
To you, when all those tunes were play'd,  
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our distress,  
When we for hopes of honor lose  
Our certain happiness;  
All those designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your love,  
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,  
And likewise all our fears;  
In hopes this declaration moves  
Some pity in your tears;  
Let's hear of no inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at sea,  
With a fa, &c.

### § 5. Song. MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!  
"Come, Lucy," it cries, "come away!  
The grave of thy Colin has room  
To rest thee beside his cold clay."  
"I come, my dear shepherd, I come;  
Ye friends and companions, adieu!  
I haste to my Colin's dark home,  
To die on his bosom so true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung,  
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose;  
And forth to the green turf she sprang,  
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.  
All wet with the night's chilling dew,  
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;  
While stormy winds over her blew,  
And night-ravens creak'd all around.  
"How long, my lov'd Colin," she cried,  
"How long must thy Lucy complain?  
How long shall the grave my love hide?  
How long ere it join us again?  
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,  
With thee o'er the world would she fly;  
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,  
For thee would she lie down and die."

"Alas! what avails it how dear  
Thy Lucy was once to her again!  
Her face like the lily so fair,  
And eyes that gave light to the plain!  
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,  
That face and those eyes charm no more;  
And Lucy, forgot and alone,  
To death shall her Colin deplore."  
While thus she lay sunk in despair,  
And mourn'd to the echoes around,  
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,  
And thunder shook dreadful the ground!  
"I hear the kind call, and obey;  
O Colin, receive me," she cried:  
Then, breathing a groan o'er his clay,  
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

### § 6. Song. GAY.

'Twas when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd.  
Wide o'er the foaming billows  
She cast a wistful look;  
Her head was crown'd with willows  
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,  
And nine long, tedious days;  
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
Why didst thou trust the seas?  
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,  
And let my lover rest:  
Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
To that within my breast!"

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,  
Views tempests in despair;  
But what's the loss of treasure  
To losing of my dear!

Should you some coast be laid on  
Where gold and di'monds grow,  
You'll find a richer maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that nature  
Has nothing made in vain?  
Why then beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes these rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the waud'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear:  
When, o'er the white wave stooping,  
His floating corpse she spied;  
Then, like a lily drooping,  
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 7. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck enfold,  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,  
Whate'er the frowning zealets say:  
Tell them their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Rocabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
Their dear destructive charms display,  
Each glance my tender breast invades,  
And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
New lustre to those charms impart?  
Can cheeks where living roses blow,  
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate!—ah! change the theme,  
And talk of odors, talk of wine,  
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:  
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream!  
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame  
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;  
For her, how fatal was the hour,  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear:  
(Youth should attend when those advise

Whom long experience renders sage;  
While music charms the ravish'd ear;  
While sparkling cups delight our eyes;  
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.  
What cruel answer have I heard!  
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:  
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?  
Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
Like orient pearls at random strung:  
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;  
But O! far sweeter, if they please  
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

§ 8. *Song. Jemmy Dawson.\** SHENSTONE.

Come listen to my mournful tale,  
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;  
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,  
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid!  
Do thou a pensive ear incline;  
For thou canst weep at every woe,  
And pity every plaint but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,  
A brighter never trod the plain;  
And well he lov'd one charming maid,  
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd as dear,  
Of gentle blood the damsel came:  
And faultless was her beauteous form,  
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,  
That led the favor'd youth astray!  
The day the rebel clans appear'd,  
O had he never seen that day!

Their colors and their sash he wore,  
And in that fatal dress was found;  
And now he must that death endure  
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,  
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!  
For never yet did Alpine snows  
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,  
"O Dawson, monarch of my heart,  
Think not thy death shall end our loves,  
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet, might sweet mercy find a place,  
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,  
O George! without a pray'r for thee  
My orisons should never close.

\* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester regiment of volunteers, in the service of the young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington Common, in 1746: and this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

"The gracious prince that gave him life  
Would crown a never-dying flame;  
And every tender babe I bore  
Should learn to lip the giver's name.

"But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be  
To yonder ignominious tree; [dragg'd  
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend  
To share thy bitter fate with thee."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd;  
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;  
Though borne in his triumphal car,  
She had not lov'd her favorite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view  
The terrible behests of law;  
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes  
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,  
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;  
And stifled was that tuneful breath,  
Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,  
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;  
And mangled was the beauteous breast  
On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,  
She did to every heart prefer;  
For, though it could its king forget,  
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames  
She bore this constant heart to see;  
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,  
"Now, now," she cried, "I follow thee!"

"My death, my death alone, can show  
The pure and lasting love I bore:  
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,  
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,  
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;  
The maid threw back her languid head,  
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd!

Though justice ever must prevail,  
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;  
For seldom shall she hear a tale  
So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 9. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn  
for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chanticleer his matins had begun,  
And broke the silence of the night;  
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,  
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous  
light; [run.

Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms  
Strong Labor got up with his pipe in his  
mouth,

And stoutly strode over the dale;  
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south,  
On his back hung his wallet and flail.  
Behind him came Health, from her cottage of  
thatch,

Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,  
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:

"Now the rural Graces three  
Dance beneath yon maple-tree!  
First the vestal Virtue, known  
By her adamant zone;  
Next to her, in rosy pride,  
Sweet Society, the bride;  
Last Honestly, full seemly drest  
In her cleanly homespun vest.

"The abbey-bells, in wak'ning rounds,  
The warning peal have given;  
And pious Gratitude resounds  
Her morning hymn to Heaven. [throats,  
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their  
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.

All alive o'er the lawn,  
Full glad of the dawn,  
The little lambkins play:  
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day!

"Come, my mates, let us work,  
And all hands to the fork,  
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;  
So fine is the day,  
And so fragrant the hay,  
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake!

"Our voice let us raise  
In Phœbus's praise:  
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,  
Our musical words  
Shall be join'd by the birds,  
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream!"

§ 10. *Song. SUCKLING.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Prythee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Prythee why so pale?

WHY so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Prythee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her;  
The devil take her.

§ 11. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A COURTING I went to my love,  
Who is sweeter than roses in May;  
And when I came to her, by Jove,  
The devil a word could I say.  
I walk'd with her into the garden,  
There fully intending to woo her;  
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,  
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,  
While my heart was as light as a feather;  
Yet nothing I said, I protest,  
But—"Madam, 'tis very fine weather."

To an arbor I did her attend,  
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her ;  
 I crept to the furthestmost end,  
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.  
 I ask'd her which way was the wind,  
 For I thought in some talk we must enter :  
 " Why, sir, (she answer'd and grinn'd,)  
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture ?"  
 Then I follow'd her into her house ;  
 There I vow'd I my passion would try ;  
 But there I was still as a mouse ;  
 O what a dull booby was I !

§ 12. *Song. The Despairing Lover. WALSH.*

DISTRACTED with care,  
 For Phillis the fair,  
 Since nothing could move her,  
 Poor Damon, her lover,  
 Resolves in despair  
 No longer to languish,  
 Nor bear so much anguish ;  
 But, mad with his love,  
 'To a precipice goes,  
 Where a leap from above  
 Would soon finish his woes.  
 When, in rage, he came there,  
 Beholding how steep  
 The sides did appear,  
 And the bottom how deep ;  
 His torments projecting,  
 And sadly reflecting,  
 That a lover forsaken,  
 A new love may get ;  
 But a neck, when once broken,  
 Can never be set :  
 And that he could die  
 Whenever he would ;  
 But that he could live  
 But as long as he could ;  
 How grievous soever  
 The torment might grow,  
 He scorn'd to endeavor  
 To finish it so.  
 But bold, unconcern'd,  
 At thoughts of the pain,  
 He calmly return'd  
 To his cottage again.

§ 13. *Song.*

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall  
 Which serv'd him for parlor, for kitchen, and  
 hall ;  
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.  
 Contented he work'd, and he thought himself  
 happy  
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown  
 nappy :  
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing  
 too, most sweet !  
 " Just to a hair I have made both ends  
 meet !"  
 Derry down, down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau ;  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite through the  
 heart ;

I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.  
 Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;  
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every  
 day, [way.  
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the  
 Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,  
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :  
 Whenever he spoke she would flounce and  
 would flier,  
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.  
 Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd ;  
 He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole.  
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.  
 Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,  
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end :  
 Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by  
 what's past,  
 That love brings us all to an end at the last.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 14. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.*

MISS MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess  
 dwelt, [felt :  
 Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er  
 For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,  
 That 'twas better to earn ere she ate her brown  
 bread ; [health,  
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to  
 And to folks in a cottage, contentment was  
 wealth.  
 Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley  
 below, [beau,  
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a  
 Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,  
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his  
 tale : [heart ;  
 With his winning behavior he melted her  
 But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.  
 He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd and  
 implor'd,  
 And could lie with the grandeur and air of a  
 lord :  
 Then her eyes he commended in language well  
 dress'd,  
 And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his  
 breast ;  
 Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on  
 her mind, [clin'd.  
 That in downright compassion to love she in-  
 But as soon as he melted the ice of her breast,  
 All the flames of his love in a moment de-  
 creas'd ;

And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,  
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and  
Nell : [in haste.

Though he sees her but seldom, he's always  
And, if ever he mentions her, makes her his  
jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her  
head, [earns her bread ;  
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce  
The whole village cries shame, when a milk-  
ing she goes,

That so little affection is shown to the cows :  
But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them  
rail on, [gone.

And a fig for the cows now her sweetheart is  
Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay  
isle,

How ye yield up a heart to a look or a smile :  
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,  
And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,  
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all  
his skill ; [fill.

But remember The Lass on the brow of the

§ 15. *Song.* PARNELL.

My days have been so wondrous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree  
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream ?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent a sigh to them ?

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught ;  
The tender chains of sweet desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast  
Does every doubt control ;  
And lovely Nancy stands confess'd  
'The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,  
Ye swains that haunt the grove,  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,  
Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design ;  
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,  
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate  
As much as of despair ;  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, passion in my mind  
Is mix'd with soft distress :  
Yet, while my fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

§ 16. *Song.* *May Eve : or, Kate of Aberdeen.*  
CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon, hamor'd beam  
Steals softly through the night,

To wanton with the winding stream,  
And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state, go, balmy sleep,  
( 'Tis where you've seldom been ; )  
May's vigil while the shepherds keep  
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,  
In rosy chaplets gay.

Till morn unbar her golden gate,  
And give the promis'd May.  
Methinks I hear the maids declare  
The promis'd May, when seen,  
Not half so fragrant, half so fair  
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the labor's boldest notes ;  
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;  
The nested birds shall raise their throats,  
And hail the maid I love.

And see, the matin lark mistakes ;  
He quits the tufted green :  
Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,  
Where midnight fairies rove,  
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,  
Or tune the reed to love.

For see, the rosy May draws nigh !  
She claims a virgin queen ;  
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,  
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

§ 17. *Song.* *Sally in our Alley.* CAREY

Or all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally :  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

There's ne'er a lady in the land,  
That's half so sweet as Sally :  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em :  
Her mother she sells laces long,  
To such as choose to buy 'em :  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally :

She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely ;

My master comes, like any 'Turk,  
And bangs me most severely ;  
But let him bang his billyfull,  
I'll bear it all for Sally :

She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day ;  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
A Saturday and Monday ;

For then I'm dress'd, all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally :  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
 And often am I blamed,  
 Because I leave him in the lurch,  
 As soon as text is named :  
 I leave the church in sermon time,  
 And slink away to Sally :  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
 Oh ! then I shall have money ;  
 I'll hoard it up, and, boy and all,  
 I'll give it to my honey ;  
 And would it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally .  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbors all,  
 Make game of me and Sally ;  
 And, but for her, I'd better be  
 A slave, and row a galley.

But, when my seven long years are out,  
 O then I'll marry Sally :  
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,—  
 But not in our alley.

§ 18. *Song. The true Tar. By the same.*

A KNAVE'S a knave,  
 Though ne'er so brave,  
 Though diamonds round him shine ;  
 What though he's great,  
 Takes mighty state,  
 And thinks himself divine ?  
 His ill-got wealth  
 Can't give him health,  
 Or future ills prevent :  
 An honest tar  
 Is richer far,  
 If he enjoys content.

A soul sincere  
 Scorns fraud or fear,  
 Within itself secure ;  
 For vice will blast,  
 But virtue last  
 While truth and time endure.

Blow high, blow low,  
 Frown fate or foe,  
 He scorns to tack about ;  
 But to his trust  
 Is strictly just,  
 And nobly stems it out.

§ 19. *Delia. A Pastoral. CUNNINGHAM.*

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,  
 Her glossy plumage laves,  
 And, sailing down the silver tide,  
 Divides the whispering waves :  
 The silver tide, that wandering flows,  
 Sweet to the bird must be !  
 But not as sweet, blithe Cupid knows,  
 As Delia is to me.

A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,  
 In yonder fruit-tree sung,  
 And still the pendent nest she view'd  
 That held her callow young :

Dear to the mother's fluttering heart  
 The genial brood must be ;  
 But not so dear, the thousandth part,  
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround  
 Were natives of the dale ;  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,  
 Before their sweets grew pale !  
 My vital bloom would thus be froze,  
 If, luckless, torn from thee ;  
 For what the root is to the rose,  
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,  
 So white the beauteous pair ;  
 The birds on Delia I'll bestow,  
 They're, like her bosom, fair !  
 When, in their chaste connubial love,  
 My secret wish she'll see ;  
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,  
 May Delia share with me.

§ 20. *Song. AKENSIDE.*

THE shape alone let others prize,  
 The features of the fair ;  
 I look for spirit in her eyes,  
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and iv'ry arm,  
 Shall ne'er my wishes win :  
 Give me an animated form,  
 That speaks a mind within :

A face where awful honor shines,  
 Where sense and sweetness move,  
 And angel innocence refines  
 The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,  
 Without whose vital aid  
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,  
 And all her roses dead.

But, ah ! where both their charms unite,  
 How perfect is the view,  
 With ev'ry image of delight,  
 With graces ever new !

Of pow'r to charm the greatest woe,  
 The wildest rage control ;  
 Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,  
 And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express  
 All language must despair ;  
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,  
 And read it perfect there.

§ 21. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*  
 STEELE.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
 Invites my fair to rural play,  
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
 And bring my Orta to my eyes.

O, were I sure my dear to view,  
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,  
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,  
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?  
What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?  
Fast by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear  
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,  
Or on the raven's pinions rise !  
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,  
And waft a lover on his way !

My bliss too long my bride denies :  
Apace the wasting summer flies :  
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare ?  
O, Love has fetters stronger far !  
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breast ;  
When thoughts torment, the first are best ;  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay :  
Away to Orra, haste away !

§ 22. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.*  
STEELE.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go  
Our am'rous journey through this dreary  
waste :

Haste, my rain-deer ! still, still thou art too  
slow ! [haste.

Impetuous love demands the lightning's  
Around us far the rushy moors are spread :  
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray ;  
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,  
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors  
Does all the flow'ry meadows' pride excel ;  
Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;  
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell !

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,  
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;  
Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind !  
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,  
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,  
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,  
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly  
air.

§ 23. *Song. Arno's Vale.*  
EARL OF MIDDLESEX.\*

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay !  
Content inspir'd each rural lay.  
The birds in livelier concert sung,  
The grapes in thicker clusters hung ;  
All look'd as joy could never fail  
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

\* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset.  
It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of  
John Gaston, the late Duke of Tuscany, of the house  
of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a  
singer, a favorite of the author's.

But since the good Palemon died,  
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
Now Arno's sons must all give place  
To northern men, an iron race.  
The taste of pleasure now is o'er ;  
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more ;  
The muses droop, the Goths prevail !  
Adieu, the sweets of Arno's vale !

§ 24. *Song. The passionate Shepherd to his Love.* MARLOW.

COME, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,  
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs :  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight, each May morning :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 25. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.* SIR W. RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb ;  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reck'ning yields ;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these to me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joy no date, nor age no need ;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

§ 26. *Song.*

Bust, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I :  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up :  
 Make the most of life you may ;  
 Life is short, and wears away.  
 Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hastening quick to their decline :  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

§ 27. *Song.*

Ifan Neptune, when first he took charge of  
 the sea,  
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,  
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of  
 his brine [wine,  
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous  
 What trafficking then would have been on the  
 main,  
 For the sake of good liquor as well as for gain !  
 No fear then of tempests, or danger of sinking ;  
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-  
 drinking.

The hot, thirsty sun, then would drive with  
 more haste,  
 Secure in the evening of such a repast ; [nap  
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his  
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with  
 wine,

Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine ;  
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,  
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when bless'd with such  
 rain,

To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !  
 Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,  
 Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment on ev'ry one's  
 brow, [plough !

Hoh, as great as a prince, dancing after the  
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,  
 Although they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who, I think, don't to drinking in-  
 cline,

Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine ;  
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us  
 know

That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, then what had we en-  
 joy'd,

Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd ;  
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,  
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour !

§ 28. *Song.* SHENSTONE.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join  
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;  
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,  
 Discern him struggling in the bowl !

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,  
 Not yet is thought so tedious grown,  
 But limpid streams and shady tree  
 Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder silent grove,  
 See yonder does my Daphne rove :  
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,  
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,  
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :  
 I scorn the madness you approve,  
 And value reason next to love.

§ 29. *Song.*

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss.  
 That God or nature hath assign'd  
 Though much I want that most would have.  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
 I seek no more than may suffice :  
 I press to hear no haughty sway ;  
 Look ; what I lack, my mind supplies.  
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall :  
 I see that such as sit aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :  
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,  
 No force to win a victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to win a lover's eye :  
 To none of these I yield as thrall,  
 For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
 I little have, yet seek no more .  
 They are but poor, though much they have ;  
 And I am rich with little store :  
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
 They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 I grudge not at another's gain ;  
 No worldly wave my mind can toss,  
 I brook that is another's bane.  
 I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend ;  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease :  
 My conscience clear, my chief defence :  
 I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence :  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
 Would all did so, as well as I !

I take no joy in earthly bliss ;  
 I weigh not Cæsar's wealth a straw ;  
 For care, I know not what it is ;  
 I fear not Fortune's fatal law.  
 My mind is such as may not move  
 For beauty bright, or force of love.



I wish but what I have at will;

I wander not to seek for more;

I like the plain, I climb no hill;

In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vain  
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;

I feign not love where most I hate;

I break no sleep to win my will;

I wait not at the mighty's gate;

I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;

I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court no cart, I like no loathe:

Extremes are counted worst of all:

The golden mean betwixt them both

Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;

This is my choice; for why? I find

No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 30. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,  
What would you wish for more than these?

A healthy, clean, paternal seat,  
Well shaded from the summer's heat:

A little parlour-stove, to hold  
A constant fire from winter's cold,  
Where you may sit and think, and sing,  
Far off from court, God bless the king:

Safe from the harpies of the law,  
From party-rage, and great man's paw;  
Have choice, few friends of your own taste;  
A wife agreeable and chaste:

An open, but yet cautious mind,  
Where guilty cares no entrance find;  
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,  
To break the sabbath of the night:

Plain equipage, and temperate meals,  
Few tailors', and no doctors' bills;  
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,  
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 31. *Song. The Character of a happy Life.*  
SIR HENRY WOTTON.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death:  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice hath ever understood;  
How deepest wounds are giv'n by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;

And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 32. *Song.* DR. DARLTON.\*

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,  
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,  
Nor with swains in siren bow'rs,  
Will true pleasure long reside.  
On awful virtue's hill sublime  
Enthron'd sits th' immortal fair:  
Who wins her height must patient climb;  
The steps are peril, toil, and care.  
So from the first did Jove ordain  
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 33. *Song. A Moral Thought.*  
DR. HAWKESWORTH.

THROUGH groves and meads, dark, and still,  
Low vales, and mossy coles among,  
In silent paths the careless rill  
With languid murmurs steals along.

A while it plays with sparkling sweep,  
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;  
Then pours impetuous down the steep,  
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide  
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;  
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,  
Nor honor's sanguinary palm.

When labor tires, and pleasure palls,  
Still let the stream untroubled be,  
As down the steep of age it falls,  
And mingles with eternity.

§ 34. *Song. The Blind Boy.*  
COLLEY CIBBER.†

O SAY what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight?  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

\* In the *Masque of Comus*. It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of *Tasso's Jerusalem*.

† Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew, Holborn.

Then let not what I cannot have

My cheer of mind destroy :  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 35. *Song.* ROBERT DODSLEY.\*

How happy a state does the miller possess,  
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less !  
On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,  
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a  
beau :

A clown in his dress may be honest far  
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Though his hands are so daub'd they're not fit  
to be seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean :  
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal ;  
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers  
like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
He cribs without scruple from other men's  
sacks ;

In this of right noble example he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavor to heap an estate,  
In this he would mimic the tools of the state ;  
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,  
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when  
'he's dry, [lie ;

And down, when he's weary, contented does  
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing :  
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king ?

§ 36. *Song.* *The Old Man's Wish.* DR. POPE.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,  
Let this be my fate—in a country town  
May I have a warm house, with a store at the  
gate,

And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate !

May I govern my passion with an absolute  
away,

And grow wiser and better as my strength  
wears away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay !

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,  
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look ;  
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,  
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three  
more

Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before ;  
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,  
And clean, though coarse, linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout hum-  
ming liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar ;

Is the entertainment of the Miller of Mansfield.

With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,  
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.  
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last  
day ;

And, when I am dead, may the better sort say,  
In the morning when sober, in the evening  
when mellow,

He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his  
fellow :

For he govern'd his passion with an absolute  
away,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore  
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 37. *Song.* *Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,  
'Tis since two hundred year,  
No malice then we knew,  
But all things plenty were ;  
All friendship now decays,  
(Believe me this is true,)   
Which was not in those days  
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land  
Were much delighted then  
To have at their command  
A crew of lusty men,  
Which by their coats were known  
Of tawny, red, or blue,  
With crests on their sleeves shown,  
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,  
Unto our land's reproach,  
When he whose means are small  
Maintains both horse and coach ;  
Instead of a hundred men,  
The coach allows but two ;  
This was not thought on then,  
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality  
Was cherish'd then of many ;  
Now poor men starve and die,  
And are not help'd by any :  
For charity waxeth cold,  
And love is found in few ;  
This was not in time of old,  
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travell'd then,  
You might meet on the way  
Brave knights and gentlemen,  
Clad in their country gray,  
That courteous would appear,  
And kindly welcome you :  
No puritans then were ;  
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,  
In civil habit went ;  
Broad-cloth was then worth praise,  
And gave the best content :

French fashions then were scorn'd,  
Fond fangles, then, none knew,  
Then modesty women adorn'd,  
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold  
At Christmas, in each hall,  
Good fires to curb the cold,  
And meat for great and small:  
The neighbors were friendly bidden,  
And all had welcome true,  
The poor from the gates were not chidden,  
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man  
Were fill'd with wine and beer,  
No pewter pot, nor can,  
In those days did appear:  
Good cheer in a nobleman's house  
Was counted a seemly show  
We wanted no brawn or souse,  
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight  
In cups of silver fine:  
None under degree of a knight  
In plate drank beer or wine:  
Now each mechanical man  
Hath a cupboard of plate for a shew,  
Which was a rare thing then  
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,  
No simony men did use;  
Christians did usury scorn,  
Devis'd among the Jews:  
The lawyers to be fee'd  
At that time hardly knew,  
For man with man agreed,  
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,  
Nor spent poor soldiers' pay;  
They were not so abus'd  
As they are at this day:  
Of seven days they make eight,  
To keep them from their due;  
Poor soldiers had their right  
When this old cap was new;

Which made them forward still  
To go, although not press'd;  
And going with good-will,  
Their fortunes were the best.  
Our English then in fight  
Did foreign foes subdue,  
And forc'd them all to flight,  
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,  
And send him long to live!  
Lord, mischief on them bring  
That will not their alms give;  
But seek to rob the poor  
Of that which is their due:  
This was not in time of yore,  
When this old cap was new.

§ 36. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

In good king Charles's golden days,  
When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous high-churchman I was,  
And so I got preferment:  
To teach my flock I never miss'd,  
Kings are by God appointed,  
And damn'd are those that do resist  
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.  
And this is law I will maintain  
Until my dying day, sir—  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,  
And popery came in fashion,  
The penal laws I hooted down,  
And read the Declaration:  
The church of Rome I found would fit  
Full well my constitution;  
And had become a Jesuit,  
But for the Revolution.  
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,  
To ease the nation's grievance;  
With this new wind about I steer'd,  
And swore to him allegiance:  
Old principles I did revoke,  
Set conscience at a distance;  
Passive obedience was a joke,  
A jest was non-resistance.  
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,  
The church of England's glory,  
Another face of things was seen.  
And I became a tory:  
Occasional conformists base,  
I damn'd their moderation;  
And thought the church in danger was  
By such pervarication.  
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,  
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir!  
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
And so became a whig, sir:  
And thus preferment I procur'd  
From our new faith's defender;  
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd  
The pope and the pretender.  
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,  
And protestant succession;  
To these I do allegiance swear—  
While they can keep possession:  
For in my faith and loyalty  
I never more will flatter,  
And George my lawful king shall be—  
Until the times do alter.  
And this is law I will maintain  
Until my dying day, sir—  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 39. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. STEVENS.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer;  
 List, ye landmen, all to me!  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea;  
 From bounding billows first in-motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 "By topsail-sheets and haulyards stand!  
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,  
 Down your stay-sails, haul, boys, haul!  
 Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 'The topsail sheets now let go;  
 Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,  
 Up your topsails nimbly clew."

Now all you on down beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms;  
 Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 'Think what fear our minds enthrals;  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls!

"The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 'Though the weather should be worse.  
 Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,  
 Reef the mizzen, see all clear;  
 Hauls up, each preventure-brace set,  
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!"

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
 Peal on peal contending clash,  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash;  
 One wide water all around us  
 All above us one black sky;  
 Different deaths at once surround us:  
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

"The foremast's gone!" cries ev'ry tongue out,  
 "O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;  
 'Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;  
 Plumb the well—the leak increases,  
 Four feet water in the hold."

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
 We for wives or children mourn;  
 Alas! from thence there's no retreating!  
 Alas! to them there's no return!  
 Still the leak is gaining on us!  
 Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:  
 Heaven have mercy here upon us!  
 For only that can save us now.

"O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;  
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,  
 See! our mizzen-mast is gone!

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The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;  
 Up, and rig a jury foremast;  
 She rights, she rights, boys, we're off shore!  
 Now once more on joys we're thinking.  
 Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives!  
 Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives;  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it.  
 'Close to our lips a brimmer join:  
 Where's the tempest now! who feels it?  
 None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 40. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

You gentlemen of England  
 That live at home at ease,  
 Ah, little do you think upon  
 'The dangers of the seas;  
 Give ear unto the mariners,  
 And they will plainly show  
 All the cares, and the fears,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,  
 Must bear a valiant heart,  
 For when you come upon the seas  
 You must not think to start;  
 Nor once to be faint-hearted,  
 In hail, rain, blow, or snow,  
 Nor to think for to shrink  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests  
 Poor seamen do endure,  
 Both day and night, with many a fright,  
 We seldom rest secure;  
 Our sleep it is disturbed  
 With visions strange to know,  
 And with dreams on the streams,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,  
 Which darkness doth enforce,  
 We often find our ship to stray  
 Beyond her wonted course:  
 Which causeth great distractions,  
 And sinks our hearts all low;  
 'Tis in vain to complain,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom  
 Our ship is toss'd in waves,  
 And ev'ry man expecting  
 'The sea to be their graves!  
 Then up aloft she mounteth,  
 And down again so low,  
 'Tis with waves, O with waves,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to pray'r,  
 With all our might and thought,  
 When refuge all doth fail us,  
 'Tis that must bear us out;  
 To God we call for succor,  
 For he it is, we know,  
 That must aid us, and save us,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,  
 That sit in gowns of fur,  
 In closets warm, can take no harm,  
 Abroad they need not stir;  
 When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,  
 And beats with hail and snow,  
 We are sure to endure,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,  
 And jewels of great price,  
 To serve our English gallantry,  
 With many a rare device;  
 To please our English gallantry,  
 Our pains we freely show,  
 For we toil and we moil,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to th' Indies,  
 To fetch home spices rare;  
 Sometimes again, to France and Spain,  
 For wines beyond compare;  
 Whilst gallants are carousing,  
 In taverns on a row,  
 Then we sweep o'er the deep,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,  
 And greatest fears are past,  
 In weather fair, and temperate air,  
 We straight lie down to rest;  
 But when the billows tumble,  
 And waves do furious grow,  
 Then we rouse, up we rouse,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,  
 When England is at war  
 With any foreign nations,  
 We fear not wound nor scar;  
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
 Our valor for to know,  
 Whilst they reel, in the keel,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,  
 But true Englishmen bred;  
 We'll ply our parts, like valiant hearts,  
 And never fly for dread;  
 We'll play our business nimbly  
 Whene'er we come or go,  
 With our mates, to the Straits,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,  
 And never be dismay'd,  
 Whilst we have bold adventurers  
 We ne'er shall want a trade;  
 Our merchants will employ us,  
 To fetch them wealth, I know;  
 Then be bold, work for gold,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,  
 With wages for our pains,  
 The tapster and the vintner  
 Will help to share our gains:  
 We call for liquor roundly,  
 And pay before we go:

Then we'll roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 41. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part  
 Still, still on hope relies;  
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
 Bids expectation rise.  
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

§ 42. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain:  
 Thou, like the world, th' oppress'd oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 43. *Song.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;  
 Fill her soul with fond desire,  
 Softest notes will soothe her breast:  
 Pleasing dreams assist in love:  
 Let them all propitious prove.  
 On the mossy bank she lies,  
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed,)  
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
 Forming pillows for her head;  
 Zephyrs waft their odors round,  
 And indulging whispers sound.

§ 44. *The same parodied.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,  
 Lay the mutton down to roast,  
 Dress it quickly, I desire,  
 In the dripping put a toast,  
 That I hunger may remove;  
 Mutton is the meat I love.  
 On the dresser see it lie,  
 O! the charming white and red!  
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye.  
 On the sweetest grass it fed:  
 Let the jack go swiftly round,  
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.  
 On the table spread the cloth,  
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:  
 Pickles get, and salad both,  
 Let them each be fresh and green:  
 With small beer, good ale and wine,  
 O ye Gods! how I shall dine!

§ 45. *Song.* SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to lie i' th' sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

§ 46. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream  
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare  
would dream,  
The fairies by moon-light dance round his  
green bed, [head.  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his  
The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing  
swain, [pain :  
Here rove without danger, and sigh without  
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here  
dread,  
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.  
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and  
their truth,  
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;  
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,  
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.  
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !  
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than  
snow !  
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it  
spread ! [head.  
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his

§ 47. *Song.* *The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,  
Ye fairy elves that be,  
Light tripping o'er the green ;  
Come, follow Mab, your queen ;  
Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.  
When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest ;  
Unheard and unspied,  
Through key-holes we do glide ;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.  
And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep ;  
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;  
None us hears, and none us spies.  
But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And only she is paid :  
Every night before we go,  
We drop a tester in her shoe.  
Then o'er a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye or wheat,  
The diet that we eat ;

Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous fat of snails,  
Between two cockles stew'd,  
Is meat that 's easily chew'd ;  
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,  
Do make a dish that 's wondrous nice !

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
Serve for our minstrelsy ;  
Grace said, we dance a while,  
And so the time beguile :  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.  
O'er tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly we do pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

§ 48. *Song.* *The Thief and Cordelier.* PRIOR.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know  
the *Griue*,  
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave ;  
Where honor and justice most oddly contribute  
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'There death breaks the shackles which force  
had put on, [had begun :  
And the hangman completes what the judge  
'There the squire of the pad, and the knight of  
the post,  
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their  
hopes no more cross'd.

Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets  
are known ;  
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has  
his own ; [thou ail ?  
But my hearers cry out, " What a deuce dost  
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,  
And for want of false witness to back a bad  
cause,

A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;  
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier !

Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the  
scene, [begin ;  
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should  
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.  
Derry down, &c.

" What frightens you thus, my good son ?"  
says the priest ; [fess'd."

" You murder'd, are sorry, and have been con-  
" O father ! my sorrow will scarce save my ba-  
con ; [taken."

For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was  
Derry down, &c.

"Pooh! pry'thee, ne'er trouble thy head with  
such fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:  
If the money you promised be brought to the  
chest,

You have only to die; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

"And what will folks say if they see you afraid?  
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:  
*Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow:*  
And things will go better, believe me, to-mor-  
row."

Derry down, &c.

"To-morrow?" our hero replied in a fright;  
"He that's hang'd before noon ought to think  
of to-night."

"Tell your beads," says the priest, "and be  
fairly truss'd up;

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."

Derry down, &c.

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptu-  
ous the treat,

Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:  
I should therefore esteem it great favor and  
grace,

Would you be so kind as to go in my place."

Derry down, &c.

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank  
you to boot;

But our actions, you know, with our duty  
must suit:

The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste;  
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a  
fast."

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said:

"Despatch me, I pray thee, this troublesome  
blade;

For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;  
And we live by the gold for which other men  
die."

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

#### § 49. *Song. Admiral Hosier's Ghost.*

GROVER.

It was written by the ingenious author of *Leonidas*,  
on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by  
Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22d, 1739.—The case of Hosier,  
which is here so pathetically represented, was  
briefly this: In April, 1736, that commander was  
sent with a strong fleet to the West Indies, to block  
up the galleons in the ports of that country; or,  
should they presume to come out, to seize and carry  
them to England: he accordingly arrived at the  
Bastimentos, near Porto-Bello, but, being restricted  
by his orders from obeying the dictates of his cour-  
age, lay inactive on that station until he became  
the just of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed  
to Cartagena, and continued cruising in these seas  
till the far greater part of his men perished deplora-  
bly by the diseases of that unhealthy climate.—  
This brave man, seeing his best officers and men  
thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevi-  
table destruction, and himself made the sport of the  
enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying  
On the gently-swelling flood.

At midnight with streamers flying,

Our triumphant navy rode;

There, while Vernon sate all-glorious

From the Spaniards' late defeat,

And his crews, with shouts victorious,

Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,

Hulious yells and shrieks were heard:

Then, each heart with fear confounding,

A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,

Which for winding-sheets they wore,

And, with looks by sorrow clouded,

Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre;

When the shade of Hosier brave

His pale bands were seen to muster,

Rising from their wat'ry grave:

O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,

Where the Burford rear'd her sail.

With three thousand ghosts beside him,

And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story!

I am Hosier's injur'd ghost;

You, who now have purchas'd glory

At this place where I was lost:

Though in Porto-Bello's ruin

You now triumph free from fears;

When you think of my undoing,

You will mix your joys with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping

Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;

These were English captains brave.

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,

Who were once my sailors bold;

Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,

While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,

Did the Spanish town affright;

Nothing then its wealth defended,

But my orders not to fight.

O! that in this rolling ocean

I had cast them with disdain;

And obey'd my heart's warm passion

To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

"For resistance I could fear none,

But with twenty ships had done

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,

Hast achiev'd with six alone.

Then the Bastimentos never

Had our foul dishonor seen,

Nor the sea the sad receive,

Of this gallant train had I seen.

"Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,

And her galleons leading ho—

Though, condemn'd for disobeying,

I had met a traitor's doom:

To have fallen, my country crying,

'He has play'd an English part,'

Had been better far than dying

Of a griev'd and broken heart.

'Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feel my constant woe:  
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recall our shameful doom,  
And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er the waves, for ever mourning,  
Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,  
If, to Britain's shores returning,  
You neglect my just request:  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England—sham'd in me."

§ 50. *Song. The Sea Fight in xcii.\**

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,  
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,  
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,  
The lofty sails of France advancing now;  
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valor shine,  
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;  
Let every hand supply his gun;

Follow me,  
And you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,  
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on  
the deep;

He led a noble train of heroes bold,  
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.

Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,  
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire:

\* The great naval victory intended to be celebrated by this even-  
ing song was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cap. La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 23d of May, 1692, in favor of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of Admiral Russel, afterwards Earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the Chevalier Tourville, whose ship *Le Soleil Royal* carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the Duke of Brunswick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now conjectured that Russel had engaged to favor the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole necessary to abortive: and the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

And mighty Fate stood looking on;  
Whilst a flood,  
All of blood,  
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun!  
Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,  
With thunder and wonder affright the Gal-  
lic shore;  
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,  
To see the lofty streamers now no more.  
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,  
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;  
Now death and horror equal reign;  
Now they cry,  
Run or die,  
British colors ride the vanquish'd main!  
See, they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands!  
One danger they grasp at to shun the great-  
er fate;  
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;  
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost  
estate!  
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun.  
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:  
Enough, thou mighty god of war!  
Now we sing,  
Bless the king,  
Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 51. *Song. The Miller's Wedding. GARRICK.*

LEAVE, neighbors, your work, and to sport  
and to play;  
Let the labor strike up, and the village be gay:  
No day through the year shall more cheerful  
be seen;  
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,  
And while the wind blows,  
And while the mill goes,  
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we?  
Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a  
bride,  
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:  
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound;  
And my love, like my courage, will never give  
ground.

Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,  
And prudently take the best bidders to bed:  
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss;  
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your  
beaux,  
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine  
clothes,  
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,  
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

Chorus. I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,  
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but  
lies still,  
Our joys shall continue and ever be new,  
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

Chorus. I love Sue, &c.



§ 52. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* GARRICK.

To arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!  
The road to renown lies before ye!  
The name of King Shakspeare has charms  
To rouse you to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!  
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;  
What man but would Nature obey,  
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever!

§ 53. *Song in the same.* GARRICK.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakspeare has  
charm'd!

More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!  
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim,  
He painted you all, all join to praise him.

*Chorus.* Come away! come away!  
His genius calls—you must obey.

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,  
All states and conditions by him have been sung;  
All passions and humors were rais'd by his pen;  
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with  
the wren.

*Chorus.* Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,  
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:  
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,  
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.

*Chorus.* Come away! come away!  
His genius calls—you must obey.

§ 54. *Song in the Country Girl.* GARRICK.

TELL not me of the roses and lilies  
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phyllis;  
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes  
For which silly Corydon dies;

Let all whining lovers go hang;  
My heart would you hit,  
Tip your arrow with wit,  
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,  
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,  
Can only be touch'd by the witty;  
And beauty will ogle in vain:  
The way to my heart's through my brain.

Let all whining lovers go hang:  
We wits, you must know,  
Have two strings to our bow,  
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,  
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 55. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

You gave me last week a young linnet,  
Shut up in a fine golden cage;  
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,  
O how it did flutter and rage!  
Then he mop'd and he pin'd,  
That his wings were confin'd,  
Till I open'd the door of his den:  
Then so merry was he;  
And, because he was free,  
He came to his cage back again.

§ 56. *The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;  
And he met with a lady fair,  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine,  
My true-love thou didst see?"

"And how should I know your true-love  
From many another one?"—

"O, by his cockle hat and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon:

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view;  
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curl'd,  
And cyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!  
Lady, he's dead and gone!  
And at his head a green-grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long  
He languish'd, and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him, bare-faced on his bier,  
Six proper youths and tall;  
And many a tear bedew'd his grave  
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead! thou gentle youth?  
And art thou dead and gone?  
And didst thou die for love of me?  
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not so!  
Some ghostly comfort seek:  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss,  
I'll ever weep and sigh;  
For thee I only wish'd to live,  
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;  
Thy sorrow is in vain:  
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest  
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as winged dreams do fly,  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar!

I pray thee, say not so!

For since my true-love died for me,

'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?

Will he ne'er come again?

Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,

For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;

The comeliest youth was he.

But he is dead, and laid in his grave,

Alas! and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot on sea, and one on land,

To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,

And left thee sad and heavy;

For young men ever were fickle found,

Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,

I pray thee, say not so!

My love he had the truest heart;

O he was ever true.

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?

And didst thou die for me?

Then farewell, home! for evermore

A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave

My weary limbs I'll lay;

And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf

That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, stay awhile

Beneath this cloister wall:

See, through the hawthorn blows the wind,

And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,

O stay me not, I pray!

No drizzly rain that falls on me

Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,

And dry those pearly tears;

For see, beneath this gown of gray,

Thy true-love appears!

"Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,

These holy weeds I sought:

And here, amidst these lonely walls,

To end my days I thought;

"But haply, for many year of grace

Is not yet past'd away,

Might I still hope to win thy love,

No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy

Once more unto my heart;

For since I've found thee, lovely youth,

My heart no more will part."

§ 57. *Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.* GARRICK.

PRINCE EDWARD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from

the tree,

Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,

What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd Mulberry!

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,

Who spread round your branches, whose heads

sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought

To root out the natives at prices so dear;

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,

Preserv'd once our king, and will always our

coast;

But of fir we make ships, we have thousands

While one, only one, like our Shakspeare can

write.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,

Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;

The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,

With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd

birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the

But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,

And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,

From him and his merits this takes its degree;

Let Phæbus and Bacchus their glories resign,

Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright

day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can con-

So the tree that he planted, by making his own,

Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;

From folly and fashion a charm let it be:

Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim;

To honor the country, do honor to him.

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd Mulberry!

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

§ 58. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,

The streamers waving in the wind,

When black-ey'd Susan came on board;

"O where shall I my true-love find?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,

If my sweet William sails among your crew."

William, who high upon the yard  
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;  
 The cord glides swiftly through his glowing  
 hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!  
 My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,  
 At every port a mistress find.  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white.  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,  
 William shall to his dear return:  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's  
 eye."

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
 No longer must she stay on board:  
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;  
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;  
 "Adieu!" she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

#### § 59. Song. ROWE.

As on a summer's day,  
 In the greenwood shade I lay,  
 The maid that I lov'd,  
 As her fancy mov'd,  
 Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,  
 With a scornful glance of her eye,  
 "What a shame," quoth she,  
 "For a swain must it be,  
 Like a lazy loon for to lie!"

"And dost thou nothing heed  
 What Pan our god has decreed,  
 What a prize to-day  
 Shall be given away  
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed?"

"There's not a single swain  
 Of all this fruitful plain,  
 But with hopes and fears  
 Now busily prepares  
 The bonny boon to gain.  
 "Shall another maiden shine  
 In brighter array than thine?  
 Up, up, dull swain,  
 Tune thy pipe once again,  
 And make the garland mine."  
 "Alas! my love," I cried,  
 "What avails this courtly pride?  
 Since thy dear desert  
 Is written in my heart,  
 What is all the world beside?  
 "To me thou art more gay,  
 In this homely russet gray,  
 Than the nymphs of our greek,  
 So trim and so sheen,  
 Or the brightest queen of May.  
 "What though my fortune frown,  
 And deny thee a silken gown;  
 My own dear maid,  
 Be content with this shade,  
 And a shepherd's ~~own~~ own."

#### § 60. Song.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the  
 spring, [sing;  
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did  
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while  
 sweetly thus sung she: [me.  
 "I love my love, because I know my love loves  
 "O cruel were his parents who sent my love  
 to sea, [love from me!  
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my  
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although  
 they've ruin'd me, [loves me.  
 And I love my love, because I know my love  
 "O! should it please the pitying pow'rs to call  
 me to the sky, [my love to fly;  
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around  
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy  
 should I be! [loves r.e.  
 For I love my love, because I know my love  
 "I'll make a strawy garland, &c. I'll make it won-  
 drous fine,  
 With roses, lilies, &c. I'll mix the eglantine,  
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns  
 from sea; [loves me.  
 For I love my love, because I know my love  
 "O! if I were a little bird to build upon his  
 breast, [roost!  
 Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to  
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward  
 should be! [loves me.  
 For I love my love, because I know my love  
 "O! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!  
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my  
 love might spy:  
 But, ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er  
 shall see: [loves me."  
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love

§ 61. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !

But Mary's still sweeter than those,

Both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,

Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,

Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,

With music enchant ev'ry bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

Let us see how the primroses spring ;

We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?

Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;

Kind Nature indulging my bliss,

To relieve the soft pains of my breast

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,

No beauty with her can compare ;

Love's graces all round her do dwell,

She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?

O tell me, at noon where they feed !

Shall I seek them on sweet winding 'Tay,

Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

§ 62. *Song. Nancy of the Vale. SHENSTONE.*

THE western sky was purpled o'er

With ev'ry pleasing ray,

And flocks, reviving, felt no more

The sultry heat of day ;

When from a hazel's artless bow'r

Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;

He bless'd the scene, he bless'd the hour,

While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range

The paths of wanton love ;

Whilst weeping maids lament their change,

And sadden ev'ry grove :

But endless blessings crow the day

I saw fair Esham's wife ;

And every blessing and its way

To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avon's bank the maid

Diffus'd her lovely beams ;

And ev'ry shining dance display'd

The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,

That float on Avon's tide,

Like the water-lily sprung

And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flow'rs her bloom,

Her eye all mild to view ;

The little halcyon's azure plume

Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,

So taper, straight, and fair ;

Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,

How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd

This peerless bud I found,

And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd

To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell

Should form a nymph so sweet,

Or fortune to her secret cell

Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride.

But she would ne'er incline :

" Prove to your equals true," she cried,

" As I will prove to mine.

" Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow

Has won my right good-will ;

To him I give my plighted vow,

With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,

I clasp'd the constant fair ;

To her alone I give my youth,

And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,

Or I these charms forgo,

The stream that saw our tender love,

That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 63. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq. CUNNINGHAM.*

COWS, shepherds, we'll follow the herse,

And see our lov'd Corydon laid :

Though sorrow may blemish the verse,

Yet let the sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain ;

In sooth he was gentle and kind ;

He mark'd, in his elegant strain,

The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,

That birds in the covert might dwell ;

He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,

But never would ride their cell.

Ye lambskins that play'd at his feet,

Go bleat, and your master bemoan ;

His music was artless and sweet,

His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,

No bloom on the blossoms appear ;

The sweets of the forest shall fail,

And winter discolor the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,

(Our hedges so vocal before,)

Since he that should welcome the spring,

Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,

And poets came round in a throng ;

They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,

But which of them equal'd his song ?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,

For lost is the pastoral strain ;

So give me my Corydon's flute,

And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 64. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but hers can hear,  
No other wit but hers approve;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 65. *Song.* ROWE.

To the brook and the willow, that heard him  
complain,  
Ah, willow! willow! [pain.  
Poor Colin went weeping, and told him his  
Ah, willow! willow! Ah, willow! willow!  
"Sweet stream," he cried, "sadly I'll teach  
thee to flow, [woe.  
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my  
"All restless and painful my Celia now lies,  
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:  
"To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slum-  
bers, repair,  
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make  
her your care;  
"Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,  
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.  
"Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to  
creep,  
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep:  
"But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,  
And the loss of my charmer the fates have de-  
creed,  
"Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one, be-  
lieve,  
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;  
"One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,  
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold  
side.  
"Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself  
haste;  
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last."

§ 66. *Song.* PERCY.

O, NANCY! wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer dress'd in silken sheen,  
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nancy! when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?  
O can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
No, sad, regret each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nancy! canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go;  
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when, at last, thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
Strow flowers, and drop the tender tear?  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 67. *Song.* MALLETT.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
And, while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay.  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies;  
And in soft raptures waste the day,  
Among the shades of Endermay!

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear;  
At this thy living bloom must fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade.  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;  
The feather'd songsters love no more:  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

§ 68. *Highland Mary.* BURNS.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomerie,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drum'd to me!

There simmer first unfold her robes,  
And there the longest tarry:  
For there I took the last fa'weel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the ga' green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me, as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursel's asunder;  
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Ihighland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hac kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly:  
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly;  
 But still within my bosom's core,  
 Shall live my Ihighland Mary.

§ 69. *Song. Green grow the Rashes; A Fragment.* BURNS.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O!  
 Green grow the rashes, O!  
 'The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,  
 Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'  
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;  
 What signifies the life o' man  
 An 'twere na for the lasses, O?  
 Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,  
 An' riches still may fly them, O;  
 An' though at last they catch them fast,  
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O;  
 An' warly cars, an' warly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;  
 'The wisest man the warl e'er saw,  
 He d'ryly lov'd the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the loyely dears  
 Her noblest work shp classes, O:  
 Her 'prentice han' sh' tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

§ 70. *Song. Banrock-Burn; Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.* BURNS.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
 'Wherever goes, our gory bed,  
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
 See the front o' battle lower;  
 See approach proud Edward's power—  
 Edward! chains! and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sa base as be a slave?  
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
 Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
 By your sons in servile chains!  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
 But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
 Tyrants fall in every foe!  
 Liberty's in every blow!  
 Forward! let us do or die!

§ 71. *Song. The Soldier's Return.* BURNS.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
 And gentle peace returning,  
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
 And mony a widow mourning,  
 I left the lines and tented field,  
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,  
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,  
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,  
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;  
 And for fair Scotia hame again,  
 I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,  
 I thought upon my Nancy;  
 I thought upon the witching smile  
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen.  
 Where early life I sported;  
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,  
 Where Nancy aft I courted:  
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,  
 Down by her mother's dwelling'  
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood  
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,  
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,  
 O! happy, happy may he be,  
 That's dearest to thy bosom!  
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,  
 And fain would be thy lodger;  
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,  
 Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,  
 And lovelier was than ever:  
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,  
 Forget him shall I never:  
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,  
 Ye freely shall partake it,  
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,  
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she reddon'd like a rose—  
 Syne pale like ony lily;  
 She sank within my arms, and cried,  
 "Art thou my ain dear Willie?"



Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
To the green-wood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
You shall see him brought to bay:  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we.  
Tune, stern huntsman! who can balk?  
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk:  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

§ 76. *A Canadian Boat Song.* MOORE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!  
Why should we yet our sail unfold?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!  
But, when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

Up wa's tide! this trembling moon,  
Shall be us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,  
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the day-light's past!

§ 77. *Song. The Light-house.* MOORE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;  
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd  
sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it;  
The murmur rose soft as I silently gaz'd  
The lowly waves' playful motion,  
From the dim, distant hill, 'till the Light-house  
flew blaz'd  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.  
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast  
Was heard in his wildly-breath'd numbers;

The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers;  
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,  
—All hush! was the billows' commotion,—  
And thought that the Light-house look'd love-  
ly as hope.

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow:  
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul  
flies,  
And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean.

§ 78. *Song. The Meeting of the Waters.*

MOORE.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so  
sweet, [sweet;  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must de-  
part, [my heart.  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from  
Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the  
scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom,  
were near, [dear,  
Who made each scene of enchantment more  
And who felt how the bless'd charms of Nature  
improve, [we love.  
When we see them reflected from looks that  
Sweet vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love  
best,  
Where the storms which we feel in this cold  
world should cease, [peace!  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in

§ 79. *Song. The last Rose of Summer.* MOORE.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose-bud, is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh!  
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.  
So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,



And from Love's shining circle  
The gems drop away !  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone ?

§ 80. *Song. This World is all a fleeting Show.*

MOORE.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given :  
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—  
There's nothing true but Heaven !  
And false the light on Gilroy's plume,  
As fading hues of even :  
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—  
There's nothing bright but Heaven !  
Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven :  
And Fancy's flush, and Reason's ray,  
Serve but to light the troubled way—  
There's nothing calm but Heaven !

§ 81. *Song. The Bower of Bendemeer.* MOORE.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's  
stream, [long ;  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day  
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet  
dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.  
That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet ?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Ben-  
demeer ?

No—the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the  
wave ;  
But some blossoms were gather'd, while  
freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers,  
that gave [was gone.  
All the fragrance of summer, when summer  
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
An essence that breathes of it many a year ;  
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my  
eyes, [demcer !  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Ben-

§ 82. *Song. Hail, Columbia.* J. HOPKINS.

HAIL, Columbia ! happy land ;  
Hail, ye Heroes ! Heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
And, when the storm of war was gone,  
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.  
Let Independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost !  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.  
Firm—united—let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty ;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal Patriots ! rise once more,  
Defend your rights, defend your shore :  
Let no rude foe with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood, the well-earn'd prize.  
While offering peace, sincere and just,  
In Heaven we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.  
Firm—united, &c.

Sound ! sound the trumpet of Fame,  
Let WASHINGTON's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause,  
Ring through the world with loud applause ;  
Let every clime, to freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear.  
With equal skill and Godlike power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
The happier times of honest peace.  
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the Chief, who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country stands—  
The Rock on which the storm will beat,  
The Rock on which the storm will beat.  
But, arm'd with virtue, firm and  
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolv'd on death or liberty.  
Firm—united, &c.

§ 83. *Song. Columbia.* DWIGHT.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise, [skies !  
The queen of the world, and the child of the  
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture be-  
hold,  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.  
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time ;  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;  
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson  
thy name,—  
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fate  
To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire ;  
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm : for a world be thy laws,  
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause :  
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the  
skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the East see thy morn 'side the beams of  
her star.  
New bards, and new sages, unrivall'd, shall  
To fame, unextinguish'd, when time is no more ;  
To thee, the last refuge of Virtue design'd,  
Shall fly, from all nations, the best of mankind ;  
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall  
bring [spring.  
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
 And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;  
 The graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
 And the charms of the soul ever cherish the  
 fire; [fin'd,  
 Their sweetness unmingled, their manners re-  
 And Virtue's bright image stamp'd on the  
 mind, [to glow,  
 With peace, and soft rapture, shia' teach life  
 And light up a smile in the aspect of Soc.  
 Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
 The nations admire, and the ocean obey;  
 Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
 And the East and the South yield their spices  
 and gold, [shall flow,  
 As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor  
 And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall  
 bow, [furl'd,  
 While the ensigns of union, in triumph un-  
 Ilush the tumult of war, and give peace to the  
 world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'er-  
 spread,  
 From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd,  
 The gloom from the face of fair heaven retir'd;  
 The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders ex-  
 pir'd;  
 Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,  
 And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,—  
 "Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise, [skies!"  
 The queen of the world, and the child of the

§ 34. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,  
 How she woo'd an English man?  
 Garments gay, as rich as may be,  
 Deck'd with jewels, had she on:  
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,  
 Both by birth and parentage of high degree.  
 As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 In his hands her life did lie;  
 Cupid's bands did tie them faster,  
 By the liking of an eye.

1. his courteous company was all her joy,  
 To favor him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
 For to set all ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned,  
 None to do them injury.  
 "O, then," said this lady gay, "full woe is me!  
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!"

"Gallant captain, show some pity  
 To a lady in distress;  
 Leave me not within this city,  
 For to die in heaviness:  
 Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,  
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,  
 When thou know'st thy country's foe?  
 Thy fair words make me suspect thee;  
 Strangers lie where flowers grow."  
 "All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous  
 knight, [light!  
 God grant upon my head the same may fully

"Blessed be the time and season  
 That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!  
 If you may our foes be termed,  
 Gentle foes we have you found;  
 With our city, you have won our hearts each  
 one, [own."  
 Then to your country bear away that is your

"Rest you still, most gallant lady:  
 Rest you still, and weep no more;  
 Of fair flowers you have plenty,  
 Spain doth yield you wondrous store."  
 "Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,  
 But Englishmen, throughout the world, are  
 counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,  
 Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;  
 I am lovely, young, and tender,  
 Love is likewise my desert:  
 Still to serve thee day and night my mind is  
 press'd; [bless'd."  
 The wife of every Englishman is counted

"It would be a shame, fair lady,  
 For to hear a woman hence;  
 English soldiers never carry  
 Any such without offence."  
 "I will quickly change myself, if it be so,  
 And, like a page, will follow thee where'er  
 thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver  
 To maintain thee in this case:  
 And to travel is great charges,  
 As you know, in ev'ry place."  
 "My chains and jewels, ev'ry one, shall be thy  
 own, [unknown."  
 And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies

"On the seas are many dangers,  
 Many storms do there arise,  
 Which will be, to ladies, dreadful,  
 And force tears from wat'ry eyes."  
 "Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,  
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,  
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;  
 I, in England, have already  
 A sweet woman to my wife;  
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,  
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in  
 Spain."

"O how happy is that woman  
 That enjoys so true a friend;  
 Many happy days God send her!  
 And of my suit I'll make an end:  
 On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,  
 Which love and true affection did first com-  
 mence.

"Commend me to that gallant lady,  
 Bear to her this chain of gold,  
 With these bracelets for a token,  
 Grieving that I was so bold:  
 All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with  
 thee; [me.  
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for

"I will spend my days in prayer,  
Love, and all his laws, defy;  
In a nunnery I will shroud me,  
Far from any company:  
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,  
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thou farewell! most gallant captain;  
Farewell to my heart's content!  
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,  
Though to thee my mind was bent:  
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"  
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

§ 85. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood;  
or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and  
Testament.*

Now ponder well, you parents dear,  
The words which I shall write;  
A doleful story you shall hear,  
In time brought forth to light.  
A gentleman of good account  
In Norfolk liv'd of late,  
Whose wealth and riches did surmount  
Most men of his estate.  
Sore sick he was, and like to die,  
No help that he could have;  
His wife by him as sick did lie,  
And both possess'd one grave.  
No love between these two was lost,  
Each was to other kind:  
In love they liv'd, in love they died,  
And left two babes behind:  
The one a fine and pretty boy,  
Not passing three years old:  
The other a girl, more young than he,  
And made in beauty's mould.  
The father left his little son,  
As plainly doth appear,  
When he to perfect age should come,  
Three hundred pounds a year;  
And to his little daughter Jane,  
Five hundred pounds in gold,  
To be paid down on marriage day,  
Which might not be controll'd.  
But, if the children chanc'd to die  
Ere they to age should come,  
Their uncle should possess their wealth;  
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,  
"Look to my children dear;  
Be good unto my boy and girl,  
No friends else I have here:  
To God and you I do commend  
My children night and day;  
But little while, be sure, we have  
Within this world to stay.  
"You must be father and mother both,  
And uncle, all in one;  
God knows what will become of them  
When I am dead and gone."  
With that bespake their mother dear:  
"O brother kind," quoth she,  
"You are the man must bring our babes  
To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,  
Then God will you reward;  
If otherwise you seem to deal,  
God will your deeds regard."  
With lips as cold as any stone  
She kiss'd her children small:  
"God bless you both, my children dear!"  
With that, the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke  
To this sick couple there:

"The keeping of your children dear,  
Sweet sister, do not fear;  
God never prosper me nor mine,  
Nor aught else that I have,  
If I do wrong your children dear,  
When you are laid in grave!"

Their parents being dead and gone,  
The children home he takes,  
And brings them both unto his house,  
And much of them he makes.  
He had not kept these pretty babes  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
When, for their wealth, he did devise  
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,  
Which were of furious mood,  
That they should take the children young,  
And slay them in a wood!  
He told his wife, and all he had,  
He did the children send  
To be brought up in fair London,  
With one that was his friend!

Away then went these pretty babes,  
Rejoicing at that tide;  
Rejoicing with a merry mind,  
They should on cock-horse ride.  
They prate and prattle pleasantly,  
As they rode on the way,  
To those that should their butchers be,  
And work their lives' decay!

So that the pretty speech they had  
Made murderers' hearts relent;  
And they that undertook the deed  
Full sore they did repent!  
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
Did vow to do his charge,  
Because the wretch that hired him  
Had paid him very large!

The other would not agree thereto;  
So here they fell at strife;  
With one another they did fight  
About the children's life.  
And he that was of mildest mood  
Did slay the other there,  
Within an unfrequented wood;  
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand—  
When tears stood in their eyes—  
And bade them come and go with him,  
And look they did not cry;  
And two long miles he led them on,  
While they for food complain:

"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread,  
When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,

Went wandering on and down :

But never more they saw the man

Approaching from the town !

Thy pretty lips with blackberries

Were all besmeared and dy'd ;

And when they saw the darkness nigh, th'

They sat them down and cry'd

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,

Till death did end their grief ;

In one another's arms they died,

As babes wanting relief.

No burial these pretty babes

Of any man receives,

Till Robin-red-breast, painfully.

Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God

Upon their uncle fell ;

Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,

His conscience felt a hell.

His barns were fill'd, his goods consum'd,

His lands were barren made,

His cattle died within the field,

And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,

Two of his sons did die ;

And, to conclude, himself was brought

To extreme misery :

He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land

Ever eleven years came about ;

And now at length this wicked act

Did by this means come out :

The fellow, that did take in hand

These children for to kill,

Was for a robbery judg'd to die,

As was God's blessed will ;

Who did confess the very truth,

The which is here express'd ;

Their uncle died, while he for debt

In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,

And overseers eke,

Of children that be fatherless,

And infants mild and meek ;

Take you example by this thing,

And give to each his right ;

Lest God with such like misery,

Your wicked minds requite.

§ 36. *The Frolicsome Duke ; or, the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* ; whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy ; and is thus related by an old English writer : "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal, at Bruges, in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter ; when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawk nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestic sports, or

to see ladies dance ; with some of his courtiers he would, in the evening, walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke ; he caus'd his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he awakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perswade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was serv'd in state all day long : after supper, he saw them dance, heard musick, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures : but, late at night, when he was well tipp'd, and again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so convey'd him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he return'd to himself : all the just was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision constantly believed it ; would not otherwise be perswaded ; and so the jest ended." Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1621, fol.

Now, as fame does report, a young duke keeps  
a court, [sport :

One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome

But among all the rest, here is one I protest,

Which will make you to smile when you hear  
the true jest. [ground,

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the

As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard,  
and Ben,

"Take him home to my palace, we'll sport  
with him then." [convey'd

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon

To the palace, although he was poorly array'd :

Then they stripp'd off his clothes, both his  
shirt, shoes, and hose,

And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over  
dirt,

They did give him clean Holland, which was  
no great hurt :

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,

They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his  
crown.

In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,  
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay,

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of  
state, [wait ;

Till at last knights and squires they on him did

And the chamberlain bare then did likewise  
declare,

He desired to know what apparel he'd wear :

The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,

And admir'd how he to his honor was rais'd.

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he  
chose a rich suit,

Which he straightways put on without longer  
dispute ; [ey'd,

With a star on each side, which the tinker oft

And it seem'd for to swell him no little with  
pride ; [sweet wife ?

For he said to himself, "Where is Joan my  
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a convenient place the right duke, his  
good grace,  
Did observe his behaviour in every case.  
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,  
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he,  
"This is great!" [view]

Where, an hour or two, pleasant walks he did  
With commanders and squires in scarlet and  
blue.

A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his  
guests;

He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,  
In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson  
red,

With a rich golden canopy over his head :  
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet.  
With the choicest of singing, his joys to com-  
plete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of  
wine,

Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.  
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his  
bowl,

'Till at last he began for to tumble and roll  
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping  
did snore,

Being seven times drunker than ever before.

'Then the duke did ordain, they should strip  
him amain,

And restore him his old leather garments again :  
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it  
they must,

And they carried him straight where they  
found him at first ;

'Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he  
taught ; [flight]

But when he did waken his joys took their  
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,  
'That he thought it to be but a mere golden  
dream ;

'Till at length he was brought to the duke,  
where he sought

For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought ;  
But his highness he said, "Thou'rt a jolly,  
bold blade,

Such a frolic, before, I think never was play'd."  
Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and  
cloke, [joke]

Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome  
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres  
of ground : [teries round,

"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the coun-  
try crying, 'Old brass to mend;' for I'll be thy  
good friend, [attend."

Nay, and Joan, thy sweet wife, shall my duchess  
Then the tinker replied : "What! must Joan,  
my sweet bride,

Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride ?  
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at com-  
mand ?

Then I shall be a squire I well understand :  
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love  
I embrace ;

I was never before in so happy a case."

### § 37. Song. Death's final Conquest.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended  
for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shir-  
ley's, entitled, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulys-  
ses*. Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer, early  
in the reign of Charles I., but he outlived the Res-  
tauration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, et.  
72. It is said to have been a favorite song, with  
King Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armor against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked sith and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;

'They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;

Then boast no more your mighty deeds :

Upon death's purple altar now

See where the victor victim bleeds.

All heads must come

To the cold tomb :

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

### § 38. Song. Gilderoy.

He was a famous robber, who lived about the middle  
of the 17th century, if we may credit the histories  
and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many  
improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal  
Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories  
have, probably, no other authority than the records  
of Grub Street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,

Had roses tuff his shoone,

His stockings were of silken soy,

Wi' garters hanging downe :

It was, I weene, a comelie sight,

To see sae trim a boy ;

He was my joy and heart's delight,

My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sike two charming can he had,

A breath as sweet as rose ;

He never wore a Highland plaid,

But costly silken clothes.

He gain'd the love of ladies gay,

Nane eir tuff him was coy,

Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,

For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born

Baith in one town together ;

We scant were seven years befor

We gan to love each other ;

Our daddies and our mummies they

Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,

To think upon the bridal day

'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv'd of mine,  
 Gude faith, I freely bought  
 A wedding sark o' Holland fine,  
 Wi' silken flowers wrought :  
 And he gied me a wedding ring,  
 Which I receiv'd with joy ;  
 Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing  
 Alike me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,  
 Till we were baith sixteen,  
 And aft we past the langsome time  
 Among the leaves sae green ;  
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,  
 And sweetly kiss and toy ;  
 Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content  
 Wi' me to lead his life !  
 But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent  
 To stir in feats o' strife !  
 And he in many a venturous deed  
 His courage bauld wad try ;  
 And now this gars mine heart to bleed  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuk,  
 The tears they wet mine ee ;  
 I gave tull him a parting luik,  
 " My benison gang wi' thee !  
 God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,  
 For gane is all my joy ;  
 My heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
 My handsome Gilderoy !"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,  
 Was fear'd in ev'ry toun,  
 And bauldly bare away the gear  
 Of many a lawland loun :  
 Nane eir durst meet him man to man,  
 He was sae brave a boy ;  
 At length wi' numbers he was tane,  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,  
 To hang a man for gear,  
 To reave of life for ox or ass,  
 For sheep, or horse, or mare :  
 Had not their laws been made sae strick,  
 I neir had lost my joy ;  
 Wi' sorrow neir had wad my cheek -  
 For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done anisse,  
 He mought hae banisht been ;  
 Ah ! what sair cruelty is this,  
 To hang sike handsome men !  
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,  
 Sae sweet and fair a boy ;  
 Nae lady had so white a hand  
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,  
 They bound him mickle strong,  
 Tull Edie-burrow they led him thair,  
 And on a gallows hung :  
 They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 For he was so fine a boy :  
 Thair dy'd the youth whom I lued best.  
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,  
 I bare his corpse away ;  
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I washt his comely clay ;  
 And siker in a grave sae deep  
 I laid the dear-lued boy,  
 And now for evir maun I weep  
 My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 89. *Song. Gilderoy. (CAMPBELL.)*

THE last, the fatal hour is come,  
 That bears my love from me ;  
 I hear the dead note of the drum,  
 I mark the gallows tree !  
 The bell has tolled ; it shakes my heart ;  
 The trumpet speaks thy name ;  
 And must my Gilderoy depart  
 To bear a death o' shame ?

No bosom troubles for thy doom ;  
 No mourner wipes a tear ;  
 The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,  
 The sledge is all thy bier !  
 Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then  
 So soon, so sad, to part,  
 When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
 You triumph'd o'er my heart !

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,  
 Your hunter garb was trim ;  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb !  
 Ah ! little thought I to deplore  
 These limbs in fetters bound ;  
 Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,  
 The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd  
 The guiltless to pursue ;  
 My Gilderoy was ever kind,  
 He could not injure you !  
 A long adieu ! but where shall fly  
 Thy widow all forlorn,  
 When every mean and cruel eye  
 Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,  
 And late thine orphan boy ;  
 Alas ! his infant beauty wears  
 The form of Gilderoy !  
 Then will I seek the dreary mound  
 That wraps thy mouldering clay ;  
 And weep and linger on the ground,  
 And sigh my heart away.

§ 90. *Song. The Harper. CAMPBELL.*

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheel-  
 lah was nigh,  
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;  
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When, at last, I was forced from my Sheel-  
 lah to part,  
 She said, (while the sorrow was big at her  
 heart,) [away ;  
 " Oh ! remember your Sheel-  
 lah when far, far  
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog  
 Tray."

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,  
And he constantly loved me, although I was  
poor ;

When the sour-looking folks sent me heart-  
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was  
so cold,

And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,  
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog  
Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered  
his case,

Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,  
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog  
Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?  
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,  
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

§ 91. *Ye Mariners of England. A Naval Ode.*  
CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !

And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep !

With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow ;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

§ 92. *Song. Battle of the Baltic.* CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North,  
Sings the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line :  
It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried ; when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.—

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail ;  
Or, in a conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

Outspoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave,  
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save :—  
So peace, instead of death, let us bring.  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our king.”—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day.  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.—

Now joy, old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
While the wine cup shines in light ;  
And yet, amidst that joy and up-  
Let us think of them that sleep,

Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,—  
With the gallant, good Riou :\*  
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!—

§ 93. *Song. Banks of the Rhine.* BYRON.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
Whose far white walls along them shine,  
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see  
With double joy wert thou with me!

And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;  
And many a rock which steeply lours,  
And noble arch in proud decay,  
Look! for this vale of vintage-bowers;  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;  
Though long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must wither'd be,  
But yet reject them not as such;  
For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine, even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,  
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round;  
The laughtiest breast its wish might bound  
Through life to dwell delighted here;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear,  
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

§ 94. *Song. My native Land—adieu.* BYRON.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild seamew.

\* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land—Good Night!  
A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the Morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother Earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall;  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page!  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
Our ship is swift and strong:  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childo, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee—and one above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again."

"Enough, enough! my little lad,  
Such tears become thine eye:  
If I thy guileless bosom had  
Mine own would not be dry!

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foe-man?  
Or shiver at the gale?"—

"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childo, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake.  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?"—  
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none grieve;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh foes will dry the bright-blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:



But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me ?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands ;  
But long ere I come back again,  
He'd tear me where he stands.

" With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine ;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !  
And, when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !  
My native land—Good Night !"

§ 95. *Song. The world is bright before thee.*

HALLECK.

THE world is bright before thee ;  
Its summer flowers are thine ;  
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee ;  
Thy bosom virtue's shrine :  
And thine the sunbeam given  
To nature's morning hour :  
Pure, warm, as when from heaven  
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—  
The death-dirge of the gay—  
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,  
'These charms may melt away ;  
That sun's bright beam be shaded,  
That sky be blue no more,  
The summer flowers be faded,  
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not : though lonely  
Thy evening home may be ;  
Though beauty's bark can only  
Float on a summer sea ;  
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still, beyond his art,  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling—  
The sunbeam of the heart !

§ 96. *Lamentation for the Death of Celin.*

LOCKHART.

AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts  
are barr'd,  
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a tram-  
pling heard ;  
There is a trampling heard, as of horses tread-  
ing slow,  
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy  
sound of woe.  
" What tower is fall'n, what star is set, what  
chief come these bewailing ?"  
" A tower is fall'n, a star is set. Alas ! alas,  
for Celin !"

Three times they knock, three times they cry,  
and wide the doors they throw :  
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go :  
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath  
the hollow porch,  
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black  
and flaming torch ;

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around  
is wailing,  
For all have heard the misery. " Alas ! alas,  
for Celin !"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerra-  
je's blood, [bles stood ;  
'Twas at the solemn jousting ; around the  
The nobles of the land were there, and the la-  
dies bright and fair  
Look'd from their lattic'd windows, the laugh-  
ty sight to share ;  
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are  
bewailing,  
For he was Granada's darling knight. " Alas !  
alas, for Celin !"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by  
two,  
With ashes on their turbans spread, most piti-  
ful to view ;  
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapt in sa-  
ble veil,  
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up  
their doleful tale ;  
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their  
brotherless bewailing,  
And all the people, far and near, cry—" Alas !  
alas, for Celin !"

O, lovely lies he on the bier above the purple  
pall,  
The flower of all Granada's youth, the love-  
liest of them all ;  
His dark, dark eyes are clos'd, and his rosy lip  
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his  
burnish'd mail,  
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in  
upon their wailing,  
Its sound is like no earthly sound—" Alas !  
alas, for Celin !"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the  
Moor stands at his door,  
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is  
weeping sore :  
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and  
ashes black they strew,  
Upon their broider'd garments of crimson,  
green, and blue—  
Before each gate the bier stands still, then  
bursts the loud bewailing,  
From door and lattice, high and low—" Alas !  
alas, for Celin !"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she  
hears the people cry ; [eye.  
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed  
'Twas she that nurs'd him at her breast, that  
nurs'd him long ago ;  
She knows not whom they all lament, but  
soon she well shall know—  
With one deep shriek she through doth break,  
when her ears receive their wailing—  
" Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas ! alas,  
for Celin !"

§ 27. *Song. Gentle river, gentle river : translated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain, perhaps, a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, yet they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them, in their language, *Romances*. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,  
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;  
Many a brave and noble captain  
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,  
All beside thy sand so bright.  
Moorish chiefs, and Christian warriors,  
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords and dukes, and noble princes,  
On thy fatal banks were slain.  
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter  
All the pride and flow'r of Spain!

There the hero, brave Alonzo,  
Full of wounds and glory died;  
There the fearless Urdiales  
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra  
Through their squadrons slow retires;  
Proud Seville his native city,  
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegade  
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry:  
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!  
Dost thou from the battle fly?"

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian;  
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;  
Oft I've, in the lists of glory,  
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,  
Well thy blooming bride I know;  
Seven years I was thy captive,  
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes;  
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:  
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow  
Which I drank when I was thine!"

Like a lion turns the warrior,  
Back he sends an angry glare:  
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,  
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,  
Sent a deep and mortal wound:  
Instant sunk the renegade  
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,  
Brave Saavedra stands at bay:  
Wearied out, but never daunted,  
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo  
Stout resists the paynim bands;  
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,  
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,  
Furious he repels their rage.  
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:  
Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,  
Close beneath its foot retir'd,  
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,  
And without a groan expir'd.

§ 28. *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale translated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,  
Softly fall the dews of night;  
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,  
Shunning ev'ry glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,  
Whom he loves with flame so pure.  
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,  
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,  
Oft he paces to and fro:  
Stopping now, now moving forwards,  
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,  
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.  
See, fond youth, to yonder window  
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre  
To the lost benighted swain,  
When all silvery bright she rises,  
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory  
To the fainting seaman's eyes,  
When, some horrid storm dispersing,  
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely  
To her longing lover's sight,  
Steals, half-seen, the beautiful maiden  
Through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,  
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:  
"Alla keep thee, lovely lady!  
'Tell me, am I doom'd to die?"

"Is it true, the dreadful story  
Which thy damsel tells my page,  
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,  
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?"

"An old lord from Antiquera  
Thy stern father brings along;  
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,  
Thus consent my love to wrong?"

"If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,  
Nor thus trifle with my woes;  
Hide not then from me the secret  
Which the world so clearly knows."

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,  
While the pearly tears descend;

" Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;  
Here our tender loves must end !

" Our fond friendship is discover'd,  
Well are known our mutual vows ;  
All my friends are full of fury ;  
Storms of passion shake the house.

" Threats, reproaches, fears, surround me ;  
My stern father breaks my heart ;  
Alla knows how dear it costs me,  
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part !

" Ancient wounds of hostile fury  
Long have rent our house and thine ;  
Why then did thy shining merit  
Win this tender heart of mine ?

" Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,  
Spite of all their hateful pride,  
Though I fear'd my haughty father  
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

" Well thou know'st what cruel chidings  
Oft I've from my mother borne,  
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee  
Still at eve and early morn.

" I no longer may resist them ;  
All to force my hand combine ;  
And, to-morrow to thy rival  
This weak frame I must resign !

" Yet, think not thy faithful Zaida  
Can survive so great a wrong ;  
Well my breaking heart assures me  
That my woes will not be long !

" Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor !  
Farewell too my life with thee !  
Take this scarf, a parting token ;  
When thou wear'st it, think on me.

" Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden  
Shall reward thy gen'rous truth ;  
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida  
Died for thee in prime of youth !"

To him, all amaz'd, confounded,  
Thus she did her woes impart :  
Deep he sigh'd ; then cried, " O, Zaida !  
Do not, do not break my heart !

" Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?  
Canst thou hold my love so small ?  
No ; a thousand times I'll perish !  
My curst rival too shall fall.

" Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them ?  
O, break forth, and fly to me !  
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,  
These fond arms shall shelter thee."

" 'Tis in vain ! in vain, Alcanzor ;  
Spies surround me, bars secure :  
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,  
While my damsel keeps the door !

" Hark ! I hear my father storming !  
Hark, I hear my mother chide !  
I must go ; farewell for ever !  
Gracious Alla be thy guide !"

§ 99. *Song. The battle of the Kegs.*  
HOPKINSON.

GALLANTS, attend, and hear a friend  
Thrill forth harmonious ditty :  
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell  
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,  
Just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on log of wood,  
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,—  
The truth can't be denied, sir,—  
He spied a score of kegs or more,  
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,  
The strange appearance viewing,  
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,  
Then said—" Some mischief's brewing.

" These kegs now hold the rebels bold,  
Pack'd up like pickled herring ;  
And they're come down t' attack the town  
In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew, the sailor too ;  
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,  
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,  
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,  
Most frantic scenes were acted ;  
And some ran here, and some ran there,  
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,  
But said the earth had quaked :  
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,  
Ran through the town half naked.

Sir William\* he, snug as a flea,  
Lay all this time a snoring ;  
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm  
In bed with Mrs. L\*rring.

Now, in a fright, he starts upright,  
Awak'd by such a clatter :  
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,  
" For God's sake ! what's the matter ?"

At his bed-side he then espied  
Sir Erskine,† at command, sir ;  
Upon one foot he had one boot,  
And t' other in his hand, sir.

" Arise ! arise !" Sir Erskine cries ;  
" The rebels—more's the pity—  
Without a boat, are all on float,  
And rang'd before the city.

" The motley crew, in vessels new,  
With Satan for their guide, sir,  
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,  
Come driving down the tide, sir :

" Therefore prepare for bloody war ;  
These kegs must all be routed,  
Or surely we despi'd shall be,  
And British courage doubted."

\* Sir William Howe. † Sir William Erskine.

The Royal band now ready stand,  
All rang'd in dread array, sir,  
With stomachs stout, to see it out,  
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,  
The small arms make a rattle :  
Since wars began, I'm sure no man  
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel\* vales, the rebel dales,  
With rebel treas surrounded,  
The distant woods, the hills and floods,  
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,  
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter ;  
"Why, sure," thought they, "the Devil's to pay  
'Mong'st folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made  
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,  
Could not oppose their pow'ful foes,  
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night those men of might  
Display'd amazing courage ;  
And when the sun was fairly down,  
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,  
Or more, upon my word, sir,  
It is most true, would be too few  
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day  
Upon those wicked kegs, sir,  
That years to come, if they get home,  
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

§ 100. *Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament.*  
*A Scottish Song.*

A lady of quality, of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband, or lover, composed this pathetic ballad herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;  
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad ;  
Thy maining maks my heart fu' sad.

BALOW, my boy, thy mithers joy,  
Thy father breides me great annoy.  
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luvie,  
And with his sugred words to muve,  
His saynings fule, and flattering cheire,  
To me that time did not appeire :  
But now I see, most cruell hee  
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,  
And when thou wakest sweetly smile :  
But smile not, as thy father did,  
To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !  
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae noire,  
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

\* The British officers were so fond of the word *retir'd*, that they often applied it most absurdly.

I cannae chuse, but ever will  
Be luving to thy father stil :  
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,  
My love with him maun still abyde :  
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
To saynings fule thine hart incline :  
Be loyal to thy luvier trew,  
And nevir change hir for a new :  
If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
For womens banning's wonderous sair.

Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my pame :  
My babe and I'll together live,  
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve :  
My babe and I right saft will ly,  
And quite forget man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,  
That ever kist a woman's mouth !  
I wish all maids be warn'd by mee,  
Nevir to trust man's curtesie ;  
For if we doe bot chance to bow,  
They'll use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !

It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

§ 101. *Song. Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, *Ding, Dong, &c.* is, at present, appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader ; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains.

My Phillida, adieu, love !

For evermore farewell !

Ay me ! I've lost my true love,  
And thus I ring her knell.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,

My Phillida is dead !

I'll stick a branch of willow

At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida

Our bridal bed was made :

But, 'stead of silkes so gay,

She in her shroud is laid.

Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended

By maides in faire array,

Till th' obsequies are endod,

And she is wrapt in clay.

Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried

By youths that do excel ;

And when that she is buried,

I thus will ring her knell.

Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed

By art and nature's skill,

Of sundry-color'd flowers,

In token of good-will ;\*

Ding, &c.

\* It is a custom, in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

And sundry-color'd ribands  
 On it I will bestow ;  
 But chiefly blacke and yellowe  
 With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.  
 I'll deck her tomb with flowers,  
 The rarest ever seen ;  
 And with my tears, as showers,  
 I'll keepe them fresh and green. Ding, &c.  
 Instead of fairest colors,  
 Set forth with curious art,\*  
 Her image shall be painted  
 On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.  
 And thereon shall be graven  
 Her epitaph so faire,  
 " Here lies the loveliest maiden  
 That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.  
 In sable will I mourne ;  
 Blacke shall be all my weede :  
 Ay me ! I am forlorne,  
 Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 102. *The old and young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their sons in the reigns of her successors.

An old song made by an aged old pate,  
 Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a  
 great estate,  
 That kept a brave old house at a bountifull rate,  
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;  
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,  
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady whose anger one word  
 asswages ; [wages ;  
 They every quarter paid their old servants their  
 And never knew what belonged to coachman,  
 footmen, nor pages, [badges ;  
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and  
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
 With an old reverend chaplain, you might  
 know him by his looks,  
 With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the  
 hooks,  
 And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a  
 dozen old cooks ;  
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,  
 and bows,  
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne  
 many shrowds blows,  
 And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's  
 trunk hose, [nose,  
 And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper  
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse  
 was come,  
 To call in all his old neighbors with bagpipe  
 and drum,

With good cheer enough to furnish every old  
 room,  
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and  
 man dumb ;  
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel  
 of hounds, [grounds,  
 That never hawked nor hunted but in his own  
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his  
 own bounds,  
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand  
 good pounds ;  
 Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he as-  
 sign'd,  
 Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-  
 tiffull mind,  
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-  
 bors be kind :  
 But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he  
 was inclin'd,  
 Like a young courtier of the king's,  
 And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come  
 to his land, [command,  
 Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his  
 And takes up a thousand pound upon his  
 father's land,  
 And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither  
 go nor stand !  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,  
 and spare,  
 Who never knew what belonged to good  
 house-keeping, or care ;  
 Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with  
 wanton air,  
 And seven or eight different dressings of other  
 women's hair ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old  
 one stood,  
 Hung round with new pictures that do the  
 poor no good,  
 With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns  
 neither coal nor wood,  
 And a new, smooth shovelboard, whereon no  
 victuals e'er stood ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff full of pamphlets and  
 plays, [prays ;  
 And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he  
 With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in  
 four or five days,  
 And a new French cook to devise fine kick-  
 shaws and toys ;  
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is draw-  
 ing on,  
 On a new journey to London straight we all  
 must be gone,

\* This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

And leave none to keep house, but our new  
porter John,  
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the  
back with a stone;  
Like a young courtier, &c.  
With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage  
is complete,  
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to  
carry up the meat,  
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing  
is very neat,  
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the ser-  
vants not eat;  
Like a young courtier, &c.  
With new titles of honor bought with his  
father's old gold,  
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors  
are sold; [hold,  
And this is the course most of our new gallants  
Which makes that good house-keeping is now  
grown so cold  
Among the young courtiers of the king,  
Or the king's young courtiers.

#### § 103. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's  
"Memories of those that suffered in the cause of  
Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of  
a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those  
times, and was still living, with no other reward  
than the conscience of having suffered. The an-  
thor's name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition  
may be credited, this song was written by Sir R.  
L'Estrange.

--- On, proud billows; Boreas, blow;  
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;  
Your incivility doth show,  
That innocence is tempest-proof;  
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are  
calm; [balm.  
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are  
That which the world miscalls a jail,  
A private closet is to me:  
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,  
And innocence my liberty  
Ke, bars, and solitude, together met,  
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.  
I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,  
Into this private room was turn'd,  
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd  
The salamander should be burn'd:  
Or, like those sophists that would drown a fish,  
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.  
The cynic loves his poverty;  
The pelican her wilderness;  
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
Contentment cannot smart; Stoics we see,  
Make torments easie to their apathy.  
These manacles upon my arm  
I, as my mistress' favors, wear;  
And, for to keep my ancles warm,  
I have some iron shackles there:  
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,  
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,  
Like some high-prized margarite,  
Or, like the great mogul or pope,  
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:  
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,  
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.  
Here sin, for want of food, must starve,  
Where tempting objects are not seen;  
And these strong walls do only serve  
To keep vice out, and keep me in:  
Malice, of late, 's grown charitable, sure;  
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.  
So he that struck at Jason's life,  
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,  
By a malicious friendly knife,  
Did only wound him to a cure.  
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant  
Mischief, ofttimes proves favor by th' event.  
When once my prince affliction hath,  
Prosperity doth treason seem;  
And, to make smooth so rough a path,  
I can learn patience from him:  
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart;  
When kings want ease, subjects must learn a  
part.

What though I cannot see my king,  
Neither in person or in cenn;  
Yet contemplation is a thing  
That renders what I have not mine.  
My king from me what adamant can part,  
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart!  
Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage?  
How doth she chant her wonted tale  
In that her narrow hermitage!  
Even then her charming melody doth prove  
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.  
I am that bird, whom they combine  
Thus to deprive of liberty;  
But though they do my corps confine,  
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:  
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing  
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!  
My soul is free as ambient air,  
Although my baser part 's immur'd,  
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair  
T' accomplish my solitude:  
Although rebellion do my body bind,  
My king alone can captivate my mind.

#### § 104. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner.*

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.  
B. Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?  
A. I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,  
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

\* Written by William Hamilton, Esq., of Ban-  
gour, who died March 25, 1751, aged 50.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride!

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!

Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

*B.* Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?

Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?

And why dare ye nae mair weill be seen

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

*A.* Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun  
she weep, [row;

Lang maun she weep with dule and sor-

And lang maun I nae mair weill be seen

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow:

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,

Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;

And I hae slain the comliest swain

That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow  
reid? [row?

Why on thy braes heard the voice of sor-

And why yon melancholious weids

Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful  
flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!

O, 'tis he, the comely swain I slew

Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow!

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in  
tears, [row;

His wounds in tears, with dule and sor-

And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,

And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow!

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,

Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;

And weep around in waeiful wise

His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,

My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,

His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to love?

And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,

Too rashly bauld, a stronger arm

Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of  
Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, gowan grows, green  
grows the grass,

Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,

Sweet the waives of Yarrow floan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet  
flows Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow;

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,

The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair, fair indeed thy luvve,

In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;

Though he was fair, and well belov'd again,

Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and luvve me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yar-  
row.

*B.* How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride?

How can I busk a winsome marrow?

How luvve him upon the banks of Tweed,

That slew my luvve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,

Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover!

For there was basely slain my luvve,

My luvve, as he had not been a luvver!

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,

His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:

Ah, wretched me! I little, little kenn'd

He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-  
white steed,

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;

But, ere the dewfall of the night,

He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeiful, waeiful day;

I sang, my voice the woods returning:

But lang ere night the spear was flown,

That slew my luvve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,

But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My luvver's blood is on thy spear! [wooe me?

How canst thou, barbarous man! then

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;

With cruel and ungentle scoffin',

May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes

My luvver nailed in his coffin;

My brother Douglas may uphraid, upbraid,

And strive with threatening words to move

me;

My luvver's blood is on thy spear!

How canst thou ever bid me luvve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvve,

With bridal sheets my body cuver:

Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,

Let in the expected husband luvver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaugh-

ter:

Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon

Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,

O lay his cold head on my pillow;

Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,

O could my warmth to life restore thee!

Yet lye all night between my brieasts,

No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed! O lovely, lovely youth,:

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my brieasts,

No youth shall ever lye there after.

*A.* Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return, and dry thy useless sorrow;

Thy luvver heeded thought of thy sight,

He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 105. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the wild cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace, during his confinement in the Gate-house, Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. ii. p. 228; where may be seen, at large, the affecting story of this elegant writer; who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

When love, with unconfin'd wings,  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my grates;  
When I lye tangled in her hfire,  
And fetter'd with her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the aire  
Know no such libertie!

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
With no allaying Thames,  
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
Our hearts with loyal flames;  
When thirsty griefe in wine we steep,  
When healths and drafts goe free,  
Fishes that tittle in the deepe,  
Know no such libertie.

When, linnæ-like, confin'd I  
With shriller note shall sing  
For mercye, sweetness, majesty,  
And glories, of my king;  
When I shall voyce aloud how good  
He is, how great should be,  
Th' enlarged windes that curl the flood  
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron barres a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage:  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soare above,  
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 106. *Childe Waters.*

Child is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Færie Queene*; and the son of a king is, in the same poem, called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed that the word *child*, or *childe*, is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stode,  
And stroakt his milke-white steede:  
To him a fayre yonge lady came  
As ever wate womans weede.

Sayes, "Christ you save! good Childe Waters,"

Sayes, "Christ you save! and see,  
My girdle of gold, that was too longe,  
Is now too short for mee.

"And all is with one childe of yours,  
I feele sturro at my side:  
My gowne of greene it is too strait;  
Before, it was too wide."

"If the childe be mine, sayre Ellen," he sayd,  
"Be mine, as you tell me;  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
Take them your owne to bee.

"If the childe be mine, sayre Ellen, he sayd,  
Be mine, as you doe sweare;  
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
And make that childe your heyre."

Shee sayes, "I had rather have one kine,  
(Childe Waters, of thy mouth, [both]  
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire  
That lye by north and southe.

"And I had rather have one twinkling,  
Childe Waters, of thine ee; [both]  
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire  
To take them mine owne to bee."

"To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde  
Farr into the north countree;  
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,  
Ellen, must goe with mee."

"Though I am not that ladye sayre,  
Yet let me goe with thee:  
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,  
Your foot-page let me bee."

"If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,  
As you doe tell to mee,

Then you must cut your gowne of greene  
An inch above your knee.

"Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,  
An inch above your ee;  
You must tell no man what is my name:  
My foot-page then you shall bee."

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
Ran barefoot by his syde;  
Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,  
To say, "Ellen, will you ryde?"

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,  
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;  
Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,  
To say, "Put on your shoone."

"Ride softlye," shee sayd, "O Childe Waters,  
Why doe you ride so fast?  
The childe, which is no man's but thine,  
My body itt will brast."

Hee sayth, "Seest thou yond water, Ellen,  
That flows from banks or brimme?"—

"I trust in God, O Childe Waters,  
You never will see\* me swimme!"

But when shee came to the water syde,  
Shee sayd to the chinne;  
"Nowe the Lorde of Heaven be my speede,  
For I must learne to swimme!"

The salt waters bare up her clothes;  
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:  
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,  
To see fayre Ellen swimme!

\* Permit, suffer.



And when shee over the water was,  
Shee then came to his knee;  
Hee said, "Come hither, thou fayre Ellèn,  
Loe yonder what I see!"

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?  
Of red gold shines the yate:  
Of twenty-four fayre ladies there,  
The fayrest is my mate.

"Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?  
Of red gold shines the towre:  
There are twenty-four fayre ladies there,  
The fayrest is my paramoure."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,  
Of red gold shines the yate:  
God give you good now of yourselfe,  
And of your worthy mate."

"I see the hall now, Childe Waters,  
Of red gold shines the towre:  
God give you good now of yourselfe,  
And of your paramoure."

"There twenty-four fayre ladies were  
A playnge at the ball;  
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,  
Must bring his steed to the stall.

"There twenty-four fayre ladies were  
A playnge at the chesse;  
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,  
Must bring his horse to grosse.

"And then bespake Childe Waters sister,  
These were the wordes sayd shee:  
"You have the prettiest page, brother,  
That ever I did see;

"But that his bellye it is soe bigge,  
His girdle stands soe hye:  
And ever, I pray you, Childe Waters,  
Let him in my chamber lye."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,  
That has run through mosse and myre,  
To lye in the chamber of any ladye  
That wears so rich attyre.

"It is more meete for a little foot-page,  
That has run through mosse and myre,  
To take his supper upon his knee,  
And lye by the kitchen fyre."

"Now when they had supped every one,  
To bed they tooke theyre waye:  
He said, "Come hither, my little foot-page,  
And hearken what I saye:

"Goe thee downe into yonder towne,  
And lowe into the streete;  
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde  
Hyre, in mine armes to sleepe;  
And take her up in thine armes twayne,  
For filing\* of her feete."

Ellen is gone into the towne,  
And lowe into the streete;  
The fayrest ladye that she colde finde,  
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;  
And took her up in her armes twayne,  
For filing\* of her feete.

\* Desiling.

"I pray you now, good Childe Waters,  
Let me lye at your feete:  
For there is noe place about this house  
Where I may saye\* a sleepe."

He gave her leave, and fayre Ellèn  
Downe at his beils fecte laye:  
This done, the night drove on apace;  
And, when it was near the daye,

Hee said, "Rise up, my little foot-page!  
Give my steede corne and haye;  
And give him now the good black oates,  
To carry mee better awaye."

Up then rose the fayre Ellen,  
And gave his steede corne and haye;  
And soe sleepe did the good black oates,  
To carry him better awaye.

Shee leane her back to the manger side,  
And grievouslye did groane:  
Shee leane her back to the manger side,  
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,  
She heard her woeful woe,  
She said, "Rise up, thou Childe Waters,  
And into thy stable goe;

"For in thy stable is a ghost,  
That grievouslye doth groane:  
Or else some woman labours, with childe,  
She is so woe-begone."

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,  
And did on his shirte of silke;  
And then he put on his other clothes,  
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,  
Full still there hee did stand.  
That he might heare his fayre Ellen,  
Howe shee made her moanand.†

Shee said, Lullabye, mine owne deare childe,  
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:  
I wolde thy father were a kinge,  
Thy mother layd on a bier!"

"Peace, now," hee said, "good fayre Ellen,  
Bee of good cheere, I praye!  
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe  
Shall be upon one daye."

#### § 107. *The King and the Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favorite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have King Henry and the Soldier; King James I. and the Tinker; King William III. and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are King Alfred and the Shepherd; King Edward IV. and the Tanner; King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler, &c. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV.; and for its genuine humor, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

#### *Part the First.*

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting  
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire,

\* Essay, attempt.

† Moaning, bemoaning.

To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping :

Unto merry Sherwood his nobles reparaire ;  
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd

For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,  
With all his princes and nobles eche one ;  
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gal-  
lantlye, [home.

Till the darke evening forced all to turne  
Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and  
downe,

With a rude miller he mett at the last :  
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham :  
" Sir," quoth the miller, " I mean not to jest,  
Yet I think, what I thinke sooth for to say,  
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

" Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth  
our king merrily,

" Passing thy judgment on me so brieft ?"

" Good faith," said the miller, " I mean not to  
flatter thee ;

I gness thee to be but some gentleman thiefe ;  
Stand thee backe, in the darke ; light not  
adowne,

Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne."

" Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king,  
saying thus ;

" I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke."

" Thou hast not," quoth the miller, " one groat  
in thy purse ;

All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."

" I have gold to discharge all that I call ;

If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

" If thou beest a true man, then," quoth the  
miller, [night."

" I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all  
Here's my hand," quoth the king, " that was  
I ever."

" Nay, soft," quoth the miller, " thou mayst  
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake ;

With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's  
house ; [souse :

Where they were seething of puddings and  
The miller first entered in, after him went the  
king,

Never came hee in see smoakye a house.

" Now," quoth he, " let me see here what you  
are." [spare."

Quoth our king, " Look your fill, and do not  
I like well thy countenance, thou hast an  
honest face ; [lye."

With my son Richard this night thou shalt  
Quoth his wife, " By my troth, it is a handsome  
youth,

Yet, its best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell ?  
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well."

Then our king presentlye, making lowe cour-  
tesye

With his hant in his hand, thus he did say :  
" I have no passport, nor never was servitor,  
But a good bowyer rode out of my way ;  
And for that kindness here offered to mee,  
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whispered secret-  
lye, [kin.

Saying, " It seemeth this youth's of good  
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;  
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great  
sin." [some grace.

" Yea," quoth hee, " you may see, he hath  
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

" Well," quoth the miller's wife, " young man,  
ye're welcome here ;

And, though I say it, well lodgod shall be .  
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so  
brave, [quoth shee.

And good brown hempen sheets likewise,"

" Aye," quoth the good man, " and when that  
is done, [sonne."

Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own  
" Nay, first," quoth Richard, " goode-fellowe,  
tell me true,

Hast thou noe croepers within thy gay hose ?  
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbe ?"

" I pray," quoth the king, " what creatures  
are those ?"

" Art thou not lowsey, nor scabby ?" quoth he :  
" If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee."

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most  
heartilye, [eyes.

Till the tears trickled fast downe from his  
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes,  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowle,

Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

" Here," quoth the miller, " good fellow, I  
drink to thee,

And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee."

" I pledge thee," quoth our king, " and thanke-  
thee heartilye

For my good welcome in every degree :  
And hero, in like manner, I drink to thy  
sonne."

" Do then," quoth Richard, " and quicke let it  
come."

" Wife," quoth the miller, " fetch me forth  
Lightfoote ;

And of his sweetmeats a little we'll taste."

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out pres-  
entlye, [no waste :

" Eate," quoth the miller, " bat, sir, make  
Here's dainty Lightfoote !" " In faith," said the  
king,

" I never before eate so dainty a thing."

" I wis," quoth Richard, " no dainty at all it is,  
For we do eate of it everye day."

" In what place," said our king, " may be  
bought like to this ?"

" We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay :

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here :  
Now and then we make bold with some of our  
deer."

"Then I think," quoth the miller, "you have  
venison."

"Eeche foole," quoth the king, "I have  
Never are we without two or three of them;  
Very well fleshed, and excellent to eat;  
But, prythee, say nothing wherof to the king;  
We would not for two pence the king should  
it knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my prom-  
ised secrecie :"

The king shall never know more on't for  
A cup of lambe-wool they drinke unto him  
then.

And to their beds they went all gentle,  
The nobles, next morning went all up and  
downe,  
For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd  
him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;  
To whom they came presently, falling down  
on their knee ;

Which made the millers heart wofully  
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the  
rood.

The king, perceiving him fearfully trembling,  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed.  
The miller downe did fall, crying before them  
all,

Doubting the king would have cut off his  
But he, his kind courtesy for to requite,  
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a  
knight.

### *Part the Second.*

WHENAS our royall king was come home from  
Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;  
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had  
In this late progressive way ; [taken  
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,  
The miller of Mansfeld's sport liked him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am  
determined"

Against St. George's day a sumptuous feast,  
That this old knight should be my knight,  
With his horse and his armor shall be my  
For, in that day, he shall be my guest ;  
To take with him the miller and the young  
squire."

Whenas the king was thus his pleasures  
[hearts :

They were all full and glad in their  
A pursuivante was sent straight on the  
business,

The which had oftentimes been in those  
Whence he came to the place where they did  
dwell.

His message orderlye then gan he tell.

"God save your worshippe," then said the  
messenger,

"And grant your ladye her own hearts de-  
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and  
happiness ;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire !  
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,  
You must come to the court on St. Georges  
day.

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in  
place."

"I wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd  
What should we doe there ? faith, I am halfe  
afraid."

"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hang'd at  
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you doe mis-  
take ;

Our king he provides a great feast for your  
Then sayd the miller, "By my troth, messen-  
ger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.  
Hold, here are three farthings, to quyte thy  
gentleness

For these happy tydings which thou dost  
Let me see, heare thou mee ; tell to our king,  
We'll wait on his mastership in everye thing."

The pursuivante smiled at their simplicitie,  
And, making many legges, tooke their reward ;  
And his leave taking with great humilitee,

To the king's court againe he repair'd ;  
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,  
The knightes most liberrall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller  
say :

"Here come expences and charges indeed !  
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend  
all we have ;

For of new garments we have great need :  
Of horses and serving-men we must have three,  
With bridles and saddles, and such like more."

"Tush ! sir John," saith the miller, "I say  
should you fret."

You shall ne'er be short of money ;  
For I will turn and trudge to the sunset  
gowne,

With every thing else that I have bee :  
And on our mill-horses shall we ride,  
With pillows and pannels shall pro-  
vide."

In this most stately sort rode they unto the  
court,

Their jolly son Richard rode foremost of all ;  
Who set up, for good hap, a cocke feather in  
his cap.

And so they jettied downe to the king's hall ;  
The merry old miller with hands on his side ;  
His wife like maid Marian did mince at that  
side.

The king and his nobles did heare of their  
coming,  
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave

"Welcome, sir knights," quoth he, "with your gay lady;  
 Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe;  
 And see is the squire, of courage so free."  
 Quoth Dicke, "A bots on you! do you know me?"

Quoth our king gentlie, "How should I forget thee?  
 That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot."  
 "Yea, sir," quoth Richard, "and by the same  
 Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot."  
 "Thou whoreson unhappy knave," then quoth  
 "Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh—"

"The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartilye,  
 While the king taketh them both by the  
 With the court dames' and maids, like to the  
 queen of spades,  
 The millor's wife did so orderly stand,  
 A milkmaids courtesaye at every word;  
 And downe all the folkes were set to the board.  
 There the king royally, in princelye majestye,  
 Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;  
 When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,  
 And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:  
 "Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;  
 Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer."  
 Quoth sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a  
 pottle,  
 Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire."  
 "But then," said our king, "now I think of a  
 thing,  
 Some of your Lightfoot I would we had  
 "Ho! ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may  
 say it,  
 'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it."  
 "Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrilye;  
 "In faith, I take it now very unkind:  
 I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and  
 wine."  
 Quoth Dicke, "You are like to stay till I  
 have dined;  
 You feed us with feeding dishes so small;  
 Zounds, a black pudding is better than all."  
 "Aye, marry," saith our king, "that were a  
 dainty thing;  
 Could a man get but one here for to eat."  
 With that Dicke straight arose, and blinde him  
 from his face,  
 Which with heat of his breech was for to  
 sweate.  
 The king made a poffer to snatch it away—  
 "The meat for your master, good sir; you  
 must stay."

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly  
 spent;  
 And then the ladies prepared to dance;  
 Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent  
 Unto their places the king did advance;  
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Here with the ladies such sport they did make,  
 The nobles with laughing did make their sides  
 ache.  
 Many thanks for their pains did the king give  
 them.  
 Asking young Richard then if he would  
 "Among these ladies free, tell me which  
 liketh thee?"  
 Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, sir, with the  
 red head:  
 She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;  
 She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead."  
 Then sir John Cockle the king called unto  
 him,  
 And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer;  
 And gave him out of hand three hundred pound  
 yearlye;  
 "Take heed now you steal no more of my  
 And once a quarter let's here have your view;  
 And now, sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

§ 108. *The Witches' Song.*  
*From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at  
 Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.*  
 It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the  
 learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract  
 from the various incubations of classic antiquity,  
 than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar.  
 But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned  
 wisacres had just before busied themselves on  
 this subject, with our British Solomon, James I.,  
 at their head; and these had so ransacked all  
 writers, ancient and modern, had so blundered  
 and kneaded together the several superstitions of dif-  
 ferent times and nations, that those of genuine  
 English growth could no longer be traced out and  
 distinguished.  
 By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and  
 goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing  
 our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this  
 handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.  
 I HAVE beene all day looking after  
 A raven feeding upon a quarter;  
 And, stone as she turn'd her back to the south;  
 I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.  
 I have beene gathering wolves haire,  
 The mad dogges foame, and adders cares;  
 The spurging of a dead man's eyes;  
 And all since the evening staire did rise.

3 Witch.  
 Last night her black cat  
 O' the ground, she made a black cat  
 And pluck'd a piece of her skin off her paw;  
 And, as I had done, she made a black cat

4 Witch.  
 And I have beene gathering  
 From charnel houses the bones of the dead;  
 From private groves and pines the  
 And frighted a season out of his wife.

5 Witch.  
 Under a cradle I did creep.  
 By day, and, when the child was asleep,  
 At night, I suck'd the breath; and now,  
 And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

Y

## 6 Witch.

I had a dagger : what did I with that ?  
Killed an infant to have his fat  
A piper it got, at a church-door  
I bade him again blow wind, & the pipe

## 7 Witch.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains  
The sunne and the wind had shak't his  
I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his legges ;  
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd like gyres.

## 8 Witch.

The strich-owles eggs, and the feathers  
black, [backe,  
The blood of the frogge, and the bone in his  
I have been getting ; and made of his skin  
A purset, to keep our Cranium in.

## 9 Witch.

And I h' bene plucking (plants among)  
Hemlock, henbane, adders tongue,  
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbard's bane ;  
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

## 10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch [ditch,  
Did snatch these bones, and then leapt'd the  
Yet went I back to the house againe ;  
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

## 11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,  
I charmed him out, and he came at my call ;  
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owls before ;  
I tore the bat's wings : what would you have  
more ?

## Dame.

Yes : I have brought, to helpe your vows,  
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,  
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombes,  
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,  
The basilikes blood, and the vipers skin ;  
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 109. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old song, all from the hand of the  
witty Dr. Corbet, afterwards bishop of Norwich,  
&c. In his Poetical Miscellanies it is called "A proper  
new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell ;  
or God-a-meety Will : so be sung or whistled to  
the tune of the Meadow-Brown by the learned ; by  
the unlearned ; to the tune of Fortune."

FAREWELL, ye fairies, and Fairies !

Good-bye, ye fairies, and Fairies !

For now ye must be going, ye must be going,

For now ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

And ye must be going, ye must be going,

At morning and at evening both  
You merry were and glad,  
So little care of sleepe and doth  
These prettie ladies had.

When Tom came home from labor,  
Or Cis to milking rose,  
Then merrily went their labour,  
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays  
Of theirs, which yet remaine,  
Were footed in queen Maries dayes  
On many a grassy playne.

But since of late Elisabeth  
And later James came in,  
They never danc'd on any heath,  
As when the time had been.

By which wee kute the faeries  
Were of the old profession ;  
Their songs were Ave Maries,  
Their dances were procession.

But now, alas ! they all are dead,  
Or gone beyond the seas,  
Or farther for religion fled,  
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
They never could endure ;  
And whose kept not secretly  
Their mirth, was punish'd sure :

It was a just and Christian deed  
To pinch such blacke and blue :  
O how the common-welth doth need  
Such justices as you !

Now they have left our quarters ;  
A Register they have,  
Who can preserve their charters ;  
A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks  
By one that I could name  
Are kept in store ; con twenty thanks  
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Stamford,  
Give land and praise due  
Who every mickle can do for you, please  
With tales both old and new.

To William all give thanks  
And pray yee for him  
For all the charters he has  
Were lost, if it were not for him.

§ 110. *Drinking Song.*

This little beautiful Sonnet is reprinted from a small  
volume of "Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of  
the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in  
ordinary to his majesty Charles I. Lond. 1640."

This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose  
poems have been deservedly revived, died in the  
prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which, not  
being of general application, nor of equal merit, I  
have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rolie cheeke,  
Or corall lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
As old time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steady mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd  
Kindle new-dying fires,  
Where these are not, I despise  
I only cheeks, or lips, or eyes  
\* \* \* \* \*

§ 111 *The Hermit* BEATTIE

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
[prove,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
[grove—

And nought but the nightingale's song in the  
tw is then, by the cave of the mountain re-  
clin'd,

A silent his nightly complaint thus began  
Though mournful his numbers, his soul was  
resign'd, [man

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a  
Ah why, thus abandon'd to darkness and  
woe, [strain ?

Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad  
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain  
Yet if pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay !  
Mourn sweetest companion ! man calls thee  
to mourn [away !

O soothe him whose pleasures like thine, pass  
I all quickly they pass, but they never re-  
turn !

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
he moon half extinct, a dim crescent dis-  
plays,

But lately I mark'd when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her  
blaze [rose

Roll on then, fair orb and with gladness pur-  
The path that conducts thee to splendour  
agile

But man's faded glory no change shall renew  
Ah, fool ! to strive in a glory so vain !

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no  
more [for you,

I mourn, but in two worlds, I mourn not  
I mourn in approaching, your charms to re-  
store,

Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering  
with dew

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom shall save

But when shall spring visit the mouldering  
ur'd ?

O, when shall it dawn on the night of the  
grave ?

§ 112 *A pastoral Ballad In Four Parts*  
SHENSTONE

## 1 ABSENCE

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,  
Should Corydon's happen to stray,  
O call the poor wanderers home

Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
Nor talk of the change that we find,  
None, once, was so watchful as I —  
I have left my dear Phillis behind

Now I know what it is to have strove  
With the torture of doubt and desire  
What it is to admire and to love

And to leave her we love and admire  
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,  
And the damps of each evening repel —

Alas ! I am fount and forlorn  
I have bade my dear Phillis farewell

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,  
I never once dream'd of my vine

May I lose both my vine and my crook,  
If I knew of a kid that was mine !

I priz'd every hour that went by,  
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before,

But now they are pass'd and I sigh,  
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more

But why do I languish in vain ?  
Why wander thus pensively here ?

O, why did I come from the plain  
Where I led on the smiles of my dear ?

They tell me, my favourite maid,  
The pride of that valley, is flown,

Alas ! where with her I have strid  
I could wander with pleasure alone

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,  
What anguish I felt it my heart !

Yet I thought but it might not be so,  
Twixt with pain when she saw me depart

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew,  
My path I could hardly discern,

So sweetly she bade me adieu,  
I thought that she bade me return

The pilgrim that journeys all day  
To visit some far distant shrine,

If he bear but a relic away,  
Is happy, nor hard to repine

Thus, widely remov'd from the fair,  
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,

Soft hope is the relic I bear,  
And my solace wherever I go

## 2 HOPE

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,

My groves are shaded with trees,  
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a dog,  
Such health to my fountains bestows ;

My fountains, all brackish with moss,  
Where the harebell and the cowslip grow

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,  
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound,

Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet briar twines it around

Not my fields in the prime of the year  
More charms than my cattle unfold ;

Not a brook that is lumpid and clear,  
But it glisters with fishes of gold

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and planted it there.  
O how sudden the jessamine grows  
With the lilach to render it gay!  
Already it calls for my love,  
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and  
groves,

What strains of wild melody flow!  
How the nightingales warble their loves,  
From thickets of roses that blow!  
And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As—she may not be so—to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;  
But let me that plunder forbear:  
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.  
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to a dove,  
That it ever attended the bold;  
And she call'd it the sister of love.  
But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks, I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain  
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?  
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise?  
Dear regions of silence and shade!  
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!  
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?  
And where are her grots and her bowers?  
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?  
The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
And the faces of the valleys as fine;  
The swains may in numbers compare,  
But their love none can to mine.

Why will you not be true to me,  
Why will you not be true to me?  
Ere I show you the charms of my love!  
She is false, and you can believe.  
With her eyes she summons the brave;  
With her smile she engages the free;  
With her modesty pleases the grave;  
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of my train,  
Come and join in my amorous lays!  
I could lay down my life for the swain  
That will sing but a song in her praise

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town  
Come trooping, and listen the while;  
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;—  
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance  
Any favor with Phillis to find,  
O how, with one trivial glance,  
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!  
In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
And his crook is bestudded around;  
And his pipe—O may Phillis beware  
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;  
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
"How her face is as bright as the snow,  
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;  
How the nightingales labor the strain,  
With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
How they vary their accents in vain,  
Recline at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,  
And pillages every sweet;  
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,  
He throws it at Phillis's feet.  
"O Phillis," he whispers, "more fair,  
More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!  
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?  
What is eglantine after a shower?"

"Then the lily no longer is white;  
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;  
Then the violets die with despite,  
And the woodbines give up their perfume."  
Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;  
Yet I never should envy the song,  
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
So Phillis the trophy despise;  
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.  
The language that flows from his heart  
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;  
Yet may she beware of his art,  
Or sure I must envy the song.

#### 4. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,  
And take no more heed of my sheep:  
They have nothing to do but to stray,  
I have nothing to do but to weep.  
Yet do not my folly reprove:  
She was fair, and my passion began;  
She smil'd, and I could not but love;  
She is faithful, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;  
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,  
That a nymph so complete would be sought  
By a swain more engaging than me.  
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:  
It banishes wisdom the while;  
And the lip of the nymph we admire  
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile!

She is faithless, and I am undone ;  
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,  
 Let reason instruct you to shun  
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.  
 Beware how you loiter in vain  
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree :  
 It is not for me to explain  
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,  
 What hope of an end to my woes,  
 When I cannot endure to forget  
 The glance that undid my repose ?  
 Yet time may diminish the pain :  
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,  
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,  
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,  
 The sound of a murmuring stream,  
 The peace which from solitude flows,  
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.  
 High transports are shown to the sight,  
 But we are not to find them our own :  
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,  
 As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;  
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;  
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase,  
 I would vanish from every eye.  
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove  
 With the same sad complaint it began ;  
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;  
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

§ 113. *Phoebe. A Pastoral.* BYRON.

My time, O ye muses ! was happily spent,  
 When Phoebe went with me wherever I went :  
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast :  
 Sure never a shepherd like Colin was blest'd.  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !  
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought it was spring ; but, alas ! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,  
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phoebe was there,  
 'Twas pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear !  
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide :  
 Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain ?  
 Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see  
 Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;  
 And Phoebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,  
 " Come hither, poor fellow ! " and patted his head :  
 [Look,  
 But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour  
 Cry, " Sirrah ! " and give him a blow with my  
 crook :  
 And I'll give him another ; for why should not  
 Tray  
 Be dull as his master, when Phoebe's away ?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood  
 through,  
 The lark, linnet, throistle, and nightingale too ;  
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,  
 And chirp'd about the grasshopper under our feet.  
 But now she is absent, though still they sing on,  
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone !  
 Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,  
 Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,  
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?  
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion re-  
 move,

But what swain is so silly to live without love ?  
 No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return ;  
 For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.  
 Ah ! what shall I do ? I shall die with despair.  
 Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 114. *A pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was laid ;  
 And, while a false nymph was his theme,  
 A willow supported his head.  
 The wind that blew over the plain,  
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply ;  
 And the brook, in return to his pain,  
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

" Alas ! silly swain that I was ! "  
 (Thus, sadly complaining, he cried ;)  
 " When first I beheld that fair face,  
 'Twere better by far I had died.  
 She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue ;  
 When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great ;  
 I listen'd, and cried, when she sung ;  
 Was nightingale ever so sweet !

" How foolish was I to believe  
 She could doat on so lowly a clown,  
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve  
 To forsake the fine folk of the town !  
 To think that a beauty so gay,  
 So kind and so constant would prove ;  
 Or go clad, like our maidens, in gray,  
 Or live in a cottage on love !

" What though I have skill to complain,  
 Though the muses my temples have crown'd ;  
 What though, when they hear my soft strain,  
 The virgins sit weeping around ;  
 Ah, Colin ! thy heart is in vain,  
 Thy pipe and thy voice are in vain,  
 Thy fair one will never be found,  
 Whose music alone could sustain.

" All you, my friends, who are true,  
 Who sorrow for me, and weep for my pain,  
 Whatever I suffer, be sure to sustain,  
 Forbear to weep, and be true to my mind.  
 Though through the wide world I should range,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly ;  
 'Twas hers to be false, and to change ;  
 'Tis mine to be constant, and die.  
 " If, while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In her breast any pity is found ;



Let her come, with the nymphs of the plain,  
And see me laid low in the ground;  
The last humble boon that I crave  
Is, to shade me with cyprus and yew;  
And, when she looks down on my grave,  
Let her own that her shepherds were true.

"Then to her new love let her go,  
And deck her in golden array;  
Be finest at every fine show,  
And frolic it all the long day;  
While Colin, forgotten and gone,  
No more shall be kill'd of the roe;  
Unless, when, beneath the pale moon,  
His ghost shall glide over the green."

§ 115. *A Fairy Tale.* PARNELL.

In Britain's tale, and Arthur's days,  
When midnight fairies shan'd the roaze,  
Laid Edwin of the Green;  
Edwin, 'twas, a gentle youth,  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said  
To measure height against his head,  
And lift itself above;

Yet, spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth form forbid,  
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,  
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,  
Could ladies look within;  
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,  
And, if a shape could win a heart,  
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,  
With alighted passion paced along  
All in the moony light;  
'Twas near an old enchanted court,  
Where sportive fairies made resort,  
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was crush'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost;  
That reach'd the neighbor town;  
With weary steps he quits the shades,  
Resolv'd, the darling dame he reads,  
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,  
When hollow winds remove the door,  
A trembling hearkens the ground:  
And, well I wot, the phantom's sound  
At once he starts and turns around.

On all his limbs a shivering chill  
Now comes, and now he starts and quail;  
Now, as he looks, the phantom's form  
Now, as he looks, the phantom's form

And, lo! the phantom's form  
He sees, and starts and quail;  
Come forth, and let me see thy face.

But (trust me) never yet,  
Was dight a witching half so neat,  
Or half so fair before;  
The country had the sweet perfumes,  
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,  
The town its silken store.

Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd  
In flaunting robes above the rest,  
With awful accent cried:  
"What mortal, of a wretched mind,  
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,  
Has here presum'd to hide?"

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul  
No fears of magic art control,  
Advanc'd in open sight;  
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,  
"Who view, by no presumption led,  
Your revels of the night."

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,  
Which made my steps unwelcome rove  
Amid the nightly dew."  
"Tis well," the gallant cries again,  
"We fairies never injure men  
Who dare to tell us true."

"Ere the love-dejected heart;  
Be mine the task, or ere we part,  
To make thee grief resign;  
Now take the pleasure of thy chance;  
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,  
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and, all a sudden, there  
Light music floats in wanton air;  
The Monarch leads the Queen:  
The rest their fairie partners found:  
And Mable trimly tript the ground  
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,  
And sicer such a feast was made  
As heart and lip desire:  
Withouten hands the diables fly,  
The glasses with a wish come nigh:  
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairie king,  
Full every deal they laugh and sing,  
And antic feats display;  
Some wind and tumble like the wind,  
And other some transmute the wind  
In Edwin's wound.

Till one, as last, that Edwin's name  
Renown'd for pinching was the same,  
Has bent him up along the wall,  
And full against the beam he fell;  
Where by the beam the phantom was hung,  
He crawl beneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charms," he cries,  
"And let a fairy now arise."  
The gunbot has been shown,  
But Oberon answers, with a smile,  
"Content thee, Edwin, for awhile,  
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom play;  
They smelt the fresh approach of day,  
And heard a cock to crow;  
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,  
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,  
To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,  
And all at once the tapers die;  
Poor Edwin falls to floor:  
Forlorn his state; and dark the place;  
Was never wight in such a case  
Through all the land before!

But, soon as dan Apollo rose,  
Full, jolly creature! home he goes:  
He feels his back the less;  
His honest tongue and steady mind  
Had rid him of the lump behind,  
Which made him want success:

With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a-dauncing as he walks;  
His story soon took wind;  
And beauteous Edith sees the youth  
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,  
Without a banch behind!

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
(The youth of Edith erst approv'd),  
To see the revel scene:  
At close of eve he leaves his home,  
And wends to find the ruin'd dome  
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,  
The wind came rustling down a dell,  
A shaking seiz'd the wall:  
Up sprung the tapers, as before,  
The fairies bragly foot the floor,  
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe,  
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,  
His spirits in him die;  
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;  
A mortal passion, cleped fear,  
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With this Sir Topaz, hapless youth,  
In agony striving ay for rith,  
Finds them than pity graunt;  
Edith, a mistress wright,  
Begins to sing in the night  
Of the olden haunting.

"Ah, how they dance they roar,  
And how they dance their lore,  
The merry elfin we know:  
Now has my heart's courage fall:  
And fairies, when ye are all,  
Are free to mark these tales."

Then Will, who bears the merry fire,  
To trait the swains among the mire,  
The captive upward bring:  
There, like a tortoise in a shop,  
He dangles from the chamber-top,  
Where William, Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,  
Dearly they drink it o'er the place,  
They sit, they drink, and eat;  
The time with frolic mirth beguile,  
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,  
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink;  
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,  
And down ydrops the knight:  
For never shall, by fairie laid,  
With strong enchantment, bound a glade  
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adread he lay,  
Till up the walkin rose the day,  
Then down'd the dolo was o'er:  
But wet ye well his harder lot;  
His seely back the bunch had got  
Which Edwin lost afore.—

This tale a Sybil nurse arod;  
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,  
And, when the tale was done,  
"Thus, some are born, my son," she cries,  
"With base impediments to rise,  
And some are born with none.  
"But virtue can itself advance  
To what the fav'rite fools of chance  
By fortune seem'd design'd;  
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,  
And from itself shake off the weight  
Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 116. *Edwin and Emma.* MALLET.

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,  
Beneath a mother's eye;  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
Gave color to her cheek:  
Such orient color smiles through heaven,  
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains:  
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,  
To paint our lily designs.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And, though by all a wonder own'd,  
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul devoid of art;  
And from whose eyes, so simply mild,  
Shone forth the love's heart.

A mutual flame, that never ceas'd,  
Was kindled in their eyes;  
For neither knew the other's heart,  
That virtue's power was tried.

What happy hours of love they pass'd,  
Did love on either side  
But bliss too near the heart to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe!

His sister, who, like Eury found,  
Like her in mischief join'd,  
To work them harm, with wicked skill,  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the clod,  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
And seen it long unmov'd  
Then with a father's frown at last  
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war  
Of differing passions strove.  
His heart, that durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast  
So hides the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,  
Hung o'er his dying bed;  
And warr'd Heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold  
What they must ever love!"

She came, his cold hand softly touch'd,  
And bath'd with many a tear  
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear

But, oh! his sister's jealous care—  
A cruel sister she!—  
Forbade what Emma came to say;  
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appeal'd, thus did she stand  
The visionary vision  
When, lo! the death-bell rang'd her ear,  
Sad sounding in the silent night.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door:  
"He's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see  
That angel-face no more.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side"—  
From her white arm down sunk her head;  
She shiver'd, sigh'd, and dy'd.

# § 117. William and Margaret. MAFFIT.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all were fast asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet

Her face was like the April morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear  
When death has reft their crown

Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
And opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,  
She died before her time.

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true-love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save:

"This is the dark and fearful hour  
When injur'd ghosts complain  
Now dreary graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath!  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth

"How could you say my face was fair  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart  
Yet leave that heart to break?

"How could you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?  
Why did you swear my eyes were bright  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale?  
And why did I, young, witless  
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,  
That lip no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is,  
This winding-sheet I wear,  
And cold and weary lasts our night  
Till that last morn appear.

"But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence.  
A long, and last adieu!  
Come see, false man! how low she lies,  
That died for love of you."

Now birds did sing, and Morning smile'd,  
And show'd her glittering head;

Pale William shook in every limb,  
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hid him to the fatal place  
Where Marg'ret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf  
That wrapt her breathless clay:

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore;  
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,  
And word spoke never more!

§ 118. *Lucy and Colin.* TICKELL.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so fair a face;  
Till luckless love, and pining care,  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

O, have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.  
By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring,  
And, shrieking at her window thrice,  
A raven flap'd his wing.  
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn boding sound,  
And thus in dying words bespoke  
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay;  
I see a light you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

Be a false heart, and broken vows,  
And I die with I die!  
Am I become his bride  
In the which I I?

"Nay, Colin, give not her thy vows,  
Vows are made alone;  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
Nor think him all thy own.  
To-morrow in the church to wed,  
Impatient both prepare;  
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
That Lucy will be there!

"There bear my corpse, ye comrades, bear,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet;  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet."

She spoke, she died! her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?  
How were those nuptials kept?

The bridegroom flock'd round Lucy, dead,  
And all the village wept.  
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell;  
The damps of death bedew'd his brows,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell!

From the vain bride, (ah, bride no more!)  
The varying crimson fled;  
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
She saw her husband dead.  
He, to his Lucy's new-made grave  
Convey'd by trembling swains,  
One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
For ever now remains.

Of at this grave the constant hind,  
And plighted maid are seen;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,  
They deck the sacred green.  
But, swain forsworn! whoso'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

§ 119. *Song.* DIBDIN.

I SAW what seem'd a harmless child,  
With wings and bow,  
And aspect mild,  
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,  
And begg'd I would some boon bestow  
On a poor little boy, stone-blind.  
Not aware of the danger, I instant comply'd,  
When he drew from his quiver a dart,  
And cry'd, "My power you shall know!"  
Then he level'd his bow,  
And wounded me right in the heart.

§ 120. *The Race-Horse.* DIBDIN.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports  
are begun, [Done!]  
The confusion but hear!—"I'll bet you, sir!"  
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far  
and near,  
Lords, hawkers, and jockeys assail the tir'd ear:  
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his  
crest,  
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head  
touching his breast,  
Scarcely sufficing the air, he's so proud and elate,  
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.  
Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and  
ditch rush; [brush;  
Hounds, horses, and jockeys, all hard at his  
They run him at the head, and there have him at  
bay, [furious way;  
And by secret, [a long, te-  
While, alike bent for sports of the field and  
the course, [fleet horse;  
Always sure to come through a stanch and  
When, fairly run down, the fox yields up his  
breath,  
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.  
Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,  
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with  
some blood;

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,  
Toll his dam won this sweepstake, his sire  
gund that race, [o'er,

And what matches he won to the ostlers count  
As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-  
house door,

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his  
sides goad,

The high mettled racer a brick on the road

Lill, at last, hiving labor'd, drudg'd early and  
late,

Bow'd down by degrees, he bends to his fate,  
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a  
mill,

Or draws sand till the sand of his hour glass  
stands still

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view  
In the very same cart which he yester day drew,  
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
The high mettled racer is sold for the hounds!

#### § 121 Poor Jack DIBDIN

C patter to lubbers and swabs d ye see  
Pout dinger, and fear, and the like,

Ain't it water bout and good as a room gave me,  
And t'nt to a little I'll strike

I lough the tempest top-gallant masts smack  
smo' th should smite,

And slaver each splinter of wood,  
Clear the wrock, stow the yards, and bouse  
every thing tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud  
Ainst' nor don't think me a milkop so soft

To be taken for triches aback,  
I or they says there's a Providence sits up aloft  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack

Why, I heard the good chaplain praver one day  
About souls heaven, mercy and such,

And, my timbers' what lugo he'd coil and  
belly!

Why, tw is just ill as one is High Dutch  
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye  
see,

Without orders that come down below,  
And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me

That Providence takes us in tow [so oft  
For says he, do you mind me, let storms o'er

Fake the top-sails of sailors aback,  
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,  
When at last we would meet either for see,

"What argues our fate, and pokes your eye?  
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!"

Can't you see the water wide, and there's  
room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?  
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,

Why, you never will hear of me more  
What then? all's a hazard come dont be so  
soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back,  
For d ye see, there's a cherub that sits up aloft

To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should 've every inch,  
All as one as a piece of the ship,

And with her brave the world without offering  
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a trip  
As for me in all weathers, all tuncs, sides and  
ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,  
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my  
friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's  
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me  
so soft

As for grief to be taken aback  
That same little cherub that sits up aloft

Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack

§ 122 The Soldier's Grave DIBDIN

Or all sensations pity bring.

To proudly swell the ample heart,  
From which the willing sorrow springs,

In others' grief that bears a part  
Of all sad sympathy's delights,

The manly dignity of grief,  
A joy in mourning that excites,

And gives the anxious mind relief  
Of the o' would you the feeling know,

Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,  
That ever taught a heart to glow,

'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave

For hard and painful is his lot,  
I et dangers come, he braves them all,

Valiant, perhaps to be forgot,  
Or, undistinguished, doom'd to fall

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure  
The world, that now forgets his toil,

He views from a retreat obscure,  
And quits it with a willing smile

Then traveller, one kind drop bestow  
I were graceful pity, nobly brave

Nought ever taught the heart to glow  
Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave

§ 123 Yanko DIBDIN.

YANKO he tell, and he tell so hard  
We hear one pretty broda,

Him slaving hair, him lovely eye,  
Sweetly an Orna look

Him see big world, fine warden meo,  
Grand cruel king love blood,

Great king! but Yanko say, what den  
If he no honest good?

Virtue in foe be virtue still,  
Fine stone be found in mine,

The sun one dale, as well one hill,  
Mike warm where'er him shine.

You broder him, him broder you,  
So all the world should call,

I or nature say, and she say true,  
That men be broder all

If cruel man like tiger grim,  
Come bold in thirst of blood

Poor man be noble pity him,  
That he no honest good

Virtue in thee be virtue still,  
 Fine stone be found in mine  
 The same in one dale as well one hill,  
 Make warm where'er him shine

## § 121 Yanko DIBDIN

Don't Yanko say and true he say,  
 All unkind, one and t'other,  
 Negre, mulatto, and Malay,  
 Through all the world be broder  
 In black in yellow, what disgrace,  
 That scindal so he use 'em?  
 For d're no virtue in de face,  
 De virtue in de bosom

Whit harm dere in a shape or make?

Whit harm in ugly feature?

Whit ever color form, he take,

The heart make human creature

Then black and copper both be friend,

No color he bring beauty,

For beauty, Yanko say attend

On him who do him duty

Dear Yanko say, &c.

## § 120 I et us all be unhappy together DIBDIN

We bipeds, made up of frail clay,

Alas are the children of sorrow,

And though brisk and merry to day,

We may all be unhappy to morrow

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,

I then fearful of life's stormy weather,

I set pleasure should only bring pain,

I et us all be unhappy together

I grant the best blessing we know

A friend, for true friendship's a treasure;

And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,

Oh! taste not the dangerous pleasure

I have friendship's a flimsy affair,

Thus riches and health are a bubble,

Thus this is nothing delightful but care,

Nor is anything pleasing but trouble

Let mortal would point out that life

Whate'er on earth could be nearest to heaven,

Let him, drinking his stars, choose a wife

To whom wealth and honor are given

But that the truth is so rare,

And hence, when they're cutting, so single,

That, with respect to the fair,

I'd advise him to high, and live single

It appears from these premises plain,  
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,  
 That pleasure is but pain that means pain,  
 And that joy is your true melancholy,  
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,  
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,  
 And that, since we must all of us die,  
 We should taste no enjoyment while living

## § 126 Poor Peggy DIBDIN

Poor Peggy lov'd a soldier lad  
 More fur more, than tongue can tell ye,  
 Yet was her tender bosom sad  
 Where'er she heard the loud reveille  
 The fifes were screech owls to her ears  
 The drums like thunder seem'd to rattle,  
 Ah! too prophetic were her fears  
 They call'd him from her arms to battle  
 I here wonders he against the foe  
 Perform'd, and was with laurels crown'd  
 Vain pomp! for soon death laid him low  
 On the cold ground

Her heart all love, her soul all truth  
 That none her fears or flight discover  
 Poor Peggy in guise a comely youth  
 Follow'd to the field her lover  
 Directed by the hit and drum  
 To where the work of death was doing,  
 Where of brave hearts the time was come  
 Who, seeking honor, grasp at ruin,  
 Her very soul was chill'd with woe,  
 New horror came in every sound,  
 And whisper'd, death had laid him low  
 On the cold ground

With mute affliction as she stood,  
 While her woman's fears confound her,  
 With terror all her soul subdued,  
 A mourning train came thronging round her  
 The plaintive fife, and muffled drum,  
 The martial obsequies discover,  
 His pangs she heard, and cried, "I come,  
 Faithful, to meet my murder'd lover!"  
 Then, heart rent by a sigh of woe,  
 Fell, to the grief of all around,  
 Where death had laid her lover low  
 On the cold ground!

# ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

## POETICAL.

### BOOK THE SEVENTH.

#### PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

##### § 1. *Epilogue to A Woman killed with Kindness.* 1617.

**A**N honest crew, disposed to be merry,  
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:  
The drawer brought it, (smiling like a cherry,)  
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.  
"Taste it," quoth one; he did: "O fie!"  
(quoth he):  
"This wine was good: now 't runs too near  
the lee."

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,  
And said unto the rest it drank too flat;  
The third said it was old; the fourth too new;  
"Nay," quoth the fifth, "the sharpness likes  
me not."

Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour,  
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet,  
and sour!

Unto this wine do we allude our play: [grave:  
Which some will judge too trivial, some too  
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,  
And bid you welcome to the best we have.  
Excuse me then; good wine may be disgrac'd,  
When every several palate has sandy taste.

##### § 2. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers.* *on a Black Friar.* 1643. DAVENANT.

**W**HERE you but had so humble to confess,  
As you are wise to know, your happiness;  
Our author would not grieve to see you sit  
Ruling, with such unquestion'd power, his wit:  
Would I could I give, that I could still preserve  
My equality to him, and yet deserve

Your kind opinion by revealing now  
The cause of that great storm which clouds  
his brow;

And his close murmurs, which, since met  
to you,

I cannot think or mannerly or true!  
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let  
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;  
Let him the several harmless weapon use  
Of that all-daring trifle call'd his muse.

Yet I'll inform you what, this very day,  
Twice, before witness, I have heard him say:  
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;  
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd  
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,  
Y' expect should in two hours be given you  
here:

For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come  
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;  
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,  
And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats  
To every half-dress'd player, as he still  
Through th' hangings peep'd to see how the  
house did fill.

Good, easy-judging souls! with what delight  
They would expect a gig or target fight;  
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought  
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;  
Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,  
And cry'd, "A passing good one, I protest!"  
Such dull and humble-witted people were  
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd heretofore;  
And such had you been too, he swears, had not  
The poets taught you how to unweave a plot,

And trace the winding scenes; taught you to  
admit [wit.  
What was true sense, not what did sound like  
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves  
to fight, [wrote.  
Made strong and mischievous from what they  
You have been lately highly feasted here,  
With two great wits,\* that grac'd our theatre.  
But, if to feed you often with delight  
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;  
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,  
As others did your homely ancestors.

§ 3. *Epilogue to the Cutter of Coleman-Street, spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* 1656. COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,  
[Without his *Peruke*.  
And some words to this congregation speak;  
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet  
At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-Street;  
But yet I wonder much not to espy a  
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.  
Bless me! what are we? what may this place be?  
For I begin my vision now to see,  
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,  
If 't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.

[Puts on his *Peruke*.  
Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;  
For, to confess ingenuously here  
To you, who always of that party were,  
I never was of any; up and down  
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.  
But now my follies and my faults are ended,  
My manners and my mind are both amended;  
And, if we may believe one who has fail'd before,  
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll  
write no more.

§ 4. *Prologue to Alcibiades.* 1675. OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymers greater hazards run,  
Mongst us by your severity undone;  
Through whose glass! to oblige ye, have done most,  
And brought ye pleasures at our own sad cost;  
Yet your own endeavors have been lost.  
So it a statesman's ring to be good,  
His honesty's a sin treason understood;  
While some false, flattering minion of the court  
Shall play the flatterer, and be honor'd for't.  
To you, knowing judges of what's sense and wit,  
Our author swears he gladly will submit:  
But there's a sort of things infect the pit,  
That would be witty spite of nature too,  
And, to be thought so, haunt and pester you.  
Higher, sometimes, those would be wits repair,  
By quest of you; where, if you don't appear,  
Cries one—"Pugh! D—n me, what do we do  
here?"  
Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts  
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts  
To the coffee-house, where he about him looks;  
Spies friend; cries, "Jack—I've been to-night  
at th' Duke's;

\* Beaumont and Fletcher.

The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,  
I gad, not one of sense that I saw there."  
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather  
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.  
Wit has, indeed, a stranger been, of late;  
Mongst its pretenders, nought so strange as that.  
Both houses, too, so long a fast have known,  
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.  
Thus, though this trifler never wrote before,  
Yet, faith, he ventured on the common score:  
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,  
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe.* 1676. DRYDEN.

A PRETTY task! and so I told the fool,  
Who needs would undertake to please by rule:  
He thought, that, if his characters were good,  
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and  
blood,

The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,  
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,  
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,  
As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;  
He thought in hinting these his business done,  
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in every one.  
But, after all, a poet must confess,  
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.

Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;  
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend;  
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll  
say,

You love all naked beauties, but a play.  
He much mistakes your method of delight,  
And, like the French, abhors our target fight:  
But those damn'd dogs can never be in the right.  
True English hate your Monsieur's arts;  
For you are all silk-weavers! in your arts.  
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fight,  
Are rous'd, and, clatt'ring sticks, cry—Play,  
play, play!"

Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,  
And mutter to himself, "*Ah, gens barbares!*"  
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;  
Our butchers else would tear him limb from  
limb.

'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be  
Infected with this French civility:  
But this in after-ages will be done;  
Our poet writes a hundred years too soon.  
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;  
And early spring is subject to a blast.  
Who would expect, when law can make a test  
Betwixt justice and wrong, that the best?  
For favors cheap, and to men who would strive,  
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?  
Yet, scatter'd here and there, I some behold,  
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:  
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,  
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;  
For he more fears (like a presuming man)  
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs  
who can.

† Alluding to the rivalry of the Spitalfields manu-  
factures with those of France.



§ 6. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.* 1693.  
Spoken by Mrs. Cook. DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost,  
And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.  
Yet no one man was meant, nor great nor small;

Our poets, like frank gamesters,\* throw at all.  
They took no single aim——

But, like bold boys, true to their principle and hearty,

Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.  
Duels are crimes; but, when the cause is right,  
In battle every man is bound to fight:

For what should hinder me to sell my skin

Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?

*Ne defendendo* never was a sin.

'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,  
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.

They must do all they can——

But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,  
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:

Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise

To cry, "Box fair, and give him time to rise!"

When fortune favors, none but fools will dally:

Would any of you, sparks, if Nan or Mally

'Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand, "Shall I, small I!"

A trimmer cried, (that heard me tell the story,)

"Fie, Mistress Cook! 'faith, you're too rank a Tory!" [cases;]

Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard  
You women love to see men make wry faces."

"Pray, sir," said I, "don't think me such a Jew;

I say no more, but give the devil his due."

"Lentives," says he, "best suit with our condition." [cinn.]

"Jack Ketch," says I, "'s an excellent physi-  
"I love no blood." "Nor I, sir, as I breathe;

But hanging is a fine dry kind of death."

"We trimmers are for holding all things even."

"Yes, just like him that hang 'twixt hell and heaven."

"Have we not had men's lives enough already?"

"Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things steady." [brother,

Now, since the weight hangs all on one side,  
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on t'other." [ling,

Damn'd nonpareils, in their middle way of steer-  
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good nor herring:

Not Whigs nor Tories they; nor this nor that;  
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;

A twilight animal, true to neither cause,  
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws."

§ 7. *Prologue to the Old Bachelor.* 1693.  
CONGREVE.

How this vile world is chang'd! In former days

Prologues were serious speeches before plays;

\* This play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

Grave, solemn things, (as graces are to feasts,)—  
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.

But now no more like suppliants we come!

A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.

Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,

We threaten you, who do for judges sit,

To save our plays; or else we'll damn your pit.

But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day

We've a young author, and his first-horn play:

So, standing only on his good behaviour,

He's very civil, and entreats your favor.

Not but the man has malice, would he show it:

But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;

You think that strange: no matter; he'll out

grow it.

Well, I'm his advocate: by me he prays you

(I don't know whether I shall speak to please you,)

He prays—O, bless me! what shall I do now!

Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!

And 'twas the prettiest prologue, as he wrote it:

Well, the deuce take me, if I had n't forgot it.

O, Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,

Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,

I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.

For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,

I cannot stay to hear your resolution. [Runs off.]

§ 8. *Prologue to the Royal Mischief.* 1696.  
PRIOR.

LADIES, to you, with pleasure, we submit

This early offspring of a virgin-wit. [fears:]

From your good nature nought our authoress

Sure you'll indulge, if not the Muse, her years.

Freely, the praise she may deserve, beauteous;

Pardons, not censure, what you can't allow

Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,

And to her faults, whatever they are, be blind.

Let critics follow rules; she boldly writes

What Nature dictates, and what Love dictates.

By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,

But court their heroes, and agnize their love.

Poor maid! she'd have (what even no wife would crave)

A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:

And, from a second marriage to deter,

Shows you what horrid things step-mother

Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives.

And, though the sister dies, the brother lives.

Bless'd with success, at last he mounts a throne,

Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.

Learn, ladies, then, from Libarazu's fate,

What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.

Learn too, if Heaven and Fate should adverse

prove; [love,]

(For Fate and Heaven don't always smile on)

Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,

Nor quit your first for any second flame:

Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,

Dare to be true; submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 9. *Prologue to the Constant Couple.* 1700.  
FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,  
As wits, cits, beaux, and women, for their jury.

Our spark's half-dead to think what medleys  
come, [doom.  
With blended judgments, to pronounce his  
'Tis all false fear ; for in a mingled pit, [writ,  
Why, what your grave don thinks but dully  
The neighbor i' th' great wig may take for wit.  
Some authors court the few, the wise if any :  
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,  
Who go with much like ends to church and  
play,

Not to observe what priests or poets say—  
No, no ! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite  
another way.

The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,  
No snout, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double en-*  
*tendre*.

'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,  
But then, so far from beau—why, he talks  
sense, [from thence.

Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought  
There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,  
Your elbow-shaking fool that lives by's wits,  
'That's only witty, though, just as he lives, by  
fits :

Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,  
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,  
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the  
play.

And now the fadish pretence he implores,  
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of  
doors,

Employs it on a brace of—honorable whores :  
While their good bulky mother pleases sits by,  
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.

NEXT : our mounted friends we humbly move,  
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,  
And never fail to pay us with your love.

Ah, friends ! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone ;  
Our merry meetings there are all undone :  
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,  
That strong dog Samson's pull'd it o'er our  
heads, [told him,

Shape rope like thread ; but when his fortune's  
He'll bear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold  
him.

At last, I hope that our good natur'd town  
Will find a way to pull his prices down.

Well, that will ! Now, gentlemen, for the  
play.

On scenes like these, I've but two words to say ;  
Such as it is, for your delight design'd.  
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

[10. *Prologue to the Inconstant.* 1702.  
FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks :  
Plays are like suppers ; poets are the cooks :  
The founders you : the table is the place :  
The carvers we : the prologue is the grace :  
Each act a course ; each scene a different dish :  
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for  
fish. [rough ;  
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and  
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-  
proof.

Wit is the wine ; but 'tis so scarce the true,  
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.  
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed  
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin : [join,  
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and  
chaste,

Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.  
Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can  
please : [French cheese.

Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd  
Your rarity, for the fair guest to gape on  
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon ;  
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round  
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred  
pound.

An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age ;  
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage :  
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,  
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.

A pastoral's whipt-cream ; stage-whims, mere  
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh. [trash ;  
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer ;  
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear ;  
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.

Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,  
And ev'ry dish source pleases ev'ry guest.  
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.  
This favor crav'd, up let the music strike :  
You're welcome all—HOW-FAR-ER-WHAT YOU  
like.

[11. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the  
'Two Houses.* 1703. FARQUHAR.

Now all the world's ta'en up with state af-  
fairs, [warn ;

Some wishing peace, some calling out for  
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age.

What are the present politics o' th' stage :  
Two different states, ambitious both, and bold,  
All free-born souls, the New House and the  
Old,

Have long contended, and made stout essays,  
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.  
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,  
Where many ranting heroes lost their life ;

Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain  
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.

Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit and all,  
The audience look'd, and shook its awful  
head,

Wondering to see so many thousands fall,  
And then their pale eyes us look so red.

For force of numbers, and poetic spell,  
We've ruin'd the ancient troops from hell,  
To lead our troops, from this bloody field  
You've seen great Cato fight, great Pompey  
yield.

Vast sums of treasure we did advance,  
To draw some mercenary troops from France ;  
Light-footed rogues, who, when they got their  
pay,

Took to their heels—*Alions*—and ran away.  
Here you have seen great Philip's conqu'ring  
son, [run ;

Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-

Here has he fought, and found a harder job  
To beat one play-house, than subdue the globe;  
All this from emulation for the bays:  
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise,  
But now (as busy heads love something new)  
They would propose an union—*O mort dieu!*

§ 12. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel.* 1703.

CENTLIVRE.

You see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,  
 To show what beaux in their perfection are ;  
 By nature cowards, foolish ; useless tools,  
 Made men by tailors, and by women, fools :  
 A tickle, & a low singing, dancing crew ;  
 Nay, now we hear they've smiling-masters too.  
 Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,  
 From teaching of a beau to smile, was come.  
 He show'd five guineas—Wasn't he rarely  
 paid ?

[Going.

Hold—I forgot—the anchor bid me say,  
She humbly begs protection for her play:  
'Tis yours—she dedicates it to you all,  
And you're too generous, sure, to let it fall;  
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,  
Since virtue here has been her only aim.  
'The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her  
right. [sight.

Since here they're taught with safety how to  
She's sure of favor from the men of war,  
A soldier is her darling character :  
'To fear their murmurs, then, would be absurd,  
They only mutiny when not preferr'd.

But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,  
And, like a pris'n'r, stands with fear half-dead,  
While you, her judges, do her sentence give ;  
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.  
Let my petition then for once prevail,  
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon lend.

§ 13. *Prologue to Love makes a Man.* 1701.

CIPHER.

**SINCE** plays are but a kind of public feasts,  
Where tickets only make the welcome guests ;  
**METHINKS**, instead of grace, we should prepare  
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.  
**WHEN** you foreknow each course, though this  
                may tease you,                                 [you].  
‘Tis five to one but one o’ th’ five may please.  
**FIRST**, for the critics, we’ve your darling cheer,  
Faults without number, more than sense can  
                bear :

§ 14. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals.* 1706.

**FARQUHAR.**

[An alarm sounded.]

With drums and trumpets, in this warring  
age,  
A martial prologue should alarm the stage;  
New plays, ere acted, a full audience here,  
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.  
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out  
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:  
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,  
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back  
they fly.  
The siege is laid; there gallant chiefs abound;  
Here, foes intrench'd; there, glittering troops  
around;  
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising  
ground.

In the first act, brisk sallies, (miss or hit),  
 With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,  
 Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.  
 The next—the fire continues, but at length  
 Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's  
 strength. [abound;  
 The third—feints, mincs, and countermincs,  
 Your critic engineers, safe under ground,  
 Blow up our works, and all our art confound.  
 The fourth—brings on most action, and 'tis  
 sharp,  
 Fresh foes crowd on, at you<sup>r</sup> remissness carp,  
 And desprate, though unskill'd, insult our  
 counterscarp.  
 Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,  
 The poet-governor now quakes for fear;  
 Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,  
 And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.  
 So—Don, and Monsicur—Bluff, before the  
 siege,  
 Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege.  
 'Twas *Viva Spugna! Viva France!* before;  
 Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah.*  
*Senor!*  
 But what your resolution can withstand?  
 You master all, and awe the sea and land.  
 In war—your valor makes the strong submit;  
 Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.  
 What play, what fort, what beauty, can endure  
 All fierce assaults, and always be secure?  
 Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to  
 write,  
 Since now—that seems as desprate as to fight.  
 If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,  
 Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the  
 sixth.

§ 15. *Prologue to the Busybody.* 1708.

CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of  
 late,

The author could not prophesy his fate:  
 If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,  
 The poet must have really been inspir'd.  
 But these, alas! are melancholy days  
 For modern prophets, and for modern plays.  
 Yet since prophetic lies please fools of fashion,  
 And women are so fond of agitation;  
 To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,  
 And tell you wondrous things that will prove  
 true.

Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,  
 Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;  
 On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for  
 peace.

All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall  
 cease.

The Grand Monarque may wish his son a  
 throne,

But hardly will advance to lose his own.  
 This season most things bear a smiling face;  
 But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,  
 Since your appearance only is our act of grace.  
 Court-ladies will to country seats be gone,  
 My lord can't all the year live great in town:

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Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,  
 They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time  
 away.

Gay city-wives at Tunbridge will appear,  
 Whose husbands long have wished for an heir  
 Where many a courtier may their wants re-  
 lieve,

But by the waters only they conceive.

The Fleet-street sempstress, toast of Temple  
 sparks, [clerks,

That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys'  
 At Cuper's gardens will her horns regale.  
 Sing Fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.  
 At all assemblies rakes are up and down,  
 And gamesters, when they think they are not  
 known.

Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,  
 To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the play;  
 Yet whims like these have sometimes made  
 you laugh,

'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.

Since war and places claim the bards that write,  
 Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night,  
 Let your indulgence all her fears allay,  
 And none but woman-haters damn this play.

§ 16. *Prologue to the Man's Bewitch'd.* 1710.

CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling scarce to venture,  
 Her fear arises from another's sin  
 One of her sex has so abus'd the town,  
 That on her score she dreads your angry  
 frown;

Though, I dare say, poor soul, she never writ  
 Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;

A harmless, hum'rous play is her extent of wit.  
 Though Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,  
 And lash the vice and follies of the age;

Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,  
 Stickle and make a noise for reformation,

Who always gave a loose herself to inclination?  
 Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,

And humor's the sole business of our play.  
 Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,  
 And good assurance pass for mighty parts:

The city may bring their spouses without fear;  
 We show no wife that's poaching for an heir,

Nor teach the use of fine gauze handkerchiefs.  
 Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,

And jilts set up—for twenty-thousand-pound-  
 ers.

Our author, even though she knows full well,  
 Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,

What colonels, lately, have found out the  
 knack

To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack;  
 To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,

They give her subaltern's subsistence for her  
 pay.

In short, whate'er your darling vices are,  
 They pass untouched in this night's bill of fare.

But if all this can't your good-nature wake,  
 Though here and there a scene should fail to  
 take,

Yet spare her for the Busybody's sake.

§ 17 *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield.* 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[A Porter delivers a letter, just as she is going to speak.]

WHAT's this? a billet-doux from hands unknown?

'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town :  
But since the poor man's so agog,  
I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.

[Reads.]

Madam,

Permit a wretch to let you know,  
That he's no more *in statu quo* ;  
My ruin from this night commences,  
Unless your smiles refund my senses ;  
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,  
You've whipp'd your slave quite through  
the heart ;

Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye  
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,  
In pity of my pains and doubt,  
And try if you can't find me out.

Poor soul ! he seems indeed in dismal plight ;  
Let's see ! it can't be, sure, from th' upper  
sight,

No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can  
Nor can I think it from the middle fell,  
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell ;

Beside, their haggling passions never gain  
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-  
lane :

And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and  
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.  
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd  
With souls whose passion's to themselves coun-  
dind.

In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your  
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody  
marks.

But since the town has heard your kind com-  
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.

First, then, beware you prove no spark in red,  
With empty purse and regimental head ;  
'That thinks no woman can refuse t'engage in't,  
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on  
agent ;

That swears he'll settle from his joys com-  
mencing,

And make the babe, the day he's born, an en-  
sign.

Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals  
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals ;  
'That modish sends next morn to her apartment  
A civil how d'ye—far, alas ! from th' heart  
meant :

Then powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,  
Bows through his crowd of duns, and drives to  
White's.

Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays.  
And only takes his rest on winning days ;  
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler ;  
Then's trac'd from his original—in the Tatler.  
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,  
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion :

But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,  
That, deaf to stories, takes the stago's part ;  
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the  
plays,  
Whose fortune's bound for the support of op-  
That thinks our constitution here is justly  
fix'd,  
And now no more with lawyers' brawls per-  
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive ;  
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while  
I live.

§ 18. *Prologue to Lady Jane Grey.* 1715.  
ROWE.

TO-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our  
scene,

A heroine, a martyr, and a queen ;  
And, though the poet dares not boast his art  
The very theme shall something great impart,  
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the ten-  
der heart.

To you, fair judges, we the cause submit ;  
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.  
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,  
If silent tears for suffering virtue flow ;

Your grief the muses' labor shall confess,  
The lively passions, and the just distress.  
O ! could our author's pencil justly paint,  
Such as she was in life, the beauteous saint ;

Boldly your strict attention might we claim,  
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.  
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought coun-  
fess'd ;

No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast .  
'The only love that warm'd her blooming youth—  
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.

For these she fell ; while, with too weak a  
hand,  
She strove to save a blind, ungrateful land.

But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,  
William's great hand was doom'd to break that  
chain,

And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.  
For ever as the circling years return,  
Ye grateful Britons ! crown the hero's urn ;

To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,  
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow ;  
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,  
To you a father, he that loss supplied.

Then while you vew the royal line's increase,  
And count the pledges of your future peace,  
From this great stock while still new glories  
come,

Conquest abroad, and liberty at home ;  
While you behold the beautiful and brave,  
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,  
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 19. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken  
by Mrs. Oldfield.* 1717. ROWE.

WELL, 'twas a narrow 'scape my lover  
made—  
That cup and message—I was sore afraid !  
Was that a present for a new-made widow,  
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido ?

When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good,

There was—O gad!—a nasty heart and blood.\*

If the old man had show'd himself a father,

His bowl should have enclos'd a cordial rather;

Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,

*L'au de Barbade*—or comfortable *Nantz*†

He thought he paid it off with being smart,

And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.

I could have told his gravity, moreover,

Were I our sex's secrets to discover,

'Tis what we never look for in a lover.

Let but the bridegroom prudently provide

All other matters fitting for a bride,

So he make good the jewels and the jointure,

To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.

Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,

They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.

Where are the tough, brave Britons to be found,

With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?

How many worthy gentlemen of late

Swore to be true to mother-church and state;

When their false hearts were secretly main-

taining

You trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?

Shame on the canting crew of soul-ensurers,

That Tyburn tribe of speech-making nonjurors,

Who, in new-fangled terms, old truths explain-

ing, [meaning!

Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-

O! would you lost integrity restore,

And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;

Whatsurer pattern can you hope to find

Than that dear pledge‡ your monarch left be-

hind?

See how his looks his honest heart explain,

And speak the blessings of his future reign!

In his each feature truth and candor trace,

And read plain-dealing written in his face.

#### § 20. Epilogue to the Lying Valet. 1740.

GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue you all agree; [see,

And yet, look round the world, and you shall

That many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.

Against this vice we all are ever railing,

And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,

You'll find but few without this useful failing.

Lady or Abigail, my lord, or Will,

The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.

My lies were harmless, told to show my parts,

And not like those when tongues belie their

hearts.

In all professions you will find this flaw;

And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.

The gouty sergeant cries, with formal pause,

"Your plea is good, my friend; don't starve

the cause."

But when my lord decrees for t'other side,

Your costs of suit convince you—that he lied.

\* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccaccio's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,  
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows

your case, [you :

"Your fever's slight, not dangerous. I assure

Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will

cure you." [ing ;

Around the bed, next day, his friends are cry-

The patient dies; the doctor's paid for lying.

The poet, willing to secure the pit.

Gives out his play has humor, taste, and wit

The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,

Each groan and cat-call gives the bird the lie.

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do

They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.

"Lord!" says the prude, (her face behind her

fan,)

"How can our sex have any joy in man?

As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me;

And were the race extinct, 'twould never

grieve me!

Their sight is odious, but their touch, O gad!

The thought of that's enough to drive one

mad."

Thus rails at men the squeamish Lady Dainty,

Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.

In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,

The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,

And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.

Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,

Nor to his country show the least relation.

For instance, now——

A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,

A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,

An Englishman a coward or a slave.

Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;

I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:

Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew

For, though my tongue was false, my heart

was true.

#### § 21. Epilogue to Agamemnon. THOMSON.

OUR bard, to modern epilogue a foe, [woe;

Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous

Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,

And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:

No more with social warmth the bosom burns;

But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.

Thus he began: and you approv'd the strain,

Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.

You check'd him there—to you, to reason, just,

He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.

Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure

grac'd,

He hails the rising virtue of your taste.

Wide will its influence spread, as soon as

known;

Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.

Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good,

(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude,)

No petulance shall wound the public ear;

No hand applaud what honor shuns to hear;

No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;

The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.

Chastis'd to decency, the British stage

Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage:

Both shall attend, well pleas'd, well pleas'd de-  
part;  
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

§ 22. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the Year 1747. JOHNSON.*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb-  
rous foes [rose;  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare  
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:  
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,  
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the  
school,

To please in method, and invent by rule:  
His studious patience, and laborious art,  
By regular approach, assail'd the heart:  
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring lays;  
For those who durst not censure scarce could  
praise.

A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to  
fame, [Ilkne;  
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

Vice always found a sympathetic friend;  
They pleas'd their age, but did not aim to  
mend.

Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
And proudly hop'd to pump in future days:  
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were  
strong, [long;

Their slaves were willing, and their reign was  
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,  
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-  
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd:  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But, forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,  
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit:  
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day.

And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the stage?  
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
New Belins, new Durfleys, yet remain in store;  
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet  
died,

On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;  
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of  
chance?)

Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that, here by Fortune plac'd,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
With every meteor of caprice must play,  
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.

Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice, —  
The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
For we, that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;  
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign co-  
Of rescued Nature, and reviving Sense;  
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of  
show,

For useful mirth and salutary woe;  
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

§ 23. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. V. in the Character of Falstaff, 1748. Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney. HODLEY.*

[Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.]

A PLAGUE upon all cowards, still I say—  
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,  
And be the master-fool beyond the play—  
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,  
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;  
And now stand foolishly expos'd again  
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.

Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—  
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.

There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow,  
Poins,

Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,  
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress's  
skin,

And shining as the glass she dresses in,  
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and  
lie—

Which honest Jack could never do—not I.  
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,  
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue  
enough.

But I am old and stiff—nay, bashful grown,  
For Shakspeare's humor is not now my own.  
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;  
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,  
It is his royal image makes it pass.

Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew  
In mine own sorry fears, which set to view  
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you;  
Wights, who with no counterfacings will be  
shamm'd,

Nor into risibility be bamm'd,  
Will, though she shake their sides, think Nature  
treason,

And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a  
reason. [speed,

Then how shall one, not of the virtuous,  
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—

Wit without measure, humor without rule,  
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?  
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—  
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the  
dozen.

So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,  
I'll in, and say to Hal, I've done the feat.

§ 24. *Prologue to Irene*. 1749. JOHNSON.

YE glittering train! whom lace and velvet  
bless,  
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress;  
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,  
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare:  
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Power!  
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.  
Our darling bard, with spirit unconfin'd,  
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.  
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous  
mind,

Daring, though calm; and vigorous, though re-  
sign'd.  
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty  
In power dependent, in success depress'd,  
Learn here that peace from innocence must  
flow;

All else is empty sound, and idle show. [join;  
But truths like these with pleasing language  
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:  
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,  
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;  
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;  
And spare him, beauties! though his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;  
To force applause no modern arts are tried.  
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,  
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound;  
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,  
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit;  
No snares, to captivate the judgment, spreads;  
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.  
Unmov'd, though wittings snore, and rivals rail;  
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail,  
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant  
strain,

With merit needless, and without it vain.  
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;  
Ye tops, be silent; and ye wits, be just.

§ 25. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter*. 1750. Spoken by Mr. Garrick. JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's  
fame,  
[name,  
youths whose bosoms beat at Milton's  
whose generous zeal, unthought by flattery  
rhymes,  
[names the] pensions of Augustan times;  
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,  
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;  
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage  
With close malevolence, or public rage;  
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,  
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more. [tell  
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall  
That never Briton can in vain excel;  
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,  
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays  
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;  
And bullied spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,  
Yields to renown the centuries to come;

With ardent haste each candidate of fame  
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;  
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow  
Those pageant honors which he scorn'd below,  
While crowds aloft the laureate bust behold,  
Or trace his form on circulating gold.  
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay.  
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.  
What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,  
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire!  
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,  
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;  
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,  
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.  
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native  
charms,  
Her Grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;  
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,  
While tutelary nations guard her cell.  
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!  
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 26. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5, 1750.*

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;  
So, (with the mighty to compare the small,) [join;  
Through int'rest, whim, or, if you please,  
through fate,  
We feel commotions in our mimic state  
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;  
A year's alliance is with us an age!  
And where's the wonder? all surprise must  
cease,

When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,  
Makes real kings break articles of peace.  
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare,  
"Cry, Havock! and let slip the dogs of war."  
To shake our souls, the papers of the day  
Drew forth the adverse power in dread array;  
A power, might strike the boldest with dismay;  
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,  
Arm'd cup-a-pie in self-sufficient merit.  
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,  
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:  
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,  
From Hamlet's mother to the cobbler's wife;  
Some few there are, whom paltry passions  
guide,

Desert each day, and fly from side to side;  
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;  
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.  
Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,  
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.  
But, if an empty house, the actor's curse,  
Shows us our Lear and Hamlets lose their force,

\* In which paper was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Wollington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Faumon, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard.

‡ Mrs. Clive.



Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,  
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin;  
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,  
Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting  
Turk:

For, though we actors, one and all, agree  
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,  
If want comes on, importance must retreat;  
Our first great ruling passion is—to eat.  
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;  
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:  
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,  
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 27. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mr. Barry. 1750.*

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,  
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:  
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,  
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to  
rise;

When jealousies and fears possess the throne,  
And kings allow no merit—but their own;  
Can it be strange, that men for flight prepare,  
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?  
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age.

And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:  
For—*culte nous*—these managers of merit,  
Who fear'd arms, and take the field with spirit,  
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty  
mien,

And Herod\* have out-Herod-ed—within.

[*Pointing to the Green Room.*]

O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!  
Make bouncing Bajazett retreat from Bayes!  
The ladies§ too, with every power to charm,  
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,  
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.  
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,  
In search of candor, and in search of *meat*,  
We from your favor hope for this retreat.

If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,  
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,  
That task be ours; but if you damn their  
scenes,

And heroes must give way to Harlequins,  
We too can have recourse to mime and dance;  
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:  
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,  
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute.¶  
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!  
Long they have feasted—permit us now to eat.

§ 28. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. 1750.*

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*]

I'LL do't; by Heaven, I will—Pray get you  
gone;

What! all these janglings, and I not make one?

\* Mr. Quin. † Both Quin and Barry. ‡ Mr. Garrick.  
§ Mrs. Cibber, &c.

¶ A child, said to be about four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?  
These creatures here would have me hold my  
tongue!

I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;  
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.  
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,  
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,  
And at each other throw alternate squibs  
Compos'd of little wit—and some few sibs;  
I, Catherine Clive, come here to attack 'em all,  
And aim alike at little and at tall.  
But first, exp with the buskin'd chiefs I brave it,  
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt.  
A gentle youth<sup>1</sup> was one, and one was some-  
what pert<sup>2</sup>

Each to his master<sup>3</sup> with his tale retreated,  
Who gravely heard their different parts re-  
peated, [trated.]

How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-  
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loath,  
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipp'd them both.

In the same master's place, lo! here I stand  
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.  
First, for our own—O, 'tis a pretty youth!  
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth

'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,  
And fiery parts make up his composition.  
How have I seen him rave when things mis-  
carried! [ried.]

Indeed, he's grown much tamer since he mar-  
ried. If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!

And then he gets—to which he's so dislike.  
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;

Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes:  
And when he falls into his frantic fit,

He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit  
So much for him—the other youth comes next.

Who shows, by what he says, poor soul! he's  
vex'd.

He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us.  
To make you think the little monster beats us

Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,  
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes?

I, who am woman, would have stood the battle,  
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!

Should any manager lift arm at me,  
I have a tyrant's arm as well as he!

In fact, there has been little bouncing here;  
But who the bouncer was, inquire within

No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,  
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease;

No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,  
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

§ 29. *Prologue to Taste. 1752. Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer. GARRICK.*

BEFORE this court I, Peter Puff, appear,  
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!

Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,  
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers

With much humility and fear implore ye,  
To lay our present desperate case before ye

'Tis said, this night a certain wag intends  
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends.

If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,  
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;  
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout  
the land,

"Before you buy, be sure to understand;"  
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,  
What great ones purchase only what they  
know!

"Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,  
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:  
The first ones' hearts will ne'er incline to man,  
While thus they rage for—china and japan.

'The virtuosos too, and connoisseurs,  
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;  
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might  
hold, [cold,

Just warm when single, and when married,  
'Their blood, at sight, a beauty, gently flows;  
'Their Vehus must be old, and want a nose!  
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge  
thrives;

'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!.

'Tis said *virtu* to such a height is grown,  
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.  
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,  
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth;  
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome:  
My best antiques are made at home.

I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,  
'True Britons all, and living in the Strand.  
I ne'er for tinkets rack my pericranium;  
They furnish out my room from Herclaneum.  
But hush——

Should it be known that English are employ'd,  
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;  
No matter what our countrymen deserve,  
'They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns  
suffer;

If we should fall, to you it will be owing;  
Farewell to arts—they are going, going, going!  
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!  
Then set us up, and knock the poet down.

§ 30. *Prologue to Virginia*. 1754. *Written  
and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of  
time,

'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:  
'Tis flinging at the door, with snuffing grin,  
wisen we should show the company within—  
So thus our bars, who, stiff in classic knowl-  
edge, [leg.—

Preserves too much the buckram of the col-  
"Lord, sir," said I, "an audience must be  
woo'd,

And, lady-like, with flattery pursued;  
'They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude.  
Authors should learn to dance as well as  
write—" [sight!

"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a  
Grown gentleman. ('tis advertis'd,) do learn by  
night. [these,

Your modern prologues, and such whims as  
The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to Soph-  
ocles."

"I read no Greek, sir—when I was at school.  
Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."

"He had; but why?" replied the bard, in rage:  
"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;  
But we have none in this enlighten'd age!  
Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,  
Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.  
Here, take my play, I meant it for instruction;  
If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,  
E'en let that nonsense be your own produc-  
tion."

Off went the poet.—It is now expedient  
I speak as manager, and your obedient.  
I, as your cat'er, would provide your dishes,  
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.  
Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at  
home,

We too can send for niceties from Rome;  
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor  
money,

Discard sirloins, and get you macaroon  
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign.  
Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two—  
Though English both, yet spare 'em as they're  
new.

To one, at least, your usual favors show;  
A female asks it—can a man say No?  
Should you indulge our novice\* yet unseen,  
And crown her, with your lauds, a tragic-  
queen;

Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,  
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;  
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,  
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame:  
With one wish more her whole ambition  
ends—

She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 31. *Epilogue to the same*. 1754. GARRICK.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,  
Or kill or raise his heroine at command.  
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,  
Not courteously inquire, but tell you, what  
you think.

From top to bottom I shall make you stare,  
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!

And, first, with you above I shall begin—  
(To the upper gallery.

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.  
Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near  
the ceiling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.  
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,  
You boldly laugh and cry as nature works.

Says John to Tom, (ay—there they sit to-  
gether,

As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather,)  
"Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very wild,

That old Vergoeus should have struck his  
child; [ruler;

I would have hang'd him for't had I been  
And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."

\* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Miss Yates, then a new  
actress.

Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,  
[To the middle gallery.

And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,  
With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'scape,  
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;  
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,  
And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,  
Yet love distressed damsels to befriending;  
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,  
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:  
You'd rather see, (if so the fates had will'd,)  
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the boxes, pray,  
And there search out a judgment on the play?  
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;  
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.  
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,  
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes this fickle goddess, Mode,  
With us will make, at least, nine days' abode;  
To present pleasure he contracts his view,  
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 32. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia. 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

*Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life passes!"*

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,  
A sailor, half-seas o'er, 's a pretty fellow.  
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the pit.  
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—  
[He staggers forward, and then stops.

But softly though—the vessel seems to heave—  
Steady! my boy—she must not show her keel.  
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?  
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?  
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?  
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!  
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:  
'There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting.

I must away—I must—  
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,  
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?  
What! shall these *Party-voos* make such a racket,

And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?  
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?  
—

Where'er he shuffles we should always cut.  
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—  
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

[Pulls out a play-bill.  
From this same paper we shall understand  
What work's to to-night—I read your printed hand.

First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—  
I'll take one sugar-plum—[takes some tobacco.]  
and then I'll read it.

[He reads the play-bill of *Zara*, which was acted that evening.

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane—  
Will be present-a-ted a tragedy called  
*Sarah*—"

I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see  
Her namesake's tragedy: and, as for me,  
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea—

"To which will be added—a new mask—"

Zounds! why a mask? We sailors have seen  
Aboveboard all; we scorn to hide our faces.  
But what is here, so very large and plain?  
"Bri-tan-nia"—O, Britannia!—good again—

Huzza, boys! For the Royal George, I swear,  
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part.  
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!

I wish you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,

Your factions, parties, and dam'd politics:  
And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;  
'True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

§ 33. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath. 1756; and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion. HODGLEY.*

[She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,  
But find that charity has got no ears,  
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—

"Sir, charity—consider its rewards;  
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,  
And covers—O! a multitude of sins."  
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:

'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;  
And with that sin his conscience never was twitted,

The only one he never had committed.  
Next to my knight I plead. He took his head,

Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was  
In these Bath charities a tax he'd found  
More heavy than four shillings in the pound  
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,  
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look a little shabby.

Then such a train, and such expense, to wit,  
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—  
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.

Old Lady Sliplop, at her morning cards,  
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards,  
Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,  
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells.  
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty ospitals.

"I hope your lordship"—then my lord replies,  
'No doubt, the governors are—very wise;"  
But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.  
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste.  
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull—and chaste:

Then swears he to the charity is hearty,  
But can't in honor break his evening party.

When to the gentry alderman I sued,  
The nasty fellow (gad!) was downright rude.  
"Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox?  
The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.

Give me a guinea! Z—ds!" replied the beast,  
"Would buy a ticket for a turtle feast.  
Think what a guinea a-head might set before

Surmulet, turbot, and a grand John Dory.  
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a pinner,  
Unless they gather 't in a dish at dinner."

I trust, by art and more polite address,  
Your fairer advocates met more success;  
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,  
When beauty pleaded for such gen'ral good.

§ 34. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio. 1756. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

To various things the stage has been compar'd,

As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:  
This night, for want of better simile,  
Let this our theatre a tavern be;  
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.  
No, as the cant and custom of the trade is,  
We're welcome, gemmen; kindly welcome, ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;  
You cannot miss the sign; 'tis Shakespeare's head.

From this same head, this fountain-head di-  
For different palates springs a different wine;  
In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin

Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em.  
Hence for the choicest spirits flows Cham-  
pagne,  
Whose sparkling atoms shoot through every  
Then mount in fragrant vapors to th' enraptur'd  
brain.

Here flow for martial minds potations strong,  
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young.  
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[To the upper gallery.]  
There's good old English stingo, mild and  
state:

For luxurious souls, with luscious smack,  
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;

And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,  
Bardolph is giny and Pistol aqua-vitæ.  
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find  
him,

He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him,  
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,  
No more, with merry wings, to Eastcheap come;  
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his  
sack, at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,  
Who catch at words, and, catching, fall asleep;  
Who, in the storms of passion, hum and haw—  
For such our master will no liquor draw—

So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,  
They take Tom Durley's for the Shakspeare's  
Head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,  
And sold much perry for the best Champagne.  
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,  
They drank whole nights—what's that when  
wine is pure?

"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—"I will, my  
Lord."

"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—  
upon my word!

Sir William, what say you?"—"The best,  
believe me.

In this—eh, Jack!—the devil can't deceive  
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;  
Cries out, with lifted hands—"Tis great! di-  
vine!"

Then jogs his neighbor, as the wonders strike  
"This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's  
nothing like him!"

In this night's various and enchanted cup  
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.

The five long acts, from which our three are  
taken,

Stretch'd out to sixteen years,\* lay by, forsaken.  
Lest, then, this precious liquor run to waste,

'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.  
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,

To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 35. *Prologue to the Apprentice. 1756. Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black. GARRICK.*

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!  
The culprit of this night appears before ye:  
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,  
"With all his imperfections on his head!"

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,  
As undertakers walk before the hearse;  
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd  
mind,

And wake its feelings for the dead behind.  
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,  
To melt that rock of rocks, the critic's heart.

No acted fears my vanity betray!  
I am, indeed—what others only play.

Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;  
Though many are its faults, at least 'tis new.

No smuggled, pilfer'd scences from France we  
show;

'Tis English—English, sirs, from top to toe.  
Though coarse my colors, and my hand un-  
skill'd,

From real life my little cloth is fill'd.  
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd

For culling simples—but whose stage-struck  
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.

A place there is, where such young Quixotes  
meet;

'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!  
Where prenticed kings alarm the gaping street.

\* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

There Brutus starts, and stares by midnight taper,

Who all the day enacts—a woollen-drapeer.

Here Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,

Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O,  
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young to-  
bacco-nist.

'The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,  
Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!

Nor young attorneys have this rage withstood,  
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for  
blood;

And (strange reverse!) die for their country's  
good.

Through all the town this folly you may trace;  
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.

I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong  
ye—

Look round—you'll find some spouting youths  
among ye.

To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,  
'To bring them back to reason—and their shop;  
'To raise a harmless laugh, was all my aim;  
And—if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.

Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,  
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:

Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read  
'em;

Whate'er my faults, your candor can exceed

§ 36. *Epilogue to the same.* 1756. *Spoken  
by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[*Enters, reading the play-bill.*

A VERY pretty bill—as I'm alive!

'The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive!

A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!

He'll say, perhaps, he thought I could not  
spout.

Malice and envy to the last degree!

And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he,

And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid

Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in mas-  
querade;

O, pit, have pity—see how I'm disinay'd!

Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,

Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.

But granting that, from these same obsequies,

Some pickings to our bard in black arise;

Should your applause to joy convert his fear,

As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;

Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,

'T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learn'd  
with me to laugh.

I could have shown him, had he been inclin'd,

A spouting junco of the female kind.

'There dwells a milliner in yonder row,

Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for  
show,

Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,  
Damn'd, dama'd dissembler! thinks she's more  
than Zara.

She has a daughter, too, that deals in lace,

And sings "O powder well" and "Chevy Chase."

And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place;

And, in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,  
Presumes on something—touching the lord  
Hamlet.

A cousin, too, she has, with squinting eyes,  
With waddling gait, and voice like London  
cries,

Who, for the stage too short by half a star,  
Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her garb.

And, while she's traversing her scanty room,  
Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at  
home?"

In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,  
The ranting, shining, starting, and the jealous,

The Hotspurs, Romcos, Hamlets, and Othellos.  
O! little do these silly people know

What dreadful trials actors undergo.

Myself, who most in harmony delight,

Am scolding here from morning until night.

Then take advice by me, ye giddy things,

Ye royal milliners, ye apothecaries!

Young men, beware, and shun our slippery

ways,

Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;

And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train

Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning

brain:

Be timely wise; for, O! be sure of this:—

A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 37. *Prologue to the Author.* 1757. FOOTL.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,

With fresh materials furnish out the stage!

Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;

Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.

Nature with novelty does still abound;

On every side fresh follies may be found.

But then the taste of every guest to hit,

To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,

Requires, at least, no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,

Demand the lively rake or modish wife;

Whilst they, who in a lower circle move,

Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.

If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,

Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the

spleen,

The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff.

And cries—"I'll please the gall'ry well  
enough."

Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?

Since fops will frown, where humble traders

smile.

'To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,

And quench his thirst for universal fame,

The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,

Has thus address'd the writers of his day:

"Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,

The stripling tender, and the father old,

Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,

To ease their limbs, and hawk about their wares;

But, as the sluggish animal was weak,

They fear'd, if both should mount, his back

would break:

Up gets the boy, the father leads the

And through the gazing crowd

.. Forth from the throng the gray-beards hobble  
out,

And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.

'This the respect to rev'rend age you show,

And this the duty you to parents owe?

He beats the hoof, and you are set astride:

Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride.'

As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,

'Ne recent, duteous youth resign'd his place.

'Then! fresh murmur through the rabble ran,

Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

'Sure never was brute beast so void of nature!

Have you no pity for the prett' creature?

To your own baby can you be unkind?

Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child be-  
hind.'

'Old Dapple next the clown's compassion  
claim'd:

'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't asham'd!

Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast!

'They might as well have carried him, at least.'

The pair, stil' pliant to the partial voice,

Dismount, and bear the ass—Then what a noise!

Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke.

From the yet silent ass, these words provoke:

'Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;

Vain his attempts, who strives to please them  
all."

§ 33. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken  
by Mr. Shuter, at one of his Benefits.*

FOOTE.

In former times there liv'd one Aristotle,

Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.

To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—

(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter?)

But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance—

A tale—no; truth, nun—I'm just come from  
France.

From Paris I came; why I went there, no mat-  
ter; glad that once more I'm on this side the  
water.

'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me  
o'er;—

But I wish'd to be off when I came down to

To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,

But the sight of such water at once fill'd my  
belly;

They who choose it for physic may drink of the  
sea; only to think on't is physic for me.

When I first went on board, Lord! I heard  
such a racket,

Such babbling and squabbling, fore and aft,  
through the packet;

The passengers bawling, the sailors yoho-ing,  
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blow-  
ing;

Some sick, and some swearing, some singing,  
some shrieking,

Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and  
booms creaking;

"Stop the ship!"—but the tars, never mind-  
ing our cases,

Wink'd their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and  
For such our mas'rs our faces.

We made Calais soon, and were soon set on  
sho

And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er  
trod before. ['Yo, yo-ho,"

The scene was quite chang'd; 'twas no more,  
With "Damme, Jack, yes, boy"—or, "Damme,

Tom, no!" [plaisance;

'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-  
With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd

to France: [ven nu.

"Ah Monsseer Angloy"—they cried—"be-  
Tres humble servant, sir, we glad to see you."

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,  
They flock'd round my carcass like flies in the

shambles [loath,

To be crowded amongst them at first I was  
For fear they should seize me, and souse me

for broth. [terre.

At last, though, they call'd me my *Lor Angle*—  
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my

stare!) [a rd;

"Wee, wee," I cried, "see then"—and put on

So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.  
I expected at France all the world and his

wife,

But I never was balk'd so before in my life

I should see wonders there. I was told by

Monsseer; [queer;

So I did, I saw things that were wonderful  
Queer streets and queer houses, with people

much queerer;

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallaoenure*;

Its a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense  
to me. [sho

All folks there are dress'd in a toyshop-like—  
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fiddler and beau;

Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and  
such skirts— [shirts.

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the  
Then, as to their dinners, their soups

their stewings,  
One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of  
brewings; [agog!

For a slice of roast beef how my mind was  
But for beef they produced me a fricassee'd frog;

Out of window I toss'd it,—it wa'n't fit to eat,—  
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the

street. [june

'Twas not their palaver could make me deter-  
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin

Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand  
Monarque clever; [for ever

I'm for beef, and King George, and old England

§ 39. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe. 1760.*  
GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,  
Came a dread sorceress, her name Romance.

O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,  
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.

In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,  
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:

High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,  
Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,  
 'There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts ;'  
 Precise his manner, and demure his looks,  
 His mind unletter'd, though he dealt in books ;  
 Amorous, though old ; though dull, lov'd re-  
 partee ;

And penn'd a paragraph most daintily :  
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,  
 And never once omitted *eth* or *ed* ;  
 In *hath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,  
 Himself the hero of each little tale ;  
 With wits and lords this man was much de-  
 lighted, [knighted.

And once (it has been said) was near being

One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,  
 Who never heeded grace in what he writ)  
 Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,  
 And, thinking him a subject for the stage,  
 Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,  
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,  
 His affection, consequence, and mien,  
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.  
 Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,  
 All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then Peter, — *Petros* was his classic name, —  
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,  
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,  
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.  
 The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,  
 "The case you put I fully understand ;  
 The thing is plain from *Coccos*'s reports,  
 For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts :  
 A libel this — I'll make the nummer know it." —  
 A Grecian constable took up the poet,  
 Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,  
 Call'd harmless humor scandalous abuse :  
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,  
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'n'r free :  
 Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

‡ 45. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage.*  
 1766. GARRICK.

POETS and Painters, who from nature draw  
 Their best and richest stores, have made this  
 law,  
 That each should, neighborly, assist his brother,  
 And steal, with decency, from one another.  
 To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the  
 thought,  
 Which from the canvass to the stage is brought ;  
 And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,  
 As he who pictur'd morals and mankind ?  
 But not the same their characters and scenes :  
 Both labor for one end by diff'rent means ;  
 Each, as it suits him, takes a sep'rate road,  
 Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode ;  
 Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,  
 And change rich blood for more substantial  
 gold !

And honor'd trade from int'rest turns aside,  
 To hazard happiness for titled pride.  
 The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye ;  
 While England lives, his fame can never die :

\* George Faulkner, bookseller.

But he who struts his hour upon the stage  
 Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;  
 Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save —  
 The art and artist share one common grave.

O let me drop one tributary tear, [bier !  
 On poor Jack Falstaff's grave and Juliet's  
 You to their worth must testimony give ;  
 'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live  
 Still as the scenes of life will shift away,  
 The strong impressions of their art decay.  
 Your children cannot feel what you have  
 known. [Towa.

They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their  
 The greatest glory of our happy few,  
 Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

‡ 46. *Epilogue to the English Merchant.*  
 1767. GARRICK.

Enter Lady Allon [Mrs. Abington] in a pas-  
 sion ; Spatter [Mr. King] following.

L. Allon. I'll hear no more, thou wretch !  
 Spatter. Attend to reason !

L. Allon. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty-  
 treason !

Hear reason, blockhead ! Reason ! what is that !  
 Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat !  
 Won't you begone ? What, won't you ? What's  
 your view ? [You. —

Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in

L. Allon. I renounce such things ;  
 Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the  
 strings :

My mind is discord all ! I scorn, detest  
 All human kind — you more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am — but  
 weigh the matter.

L. Allon. I won't hear reason ! and I hate  
 you, Spatter !

Myself, and ev'ry thing.

Spatter. That I deny ;  
 You love a little mischief, ro do I ;  
 And mischief I have for you.

L. Allon. How ? where ? when ?  
 Will you stab Falbridge ?

Spatter. Yes, Ma'am — with my pen.

L. Allon. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death  
 you've stung 'em,

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.  
 Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my  
 trade is, [Indies.

Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and  
 There will be danger.

L. Allon. And there shall be pay —  
 Take my purse, Spatter ! [Gives it him.

Spatter. In an honest way.

[Smiles, and takes it.

L. Allon. Should my lord beat you —

Spatter. Let them laugh that win.  
 For all my bruises here's gold beater's skin.

[Chinking the purse.

L. Allon. Nay, should he kill you !

Spatter. Ma'am ?

L. Allon. My kindness meant  
 To pay your merit with a monument !

† Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

.. *Spatter*. Your kindness, lady, takes away my breath :

[death.]

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side

*L. Alton*. Attack Amelia, both in verse and

Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,

*Spatter*. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's breast :

And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.

It'll make them miserable, never fear ;

Pact in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan ;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

*L. Alton*. Thanks, thanks, dear *Spatter* ! be severe and bold !

[purse of gold.]

*Spatter*. No qualms of conscience with a

Though pill'ries threaten, and though crab-sticks fall,

[all.]

Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and

[*Exit Spatter*.]

*Lady, Alton alone.*

'Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—

O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same *Spatter* !

His precious mischief makes the storm subside !

My anger, thank my stars ! all rose from pride ;

Pride should belong to us alone of fashion ;

And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion.

Love, pity, tenderness, are only made

For poets, Abigail, and folks in trade.

Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,

And some are better bred—who live with us.

How low lord Falbridge is !—He takes a wife,

To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life !

'Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,

No pleasure like a *various tête-à-tête* !

Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,

There are not many such poor souls among 'em.

Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,

And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.

With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather,

[*thor* :

And, farmers both, 'trudge arm in arm toge-

Now view their stock, now in their nursery

prattle,

For ever with their children or their cattle.

Like the dull mill-horse in one round they

keep ;

They walk, talk, fondle, dine and fall asleep ;

" Their custom always in the afternoon—"

He begins as Sol, and she the chaste full moon !

We'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,

She rubs her shoes, his lordship rubs his shins ;

She sips and snuffs—" Next week's our wed-

ding-day,

Married seven years, and every hour more

gay !" • [*Yawns*.

" True, Emmy," cries my lord, " the blessing

Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathise !" [*lies,*

[*Yawns*.

To-day thus spent, my lord for music calls ;

He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls ;

The children join, which so delight these nin-

nies,

The brats seem all Guaduccies, Lovatinis.—

What means this qualm ?—Why, sure, while I'm despising.

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising !

O no !—Contempt is struggling to burst out—

I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's rout.

[*Exit hastily*.]

§ 47. *Epilogue to Zenobia*. 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington*. GARRICK.

[*She peeps through the curtain*.

How do you all, good folks !—In tears, for certain ;

I'll only take a peep behind the curtain .

You're all so full of tragedy and sadness.

For me to come among you would be madness !

'This is no time for giggling—when you've leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure ;

As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,

Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[*She enters upon their clapping*.

This is so good ! to call me out so soon—

The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon ;

She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honor,

And begg'd of her to take the task upon her ;

But she, I am sure you'll all be sorry for't.

Resigns her place, and soon retires from court .

To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,

When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.

The Comic Muse, whose ev'ry smile is grace.

And her stage sister, with her tragic face,

Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case ;

And on their friends assembled now I wait,

To give you of their difference a true state.

Melpomene complains, when she appears,

For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em,

Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em—

Some flippant hussy, like myself, comes in ;

Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,

" Hey ! Presto ! pass !"—all topsy-turvy see,

For " ho, ho, ho ! " is chang'd to " he, he, he ! "

We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue ;

'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—*Epilogue* ;

O, shame upon you !—for the time to come,

Know better, and go miserable home.

What says our comic goddess ?—With reproaches,

She vows her sister Tragedy encroaches !

And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,

Is known to have an amorous disposition !

For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,

Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie !

She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.

Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smother,

Rais'd such a tragic-comic kind of pother.

You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with t'other.

[*scenes* !

What can be done ?—and work behind the

There comic females scold with tragic queens



Each party different ways the foe assails,  
These shake the daggers, those prepare their  
nails.

'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,  
& we shall still continue pulling caps.  
What is your will?—I read it in your faces  
That all hereafter take their proper places,  
Shake hands, and kiss, be friends, and burn  
their cases.

§ 48. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage.* 1768. GARRICK.

THE curtain drop—my mimic life is past,  
That scene of sleep and terror\* was my last.  
Could I in such a scene my exit make,  
When every real feeling is awake?  
Which beating here, superior to all art,  
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.

I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,  
More than in all the characters I've play'd;  
In acted passion, tears may SEEM to flow,  
"But I have that within that passeth show."

Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,  
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:  
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,  
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;  
And may the stage, to please each virtuous  
mind,

Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,  
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:  
Weed out the poison, but be English still!

To all my brethren whom I leave behind,  
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;  
'To me for many years your favors flow'd,  
Humbly receiv'd—on small desert bestow'd:  
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—  
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the  
rest.

§ 49. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man.* 1768. JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life the weary mind  
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,  
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,  
And social sorrow loses half its pain:  
Our anxious baird without complaint may share  
This bustling season's epidemic care;  
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,  
'Toss'd in one common storm with all the great;  
Distress'd alike the statesman and the wit,  
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.  
The busy candidates for power and fame  
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the  
same:

Disabled both to combat or to fly,  
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.  
Uncheck'd on both loud rabblers vent their rage,  
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.  
The offended burgess hoards his angry tale,  
For that bless'd year when all that vote may rail;  
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,  
Till that glad night when all that hate may  
hiss.

\* The last scene of Lady Macbeth.

"This day the powder'd curls and golden  
coat," [vote.]

Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's  
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice  
cries,

"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he flies."

The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing  
tribe;

The hard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.  
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were  
He feels no want of all-persuading gold; [sold.  
But confident of praise, if praise be due,  
Trusts without fear to merit and to joy.

§ 50. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee.* 1769.  
Spoken by Mr. Weston.

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentle-  
folks. [jokes,

From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful  
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to  
declare, [fair;

'Twas fuller, by far, than our Lichfield great  
Such crowds of fine ladies serenading and  
singing,

Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—  
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;  
And yet I will tell it—as well as I'm able.  
First, something in lingo of schools call'd an  
ode;

All critics, they told me, allow'd very good.  
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure  
ye, [Drury.

'Twas made by the little great man of Old  
By my brother Martin, for whose sake. (d'ye  
hear?) [peare;

This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shaks-  
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight  
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and  
fighting.

The procession, 'twas said would have been a  
fine train, [jokes,  
But could not move forward—O la—for the  
rain—

Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine—  
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!  
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, squires,  
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,  
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;  
And when it was done—why, they all came  
away!

Don't let me forget—a main part of the show,  
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fr'd Angl:  
Some turtle I got, which they call'd *paspapee*;  
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.  
I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,  
Prefer good plum pudd'ng to aught I e'er bit on.  
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)  
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree,  
To bed I must go—for which, like a niddy,  
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guinea.  
For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so dainty,  
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the  
cramp.

\* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

“Thus fleec’d—in my pocket I felt a great smart-  
ing,  
Yet griev’d not when I and the splinters were  
parting, [brother *Martin*.  
’Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet  
He spoke, ’till poor Scrub was just fit with  
one eye  
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry;  
Which makes me now tell you, without any  
brag, [wag.  
He’s a second to none but the Warwickshire  
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,  
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:  
You never refus’d it—yet never before, [more.  
When granting such kindness, bound gratitude  
I’ve but to own, with a diligent spirit,  
Your favors have ever outrun my slight merit.

§ 51. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Chariot.*  
1769. Spoken by Mr. Foote. GARRICK.

Your servant, kind masters, from bottom to  
top, [mean hop;  
Be assur’d while I breathe, or can stand—I  
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to  
grumble, [humble.  
Be whatever you please, I am still your most  
As to laugh is a right only given to man,  
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.  
Fair ladies, don’t frown—infant woman too:  
What’s committ’d to man, must be common to  
you.  
You, all have a right your sweet muscles to  
curl,  
From the old smirking prude to the titt’ring  
young girl;  
And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,  
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.  
In this present summer, as well as the past,  
To your favor again we present Dr. Last,  
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers re-  
counted, [ed.  
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mount-  
Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,  
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot  
could slay one. [sent,  
So when doctors on wheels with despatches are  
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.  
But think not to physic that quackery’s con-  
fin’d; [mankind:  
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are  
There’s trade, law, and state quacks: nay,  
wou’d we but search,  
We should find—Heaven bless us!—some  
quacks in the church! [race,  
The stiff band and stiff bob of the Methodist  
Give the balm of life and the tincture of  
grace; [is done ‘em,  
And their poor wretched patients think much  
Though blisters and caustics are ever upon ‘em.  
As for laws and the state, if quackery’s a curse,  
Which will make the good bad, and the bad  
will make worse, [lar brother;  
We should point out the quack from the regu-  
They are wiser than I who can tell one from  
t’other!

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Can the stage with its bills, puffs, and patients  
stand trial?  
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-  
Royal? [town,  
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff’d on the  
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.  
Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack’ry  
delight, [night.  
And sweat down an author some pounds in one  
To return to our quack—should he, help’d by  
the weather.  
Raise laughter and kind perspiration together;  
Should his nostrums of hip and of vapors but  
cure ye,  
His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:  
’Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,  
And easier still is that chariot laid down.  
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,  
That you’ll not stop his wheels, or his chariot  
tip over. [wou’d be,  
Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on’t  
Should you overturn him, you may overset me.

§ 52. *Prologue to the Jubilee.* 1769. Spoken  
by Mr. King in the Character of a Waiter.

GARRICK.

FROM London, your honors, to Stratford I’m  
come; [I’m  
I’m a waiter, your honors; you know bustling  
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before  
Till supper is ready, I’ll tell ye a story. [ye,  
’Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrook, two  
houses of fame, [name  
Well known on that road, the two Maggies by  
The one of long standing, the other a new one;  
This boasts it’s the old one, and that it’s the  
true one.  
Sure we, the old Magpie, as well as the younger,  
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.  
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;  
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.  
A race we have had for your pastime and  
laughter; [after.  
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping  
’Tis said the old house hath possess’d a receipt  
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and  
sweet;  
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,  
Ensur’d the old Magpie a good running trade.  
But think you we mean to monopolize?—No, no,  
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono,  
Each Magpie, your honors, will pick at his  
brother, [other.  
And their natures were always to crib from each  
Young landlords and old ones are taught by  
their calling [ing.  
To laugh at engrossing—but practise forestall-  
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but  
grant ‘em, [tam.  
I’ll warrant you pastime from each little ban-  
Let’s return to the punch—I hope from my soul,  
That now the old Magpie may sell you a bowl.  
We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to  
drive, [five:  
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling,

In this town of Stratford we'll have each ingredient,  
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.  
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,  
[coming, a coming, a coming!  
And be back in a moment. *[Bell rings]* A

§ 53. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale.* 1774.  
GARRICK.

*[Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes. Enter Mr. Palmer in the Character of Christmas.]*

Go on—prepare my bounty for my friends,  
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, attends.  
*To the Audience.*

Behold a personage, well known to fame,  
Once lov'd and honor'd—Christmas is my name!

My officers of state my taste display;  
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;  
Holly and ivy round me honors spread,  
And my retinue show—I'm not ill fed;  
Minc'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,  
And a large carving-knife adorns my side,  
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn:  
Thus turban for my head—is collar'd brown.  
Though old, and white my locks, my cheeks  
are cherry;

Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always  
With carol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,  
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummer, and ale,  
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;  
For new strange modes, imported by the score,  
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!  
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,  
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you  
desire.)

Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,  
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;  
Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,

Hear my tale out, see all that's to be seen,  
Take care, my children, that you well behave:  
You, sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave:  
'That critic there in black—so stern and thin,  
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin—  
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;  
Why, madam, at this time so cross appear you?  
Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband  
near you.

Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you  
Should hear my tale—you've something else to  
do;

Nor will our beaux old English fair encourage;  
No foreign taste could e'er digest plum por-  
ridge.

I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;  
My food is meant for honest, hearty grinners.  
For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring,  
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:  
Open your mouths, pray, swallow every thing!  
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;  
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;  
The proverb change—Be merry but not wise.

§ 54. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks.*  
1774. Spoken by Mr. King in the Character of Fame. GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues,  
ears,

See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,  
In legers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!  
My soaring wings are fine election speeches,  
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.  
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—  
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?

*[Offering it.]*

No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;  
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.

Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months 'tist,  
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taste.  
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;  
Now Highgate glitters from her hill o' clouds;  
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion  
struck,

Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:  
And Drury misses here, "in tawdry pride,  
Are there Pastors by the fountain side."  
To frouzy bow'rs they reel through midnight  
damps,

With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking  
Both far and near did this new whimsey run,  
One night it frisk'd, forsooth, at Islington.  
And now, as for the public-house bound to cater,  
Our manager must have his *fête champêtre*.  
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.

*[Looking about.]*

A storm's the devil on *champêtre* night!  
Lest it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,  
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:  
He means a show as brilliant as at Cox's,  
Laugh for the pit, and may be at the house.  
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,  
The merry-making of a wedding day.

Whose is the piece?—'Tis 'th surmise, sugges-  
tion—

Is't his, or hers, or yours, sir? That's the ques-  
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,  
Left it a paling infant at the door;  
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied  
cloaks,

And on the breast was written—*Maid o' the  
Oaks.*

The actors crowded round—the girls caress'd  
Lord! the sweet pretty babe!—they prais'd  
and bless'd it;

The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and  
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse  
Of being smother'd by a parish-curse: [it:  
As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praise  
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

55. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, monsieur, and sign,  
And all the dangers of the Italian shore;  
From squeaking monarchs and chromatic  
queens,  
And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,

Where F<sup>ashion</sup>, and not Feeling, bears the sway,

Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,  
I come.—All hail the consecrated earth,

Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare birth!

Gave that great master of the scenic art  
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;

To check th' unruly passions' wild career,  
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;

Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,  
The sc<sup>ot</sup>, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;

Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,  
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:

Such was your bard. Who then can deem the  
This worthless fav'rite of an idle age? [stage

Of judge that pleasure, with instruction join'd,  
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?

Far other thoughts your generous breasts inspire,

Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:  
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,

That the same parents gave those sisters birth,  
Cold, creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,

And bade this temple to the muses rise.  
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!

Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!  
Placed by your favor, and by right divine,

Th' unworthy high priest of the sacred nine,  
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,

Nor ought be offer'd to the public view,  
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 56. *Prologue to Bon Ton.* 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in every thing bears sovereign sway,

And words and periwigs have both their day;  
Each have their purities too, are modish each,

In stated districts wigs as well as coaches,  
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie;

The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high;  
The coachman's cauliflower built tiers on tiers;

Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,  
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles

From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.

What is Bon Ton!—"O, damme!" cries a buck,

Half drunk—"ask me, my dear, and you're in  
Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the watch,

Pick up a watch, drink healths, and roar a  
Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your swing!

Bon Ton is life, my dear, Bon Ton's the  
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"

Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields,  
"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and

Monday,

And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!

'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,  
At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt

spoons!

'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and pat  
tens,

To dance *covellions* all in silks and satins!"

"Vulgar!" cries Miss—"Observe, in higher  
life, [wide

The feather'd spinsters, and thrice feather'd  
The Club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant trade

Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade! [new;

'Tis plays and puppet-shows—"Tis something  
'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu*!

Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason,  
'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit when out of season!

A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;  
A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice.

To visit friends—you never wish to see;  
Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree.

Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and  
curl'd—

This is Bon Ton, and thus we call the world!"

"True," says my Lord, "and thou, my only  
son, [Ton!

Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon  
Who toils for learning at a public school,

And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.  
French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jusez*!

prate, chatter!

Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!  
Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs

Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.  
Of courtly friendship form a treacherous league,

Seduce men's daughters, with their wives in-  
trigue;

In slightly semicircles round your nails, [fairs:  
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-talk

But never laugh, whatever jest prevails:  
Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,

That vulgar way the vulgar show their mirth.  
Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that justles,

Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.  
Hearts may be black, but all should wear clean faces;

The graces, boy! the graces, graces, graces!"

Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city through,  
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtu*,

And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view:  
To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless tints,

Hits off a sketch or two, like Daryl's prints.  
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts

strike 'em,  
'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 57. *Prologue to the Rivals.* 1775.

SHERIDAN.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney follow-  
ing, and giving a Paper.

Serg. WHAT's here?—a vile cramp hand!  
I cannot see

Without my spectacles.

Att. He means his fee.  
Nay, Mr. Sergeant, good sir, try again.

[Gives Money.  
Serg. The scrawl improves—[more.] O  
come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey ! how's this ?—Dibble !—sure it cannot be !  
A poet's brief ! a poet—and a fee ! [I know,  
*Att.* Yea, sir ! though *you* without reward,  
Would gladly plead the muses' cause—

*Serg.* So, so !

*Att.* And if the fee offends, your wrath  
should fall

On me—

*Serg.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

*Att.* Some sons of Phœbus in the Courts we  
meet—

*Serg.* And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet !

*Att.* Nor pleads he worse, who, with a de-  
cent sprig

Of bays, adorns his legal waste of wig.

*Serg.* Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs  
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl ! [unfurl  
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,  
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays. [ply,

*Att.* Do you then, sir, my client's place sup-  
profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—  
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,  
And wonted bashful, hesitating grace,  
Rise in the Court, and flourish on the case.

[Exit.

*Serg.* For practice, then, suppose—this brief  
will show it—

Me, Sergeant Woodward—counsel for the poet.  
Us'd to the ground—I know 'tis hard to deal  
With this dread Court, from whence there's  
no appeal ;

No tricking here to blunt the edge of law,  
Or damn'd in equity—escape by flaw ; [main ;  
But, judgment given—your sentence must re-  
No writ of error lies—to Drury-Lane !

Yet, when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute  
We gain some favor, if not costs of suit.  
No spleen is here ! I see no hoarded fury ;  
I think I never fac'd a milder jury ! [portation,  
Sad else our plight !—where frowns are trans-

\* A hiss the gallows—and a groan damnation !  
But such the public candor, without fear  
My client waves all right of challenge here.  
No newsman from our session is dismiss'd,  
Nor wit nor critic woe scratch off the list ;  
His faults can never hurt another's ease,  
His crime, at worst—a bad attempt to please :  
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,  
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

§ 58. *Epilogue to the Same.* 1775. SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for you—I heard our poet say,  
He'd try to coax some moral from his play ;  
“ One moral's plain,” cried I, “ without more  
Man's social happiness all rests on us : [fuss ;  
Through all the drama, whether damn'd or not,  
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.  
From ev'ry rank obedience is our due :  
D'y'e doubt ?—the world's great stage shall  
prove it true.”

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,  
Will sup abroad ; but first—he'll ask his wife.  
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the  
same ;

But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.

The surly squire at noon resolves to rule,  
And half the day—Zounds ! Madam is a fool !  
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,  
“ Ah, Kate ! you women have such coaxing  
ways !”

The jolly toper chides each tardy bride,  
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid ;  
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers  
swim,

And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim !  
Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and  
wise,

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes ;  
The servile suitors watch her various face,  
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,  
Curt'sies a pension here—there nods a place,  
Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,  
Is view'd the mistress, or is heard the wife.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,  
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,  
Early from radiant love's impartial light  
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of  
night ;

Dear spark ! that oft, through winter's chilling  
woes,

Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wand'ring tar, who not for years has  
press'd

The widow'd parent of his day of rest,  
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd.  
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd :  
And, while around the cadence rude is blown,  
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and foil,  
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile ;  
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,  
The lover trembles—and the hero dyes—  
That heart, by war and honor stee'd to fear,  
Droops on a sigh, and sickens, a tear !

But, scarce cautious—ye nice-judging few,  
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,  
Though friends to love—ye view with deep  
regret

Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incom-  
plete,

Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,  
And judgment fix the darts which beauty  
throws.

In female breasts did sense and merit rule,  
The lover's mind would ask no other school ;  
Sham'd into sense—the scholars of our eyes,  
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise ;  
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,  
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love !

§ 59. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora.* 1775.  
SHERIDAN.

Ye wedded critics, [To the Pit.] who have  
mark'd our tale,

How say you ? does our plot in nature fail ?  
May we not boast that many a modern wife  
Would lose her own, to save a husband's life ?  
Would gladly die—O monstrous and ill bred !  
There's not a husband here but shakes his  
head !

But you, my gall'ry friends— [*First Gallery.*] Come, what say you?

Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too!

Above there—hey, lads! [*Upper Gallery.*]

You'll not treat us so—

You side with us!—They grin and grumble No!

Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies,

Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *bogies*!

Inhuman beaux!—why that ill-satur'd sneer?

What! then, you think there's no such idiot here? [know,

There are, no doubt, though rare to find, I Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow.

Two years a wife—view *Lesbia*, sobbing, crying;

Her chair is waiting, but my lord is dying:

Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid

To countermand her points and new brocade;

“For, Oh! if I should lose the *best of men*,

Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.

So, Lappet, should he die when I am out,

You'll send for me at *Lady Basto's* rout:

The doctor said he might hold out till three,

But I ha'n't spirits for the *Coterie*! [fever,

Now change the scene—place, madam in the

My lord, for comfort, at the *Cuvainr Vivre*;

His valet enters—shakes his meager head—

“Chapeau, what news?”—“Ah! sir, my lady's dead.” [sick!—

“The deuce!—’tis sudden, faith—but four days

Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate!)—eleven's a nick.”

But hence reflections on a senseless train,  
Who lost to real joy, should feel no pain!

‘Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light

Reveal the love which charn'd *Joe's* hearts to-night; [fer,

Show beauteous martyrs; who would each pre-

To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;

Domestic heroines, who, with tenderest care,

Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;

Search where the rankling evils most abound.

And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.

Not such bright virtues in a royal mind,

Were not alone to *Edward's* day confin'd;

Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,

And glow an *Eleonora* of our own.

#### § 60. Prologue to *Braganza*. MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace,  
Poor Comedy, resigns her place,  
And, smit with the self's false charms crude;  
She that was false once now turns a prude;  
To her great end the Tragic Muse aspires,  
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.

The comic sister in hysteric fit,  
You'd swear, has lost her memory of wit;  
Folly for her may now exult on high;  
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;  
But, if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.

She that could jig, and nick-name all Heaven's creatures, [tures;

With sorrows, not her own, deforms her face—  
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;

Greece gave her one face, and she makes another—

So very pious, and so full of woe.

You well may bid her, “’Tis a nunnery go.”

Not so Melpomene; to nature true.

She holds her own great principle in view.

She, from the first, when men her power confess'd,

When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,  
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,

The stage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,

Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;

Who, in base times, a life of glory led,

And for their country who have toil'd or bled,  
Hither they come—again they breathe, they live,

And virtue's meed through every age receive.

Hither the murder'rer comes, with ghastly mien, [scene,

And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the

None are exempted; all must re-appear,

And even kings attend for judgment here;

Here find the day, when they their power abuse,

Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,

And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength.

Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,

Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard—(our hopes may rise too high—

'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try:)  
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,

Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame. [rule:

His no French play—tame, polish'd, dull by

Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shak-  
speare's school.

Inspir'd by him, he shows in glaring light

A nation struggling with tyrannic might;

Oppression rushing on with giant strides;

A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;

Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,

A tabature of honor, guilt, and woe.

If on his canvass nature's colors shine, [sign.

You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just de-

#### § 61. Epilogue by Mr. GARRICK on quitting the Stage, June, 1776.

A VETERAN see! whose last act on the stage  
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;  
Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind;

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind:

Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,

When I am gone, to patronise distress,

That hope obtain'd the wish'd-for end secures,

To soothe their cares who sit have lighten'd yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line, [wine,  
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman

Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,  
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his  
nectar!

Shall they who govern Fortune, cringe and  
court her,

Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?

Like Belisarius tax the pitying street

With *date obolum* to all they meet? [gore;

Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in

Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;

Who numbers slew in battle on this plain—

Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?

Brother to all, with equal love I view

The men who slew me, and the men I slew:

I must, I will this happy project seize,

That those too old to die may live with ease.

Suppose the babes, I smother'd in the Tow'r,

By chance, or sickness, lose their acting-pow'r,

Shall they, once princes, worse than all be

serv'd— [starv'd?

In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd,

Matrons half-ravish'd for your recreation,

In age should never want some consolation.

Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,

Behold, O, horrible! my father's ghost,

With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and

down,

And he, the royal Dane, want half a crown?

Forbid it, ladies! gentlemen, forbid it!

Give joy to age, and let 'em say—you did it.

To you, ye gods! [to the Upper Gallery.] I make

my last appeal;

You have a right to judge, as well as feel;

Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,

That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts

may dine?

Olympus shakos!—that omen all secures;

May every joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 62. *Prologue to the Capuchin.* 1776.  
*Spoken by Mr. Foote.* COLMAN.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene

Discover meanings that I never mean;

Whatever character I bring to view,

I am the father of the child, 'tis true,

But ev'ry babe his christ'ning owes to you.

"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air

Glancing from Watling-Street to Grosvenor-

Square,

He bodied forth a light, ideal train,

And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:

Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,

And gives to airy nothing place and name."

A limner once, in want of work, went down

To try his fortune in a country town:

The wagon, loaded with his goods, convey'd

To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade.

Originals and copies—ready made.

To the new painter all the country came;

Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire and dame,

The humble curate, and the curate's wife,

All ask a likeness—taken from the life.

Behold the canvass on the easel stand!

A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd

his hand:

But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,  
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.

The wagon-load unpack'd, his ancient store

Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,

(God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.

The Cæsars, with a little alteration,

Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation.

To represent the rector and the dean,

He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugenio:

The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces

From Charles the Second's beauties, and the

Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,

His works adorn'd each room, and spread his

fame;

The countrymen of taste admire and stare:

"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely like!

And in the style and manner of Vandyrke!

Oh! this new limner's pictures always strike!"

Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or

little,

"The very man or woman to a tittle!"

Foote and this limner in some points agree,

And thus, good sirs, you often deal by me.

When, by the royal license and protection,

I show my small academy's collection,

The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry

Into each picture with a curious eye;

Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,

And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.

But still the copy's so exact, you say;

Alas! the same thing happens ev'ry day!

How many a modish, well-dress'd top you meet,

Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-Street;

In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-Alley,

'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet agree—

As honest Crispin understands his trade,

On the true human scale his lasts are made,

The measure of each sex apt age to hit,

And ev'ry shoe, if beseech'd, will fit.

My warehouse thus, for nature's walks supplies

Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size.

Sit still, and try them, sirs—I long to please

you—

How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:

If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:

But if well-made—I wish you heel it."

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Runaway.* 1776.

RICK.

POSTHASTE from Italy arrives my lover!

Shall I to you, good friends, my fears discover?

Should foreign modes his virtues mar and

mangle,

And *caro sposo* prove—*Dingle Dangle*;

No sooner *part* than *separate* we go;

Abroad—we never shall each other know,

At home—I mope above—he'll pick his teeth

below.

In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,

And, wedded though I am, shall still live single.

However modish, I detest this plan;

For me no mawkish creature, weak and wan;

He must be English—and an English man.

to nature and his country false and blind,  
Should Belville dare to twist his form and  
mind,

I will discard him—and, to Britain true,  
A Briton choose—and may be one of you—  
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jest;  
Freemen, in love or war, should ne'er be press'd.

If you would know my utmost expectation,  
'Tis one unspoil'd by travell'd education;  
With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and  
some whim, [him.  
Good sense to govern me—and let me govern  
Great love of me must keep his heart from  
roving;

Then I'll forgive him, if he proves to loving.  
In these times I should be bless'd by fate  
With such a phoenix, such a matchless mate,  
I will by kindness, and some small discerning,  
Take care that Hymen's torch continues burn-  
ing.

At weddings, now-a-days, the torch, thrown  
down,  
Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout  
the town!

No married Britan, I'll follow pleasure—  
And even the fashion—but in moderate meas-  
ure;

I will of opera ecstasies partake,  
Though I take snuff to keep myself awake:  
No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,  
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;  
Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,  
To show the soil can teem with ev'ry thing;  
No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the ample  
space,

A kitchen-garden to adorn my face!

rocks shall there be seen, no windmill,  
fountain;

Nor curls, like guns set round to guard the  
mountain

O, learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,  
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!  
Be not misled by strange fantastic Art,  
But in your dress let Nature take some part:  
Her skill alone a lasting pow'r ensures,  
And best can ornament such charms as yours.

§ 64. *Epilogue to Semiramis.* 1776.

SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding  
crown,

Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?  
No, beauteous mourners!—from whose down-  
cast eyes

The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!

Whose gentle posture. *Pity's altars*, bear

The crystal image of a weeping tear!—

There lives the poet's praise!—no critic art  
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er,

Which mute attention had approv'd before,  
Though ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest  
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast,  
Still hearts refin'd their sudden'd tints retain—  
The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!

Scarce have they smiles to honor grace or wit,  
Though Roscius spoke the verse himself had  
writ!

Thus through the time when vernal fruits re-  
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;  
Though every coarser stem of forest birth  
Throws with the morning-beam its dew to  
earth,

Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon—  
But, bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.

O, could the Muse one simple moral teach.  
From scenes like these, which all who heard  
might reach!

Thou child of sympathy—whoe'er thou art,  
Who with Assyria's queen has wept thy part—  
Go search where keener woes demand relief,  
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancied  
grief—

Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,  
The graceful tear still lingering in thine eye—  
Go—and on real misery bestow  
The bless'd effusion of fictitious woe!

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,  
Deserve indeed the title of—*divine*!  
Virtue shall own her favor'd from above,  
And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love!

§ 65. *Prologue to the School for Scandal.* 1777.

GARRICK.

A SCHOOL for scandal!—'Tell me, I beseech  
you, [you?]

Needs there a school this modish art to teach  
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—  
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.  
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapors  
Distress our fair ones, let them read the papers;  
Their powerful mixtures such disorders hit,  
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.

"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood, (who  
loves tattle,

And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle,)—  
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when  
thrashing, [freshing!

"Strong tea and scandal—bless me, how re-  
Give me the papers, Liss—how bold and free!  
[sips.] [Lady D.]"

"Last night Lord L. [sips.] was caught with  
For aching heads, what charming *sal volatile*!  
[sips.]

"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,  
We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the  
curtain."

Fine satire, pox! in public all abuse it!  
But, by ourselves, [sips.] our praise we can't  
refuse it.

Now, Liss, read you—there, at that dash and  
star."

"Yes, ma'am—A certain lord had best beware,  
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor-  
Square;

For, should he Lady W. find willing—  
Wormwood be bitter!"—"!"! that's me—the  
villain!

Throw it behind the fire, and never more  
Let that vile paper come within my door."



Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the  
 dart;  
 To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.  
 Is our young bard so young, to think that he  
 Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?  
 Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—  
 Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.  
 So strong, so swift, the monster there's no  
 gagging;  
 Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wag-  
 ging.  
 Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,  
 Again our young Don Quixotte takes the road;  
 To show his gratitude, he draws his pen,  
 And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;  
 From his fell gripe the frightened fair to save—  
 'Though he should fail, th' attempt must please  
 the brave.  
 For your applause, all perils he would through,  
 He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,  
 Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is spilt for  
 you.

§ 66. *Epilogue to the same.* 1777. *Spoken  
 by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady  
 Teazle.* CULMAN.

I, WHO was late so volatile and gay,  
 Like a trade-wind, must now blow all one way;  
 Bend all my cares, my studies and my vows,  
 To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:  
 So wills our virtuous bard!—the pie-bald Bayes  
 Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.  
 Old bachelors, who marry smart young wives,  
 Learn from our play to regulate your lives;  
 Each bring his dear to town—all faults upon  
 her—

London will prove the very source of honor;  
 Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,  
 When principles relax, to brace the nerves.  
 Such is my case—and yet I must deplore  
 That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;  
 And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,  
 Born with a genius for the highest life,  
 Like me untimely blasted in her bloom?  
 Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?  
 Save money—when I just knew how to waste it!  
 Leave London—just as I began to taste it!  
 Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?  
 The melancholy ticking of a clock?  
 In the lone rustic hall for ever bounded,  
 With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-  
 rounded?

With humble curates can I now retire,  
 (While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,)  
 And at backgammon mortify my soul,  
 That pants for loo, or flutters at a vole?  
 Seven's the main—dear sound!—that must  
 expire,

Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!  
 The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,  
 "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!  
 Farewell the plumed head—the cushion'd tête,  
 That takes the cushion from his proper seat!  
 The spirit-stirring drum!—card-drums I mean!  
 Spadille, odd trick, piau, basto, king, and queen!

And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat  
 The welcome visitor's approach denote—  
 Farewell! all quality of high renown,  
 Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious town,  
 Farewell!—your revels I partake no more;  
 And Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er.  
 All this I told our bard—he smil'd, and said  
 'twas clear

I ought to play deep tragedy next year:  
 Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,  
 And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:  
 "Bless'd were the fair, like you her faults who  
 stopp'd,  
 And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropp'd!  
 No more in vice or error to engage,  
 Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

§ 67. *Prologue to A Word to the Wise, per-  
 formed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Fam-  
 ily.* 1777. JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,  
 Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage.\*  
 From zeal or malice now no more we dread,  
 For English vengeance wars not with the dead.  
 A generous foe regards with pitying eye  
 The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit: reviving from its author's dust  
 Be kind, ye Judges, or at least be just:  
 For no renew'd hostilities invade  
 Th' oblivious grave's unviolable shade.  
 Let one great payment every claim appease,  
 And him who cannot hurt allow to please;  
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,  
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.  
 Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,  
 Approve it only—'tis too late to praise;  
 If want of skill or want of care appear,  
 Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.  
 By all, like him, must praise and blame be found  
 At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.  
 Yet then shall I reflect: 'tis bless the night,  
 When liberal pity dignified delight;  
 When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,  
 And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 68. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury.* 1777.  
 SHERIDAN.

Too long the Muse, attach'd to rocal show,  
 Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;  
 Such as were wont, while yet they charm'd  
 the ear,

To steal the plaudit of a silent tear;  
 When Otway gave domestic grief its part,  
 And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.

A sceptred traitor, lash'd by vice's fatal fate,  
 A bleeding hero, or a falling state,  
 Are themes (though nobly worth the classic  
 song) [long;

Which feebly claim your sighs, not claim them  
 Too great for pity, they inspire respect.  
 Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;  
 Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,  
 Which reason tells us we can never prove.

\* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770,  
 it was damned from the violence of party.

Other the scene, where sadly stand confess'd  
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.  
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,  
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,  
And feel the tale—for who so mean but knows  
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes?  
On a hard ground our hard his fabric built,  
And placed a mirror there for private guilt;  
Where, fatal union! will appear combin'd  
An angel's form and an abandon'd mind;  
Honor attempting passion to reprove,  
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!

Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,  
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,  
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain  
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!  
Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n  
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven!  
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care  
To soothe his sufferings, or demand to share;  
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,  
To win his smile at all that fate could do;  
While, at his death, nor friend's nor mother's  
tear

Fell on the track of his deserted bier!  
So pleads the tale\* that gives to future times  
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;  
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) survive,  
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

§ 69. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma.*  
1778. CUMBERLAND.

ÈRE dark November, with his dripping  
wings,  
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things,  
You then tell how soon the dreary scene  
Affects your wives and daughters with the  
spleen.  
Madam begins: "My dear, these odious rains  
Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;  
In fifty places it came in last night—  
This vile old crazy mansion's such a fright!"  
"What's to be done?"—"In every truth, my  
love,

I think 'twere better for us to remove."  
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse  
Hears but a second interest in the house,  
The bill is pass'd—no sooner said than done—  
Up springs the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:  
Then hark for London! there the game begins;  
Bouquets, and diamond stars, and golden pins,  
A thousand freakish wants, a thousand sighs,  
A thousand poutings, and ten thousand lies.  
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleas-  
ure's gal,

Our madam comes, her gosling her tail;  
Away they scamper to present their faces  
At Johnson's citadel, for side-box places.  
He to their joint and supplicating moan  
Presents a face of brass, a heart of stone;  
Or, monarch-like, while their address is stating,  
Sends them a "veto" by his lord in waiting.

\* Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Returning thence, the disappointed fleet  
Anchors in Tavistock's fantastic street;  
There, under folly's colors, gayly rides  
Where humor points, or veering passion guides.  
In vain the steward racks, and tenants rave:  
Money she wants, and money she will have.  
Meanwhile, terrific hangs the unpaid bill,  
Long as from Portman-Square to Ludgate-Hill.  
The squire, exhausted, in desponding plight  
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the sight,  
Or at the Mount with some old snorter chimes  
In damning wives, and railing at the times.  
Such is the scene!—If, then, we fetch you down  
Amusements which endear the smoky town,  
And through the peasant's poor but useful hands  
We circulate the produce of your lands;  
In this voluptuous, dissipated age,  
Sure there's some merit in our rural stage.  
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,  
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 70. *Epilogue to Percy.* 1778. GARRICK.

I MUST, will speak—I hope my dress and air  
Announce the man of fashion, not the play'r:  
Though gentlemen are now forbid the scenes,  
Yet I have rush'd through heroes, kings, and  
queens:

Resolv'd, in pity to this polish'd age,  
To drive these ballad-heroes from the stage—

"To drive the deer with hound and horn,"  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day."

A pretty basis truly, for a maudlin play!

What! shall a scribbling, senseless woman,  
dare

To offer to your tastes such tasteless fire?  
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with passion,  
Ready, for love or glory, death to dash on,  
Fit company for modern still-life men of  
fashion? [graze;

Such madness will our hearts but slightly  
We've no such frantic nobles now-a-days.

Could we believe old stories, those strange fel-  
lows [ous—

Married for love, could of their wives be jeal-  
Nay, constant to 'em too—and, what is worse,  
The vulgar souls thought cuckoldom a curse!  
Most wedded pairs had then one purse, one  
mind,

One bed too—so preposterously join'd!  
From such barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're  
refin'd.

Old songs at home their happiness record,  
From home they sep'rate carriages abhor'd—  
One horse serv'd both—my lady rode behind  
my lord. [der:

'Twas death alone could snap their bonds asun-  
Now tack'd so slightly, not to snap's the wonder.  
Nay, death itself could not their hearts divide;  
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;  
For, cut in stone, they still lay side by side.

† This prologue was spoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire.

But why these Gothic ancestors produce ?  
 Why scour their rusty armors ? what's the use ?  
 'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,  
 To see us beaux bend under coats of mail :  
 Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruise,  
 Good Heaven ! how much court-plaster we  
 should use !

We wear no armor now—but on our shoes.  
 Let not with barbarism true taste be blended ;  
 Old, vulgar virtues cannot be defended ;  
 Let the dead rest—we living can't be mended.

§ 71. *Epilogue to Fatal Falsehood.* 1779.

SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen ! By Heaven, I say,  
 I'll make a ghost of him who bars my way !

[*Behind the scenes.*]

Forth let me come—a poetaster true,  
 As lean as Envy, and as baneful too ;  
 On the dull audience let me vent my rage,  
 Or drive these female scribblers from the stage.  
 For sense or history, we've none but these :  
 The law of liberty and wit they seize ;  
 In tragic—comic—pastoral—they dare to  
 please.

Each puny bard must surely burst with spite,  
 To find that women with such fame can write :  
 But, oh ! your partial favor is the cause,  
 Who feed their follies with such full applause ;  
 Yet still our tribe shall seek to blast their fame,  
 And ridicule each fair pretender's aim,  
 Where the dull duties of domestic life  
 Wage with the muse's toils eternal strife.

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,  
 While maids and metaphors conspire to vex !  
 In studious dishabille behold her sit,  
 A letter'd gossip, and a housewife's wit ;  
 At once invoking, though for different views,  
 Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.  
 Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,  
 A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise ;  
 Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied  
 mass,

Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass ;  
 Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,  
 And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid ;  
 Here new-born plays foretaste the town's ap-  
 plause,

There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze :  
 A moral essay now is all her care ;  
 A satire next, and then a bill of fare :  
 A scene she now projects, and now a dish ;  
 Here's act the first—and here—Remove with  
 fish.

Now, while this eye in a fine phrensy rolls,  
 That, soberly, casts up a bill for coals ;  
 Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,  
 And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thim-  
 bles mix.

Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,  
 For years esteem'd all household studies wrong ;  
 When, dire mishap ! though neither shame nor  
 sin,

Sappho herself, and not her muse, lies in.

The virgin Nine in terror fly the bow'r,  
 And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r :  
 Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,  
 A caudle-cup supplants the sacred urn ;  
 Nor books nor implements escape their rage,  
 They spike the ink-stand, and they <sup>up</sup> the  
 page :

Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake ;  
 Ovid and Plautus suffer at the stake ;  
 And Aristotle's only sav'd—to wrap plum-cake.

Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene ?  
 And dare—but hold—I must repress my spleen :  
 I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,  
 While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her  
 cause,

Well pleas'd to aid—since o'er his sacred bier  
 A female hand did ample trophies rear,  
 And gave the gentlest laurel that is worshipp'd  
 there.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture.*

1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'd by rude gales, while yet reluctant  
 May

With-olds the beauties of the vernal day ;  
 As some fond maid, whom maftern-frowns re-  
 prove.

Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love ;  
 The season's pleasures, too, delay their hour,  
 And winter revels with protracted power :  
 Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring  
 A winter's drama ; but reproach—the spring.  
 What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,  
 Bask in his whiskeys, and enjoy the dust ?  
 Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark  
 Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park :  
 Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,  
 Scour the New-Road, and dash through Grosve-  
 nor-Gate.

Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,  
 The hack'd Buccinalus of Fotten-Row,  
 Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,  
 Woos the stray glance of ladies passing by ;  
 While his off-heel, insidiously aside,  
 Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.  
 Scarce rural Kensington due honor gains :  
 The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,  
 Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,  
 Nodding to booted beaux—“ How do, how do ? ”  
 With gen'ral questions, that no shaver wait,  
 “ How vastly full ! A'n't you come awfully late ?  
 Isn't it quite charming ? When do you leave  
 town ? ”

An't you quite tir'd ? Pray, can we set you  
 down ? ”

These suburb pleasures of a London May  
 Imperfect yet—<sup>but</sup> the <sup>old</sup> delay :  
 But if this praise is denied, in our excuse,  
 Another still remains you can't refuse ;  
 It is a lady writes—and, hark—a noble muse !  
 But see a critic starting from his bench—  
 “ A noble author ! ” Yes, sir, but the play's  
 not French ;

Yet, if it were, no blame on us could fall ;  
 For we, you know, must follow fashion's call :

And true, it is, things lately were in train  
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-Lane;  
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,  
But treat you with French actors—in our  
elves.

A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak  
Pure Pippant French—by contract—in a week;  
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,  
Polish, and leave off being understood:  
That crowded audiences we thus might bring  
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King;  
Or, should the vulgar grumble now and then,  
The prompter might translate—for country  
gentlemen.

Straight all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes,  
singer, actor;

A Flanders figure-dancer, our contractor.  
But here I grieve to own, though 't be to you,  
He acted—e'en as most contractors do:  
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount  
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account.  
And what th' event? Their industry was such,  
Bodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad  
Dutch.

Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,  
So it was for sign, it was sure to please:  
Beaux, wits, applaud, as fashion should com-  
mand.

And misses laugh—to seem to understand.  
So from each clime our soil may something  
gain; [Spain;

Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from  
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,  
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.  
Exotic sopperies, hail! whose flatt'ring smile  
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!

Thou while with Chinese firs and Indian pines  
Our nurs'rie-swarm, the British oak declines.  
Yet vain our Muse's fear—no foreign laws  
We dread, whilst native beauty tends our cause;  
While you, too, judge, who smiles are honors  
higher [inspire.

Than verse should gain, but where those eyes  
But if the men presume your power to awe,  
Retort their churlish senatorial law:  
This is your house—and move—the gentle-  
men withdraw.

Then they may vote with envy never-ceasing,  
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing;  
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;  
Sure *no* will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 73. *Epilogue to the same.* 1780. JERVILL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,  
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;  
Full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,  
Have long monopoliz'd the *à la mode*'s walk.  
But still the illipant Epilogue was ours:  
It ask'd, for gay support, the female powers;  
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,  
And so, to murder it, they fix on me.

Much they mistake my talents—I was born  
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;  
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes;  
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.

Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,  
You still shall find that we can read and write;  
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate.  
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,  
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhetoric flow,  
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.  
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,  
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!  
The storm of Question, the division calm.  
With "Hear her hear! her! Mrs. Speaker,  
ma'am!

O, order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,  
And Margaret moves, and Tabitha replies.

Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley  
Common

Supplied, at least, for every tent a woman;  
The cartridge-paper wrapp'd the bullet-down,  
The rear and piket form'd the rendezvous;  
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,  
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Surgeon's* head:  
Love was the watch-word, till the morning life  
Rous'd the tame major and his warlike wife.

Look to the stage—to-night's example draws  
A female dramatist to grace the cause—

So fade the triumphs of presumptuous men!  
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,  
Here should ye sign some patriot petition  
To mend our constitutional condition.

The men invade our rights, the mimic elves  
*Lisp and nick-name God's creatures* like our-  
selves, [fret,

Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and  
And they *coquet, good gods! how they coquet!*  
They, too, are coy; and, monstrous to relate,  
Their's is a coyness in a *life-a-life*.

Yes, ladies, yes; *I could a tale unfold,*  
*Would harrow up your—cushions—were it*  
told; [tum,

Part your combined curls, and freeze—poma-  
At griefs, and grievances, as I could state 'em.  
But *such eternal blazon must not speak;*  
Besides, the House adjourns some day next  
week.

This fair committee shall detail the rest,  
And then let monsters, if they dare, protest.

§ 74. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity.* 1782.

CULMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this  
play,

Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.  
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;  
In prouder theatres 'twas never play'd.

There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a  
piece

Patch'd up from France, or stolen from Rome  
or Greece,

Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden  
fleece.

There scholars, simple nature cast aside,  
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;  
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,  
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!  
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,  
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.

Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth—  
Shakspeare's the same—great nature's hand in  
both.

Give me a tale the passions to control,  
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the  
soul!"

A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commix'd,  
Where pleasure courts, and honor comes be-  
twixt!

Such are the scenes that we this night renew,  
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to  
view.

Once we half-paus'd—and, while cold fears  
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the  
tale;

But soon, attir'd, in all its native woe,  
The shade of Lillo to our fancy rose: [say—  
"Check thy weak hand," it said, or seem'd to  
"Nor of its manly vigor rob my play!  
From British annals I the story drew,  
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.  
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;  
And terror take no lesson from the schools.  
Speak to their *bosoms*, to their *feelings* just,  
You'll find their sentence *generous* and *just*."

§ 75. *Prologue to the Election of Managers.*  
1784. COLMAN.

"CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe;  
Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear!"

Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child  
of satire; [nature.]

Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good—  
No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,  
Folly and Vice are fair and general game;  
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,  
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;  
He paints the living manners of the time,  
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.

Yet some, with critic nose, and eye too keen,  
Scant double meaning out, and blast each scene:  
While squint Suspicion holds her treacherous  
lamp,

Fear moulds base coin, and Malice gives the  
stamp.

Falsehood's vile gloss converts the very Bible  
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.

Thus once, when sick, Sir Gripus, as we're  
told,

In grievous usury grown rich and old,  
Bought a good book that, on a Christian plan,  
Inculcates the Whole Duty of a Man.  
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,  
And through the parish all the vices track'd:  
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,  
Crowds all his friends and neighbors in the  
margin.

Pride was my lord, and drunkenness the squire;  
My lady, vanity and loose desire;  
Hardness of heart, no misery regarding,  
Was overseer; luxury, churchwarden.

All, all he damn'd; and, carrying the farce on,  
Made fraud the lawyer, gluttony the parson.

'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep de-  
form,

Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:  
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humor's  
balm

Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!  
Some wholesome bitter if the bard produces,  
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.

In this day's contest, where, in colors new,  
Three play-house candidates are brought to  
view,

Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:  
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case—  
He can be chosen for no other place.

§ 76. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.* LLOYD.

THE Jealous Wife—a comedy! poor man!  
A charming subject, but a wretched plan.  
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,  
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.

Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,  
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.

'Tinge but the language with he vic chime,  
'Tis passion, pathos, character, and blime!  
What a jund, big words had swallow'd the pom-  
pous scene,

A king the husband; and the wife a queen!  
Then might Distraction rend her graceful hair,  
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and  
stare.

Drawcansir Death had rag'd without control,  
Here the drawn dagger, there the poison'd  
bowl. [woe!]

What eyes had stream'd at all the whining  
What hands had thunder'd at each Ah! and  
Oh!

But peace! the gentle prologue custom sends,  
Like drum and sergeant, to beat r p for friends.  
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,  
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.  
He read the manners, open as they lie  
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.  
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their  
store—

He does but what his betters did before.  
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage  
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,  
And, borrowing little, much appears his own:  
If what a master's happy pencil drew,  
He brings more forward in dramatic view;  
To your decision he submits his cause,  
Secure of candor, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface  
The simple beauties which he meant to grace,  
If an invader upon others' road,  
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand;  
Do justice on him—as on fools before—  
And give to blockheads past one blockhead  
more.

§ 77. *Prologue to Runnemed.*

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,  
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,

The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,  
The world by former Alexanders won;  
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,  
New empires rising on the wreck of old;  
Wonders were wrought by Nature in her prime,  
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.

Yet lest to fame is virtue's orient reign;  
The patriot liv'd, the hero died, in vain.  
Dark night descended o'er the human day,  
And wip'd the glory of the world away:  
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were  
lost,

Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.

Virtue from Fame disjoin'd began to 'plain  
Her votaries few, and unfrequented fane.  
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;  
He sent the Muses from the throne above.

The bard arose; and, full of heavenly fire,  
With hand immortal, touch'd th' immortal lyre;  
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,  
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:  
The world applaud what they approv'd before,  
Virtue and Fame took separate paths no more.

Hence to the bard, interpreter of Heaven,  
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;  
His eye the volume of the past explores,  
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors:  
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,  
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;  
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,  
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;  
Dethrones the tyrant though in triumph hurl'd,  
Cakes up the hero from th' eternal world,  
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever  
bloom,

And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.  
While here the Muses warble from the shrine,  
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.  
A nameless youth beheld, with noble rage,  
One subject still a stranger to the stage;  
A name that's music to the British ear,  
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere;  
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,  
Who blesses England with a gaudian smile.

Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!  
The fathers of the land arise to sight;  
The legislators and the chiefs of old,  
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,  
Who, greatly girded with the sword and shield,  
At storied Rynnamede's immortal field,  
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,  
And found the base of liberty on law.

Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,  
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.  
If, while the tale the theatre commands,  
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your  
hands;

Proud on his country's cause to bud his name,  
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

§ 78. *Prologue to the Heiress.* FITZPATRICK.

As sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,  
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,  
So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,  
Array'd in smiles the Epilogue appears.

She, of that house the lively emblem still,  
Whose brilliant speakers start what themes  
they will,

Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,  
From all the follies of these fruitful times,  
Uncheck'd by forms, with suppliant hand may  
cull:—

Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull—  
In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,  
The legal judges of dramatic wit,  
Confining still, with dignified decorum,  
Their observations—to the play before 'em.

Now, when each bachelor a helpmate lacks.  
(That sweet exemption from a double tax.)

When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan  
Of light'ning burdens on the married man,  
And Hymen adds one solid comfort more:  
To all those comforts he conferr'd before;  
To smooth the rough, laborious road to fame,  
Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.

As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide  
The imperfections of a homely bride,  
This tempting title he, perhaps, expects,  
May heighten beauties—and conceal defects—  
Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through For-  
tune's glass,

The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass.

The modern suitor grasps his fair one's hand,  
O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;  
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye.  
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,  
His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber  
vents,

And runs distracted for—her three per cents.

Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find  
The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,  
Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,  
The lady's portion paid in sterling wit?  
On your decrees, to fix her future fate,  
Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:  
Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring  
town;

A very bankrupt, should you chance to frown:  
O, may a verdict given, in your applause,  
Pronounce the prosp'rous issue of her cause,  
Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,  
And prove her Heiress of the public favor!

§ 79. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-mother.*  
ROWE.

If dying lovers yet deserve a tear;  
If a sad story of a maid's despair  
Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;  
This day the poet does his arts employ,  
The soft accessions of your souls to try.  
Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;  
The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd  
The joy of loving and of being lov'd;  
Who scorns his human nature to confess,  
And, striving to be more than man, is less.  
Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,  
Those kind protectors of th' tragic muse,  
Whose tears did moving Otway's labors crown,  
And made the poor Monimia's grief their  
own:

Those tears their art, not weakness, has confess'd,  
Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,  
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.

O, could this age's writers hope to find  
An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,  
The stage would need no farce, nor song, nor dance,

Nor cap'ring Monsieur brought from active France;

Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,  
To native Barnet might again repair,  
Or breathe, with Captain Otter, Bankside air :  
Majestic Tragedy should once again  
In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene ;  
Her search should ransack all the ancient store,  
The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,  
Such as might grieve you, but should please the more. [should do,

What Shakspeare durst not, this bold age  
And famous Greek and Latin beauties show :  
Shakspeare, whose genius, to itself a law,  
Could men in ev'ry height of nature draw,  
And copied all but woman that he saw.  
Those ancient heroines your concern should move,

Their grief and anger much, but most their love :  
For in th' account of ev'ry age we find  
The best and fairest of that sex were kind,  
To pity always, and to love, inclin'd.  
Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,  
Your ancient empire over love and wit ;  
Reform your sense, and teach the men t' obey :  
They'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way.

Be but what those before to Otway were :  
O, were you but as kind ! we know you are as fair.

§ 80. *Epilogue to the same.* ROWE.

THE spleen and vapors, and this doleful play,  
Have mortified me to that height to-day,  
That I am almost in the mortal mind  
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.  
Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,  
I mean to leave to one alone my heart :  
(Last favors will admit of no partage,  
I bar all sharing but upon the stage :)  
To one who can with one alone be bless'd,  
The peaceful monarch of a single breast :  
To one—but, oh ! how hard 'twill be to find  
That phoenix in your fickle, changing kind !  
New loves, new interests, and religions new,  
Still your fantastic appetites pursue.  
Your sickly fancies loathe what you possess,  
And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.  
Some, weary of their peace, and quiet grown,  
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shown ;  
Whilst from the envied height the wise get safely down.

We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,  
Since all our pains and care to please are lost.  
Music in vain supports with friendly aid  
Her sister Poetry's declining head ;

Show but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,  
You to the other house in shoals are gone,  
And leave us here to tune our crowds alone.  
Must Shakspeare, Fletcher, and laborious Beaumont,  
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin ?  
Allow you are inconstant ; yet 'tis strange,  
For sense is still the same, and no'er can change ;  
Yet even in that you vary, as the rest—  
And ev'ry day new notions are profess'd.  
Nay, there's a wit\* has found, as I am told,  
New ways to heaven, despairing of the old :  
He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,

Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made :  
The hearse and six no longer be in fashion,  
Since all the faithful may expect translation.  
What think you of the project ? I'm for trying ;  
I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying,  
Preserve my youth and vigor for the stage,  
And be translated to a good old age.

§ 81. *Prologue to the Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools.* ADDISON.

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,  
When Kools were many, and when plays were scarce,

The raw, unpractic'd author could with ease  
A young and inexperience'd audience please ;  
No single character had e'er been shown,  
But the whole herd of fops were all their own :  
Rich in originals, they set to view,  
In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.  
But now our British theatre can boast  
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host !  
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows  
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux ;

Rough country-knights are found of ev'ry shire,  
Of every fashion gentle fops appear ;  
And punks of different characters we meet,  
As frequent on the stage as in the street :  
Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,  
And here and there, by chance, glean up a fool.  
Long ere they find the necessary spark,  
They search the town and beat about the Park ;  
To all his most frequented haunts resort,  
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,  
As love of pleasure or of place invites ;  
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age  
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage ;  
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,  
And won't be blockheads in the common road.  
Do but survey this crowded house to-night—  
Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,  
Stocks with variety of fools his play ;  
And, that there may be something gay and new,  
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view :  
The first a damsel travell'd in romance ;  
The other more refin'd ; she comes from France.

Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph  
 from danger; [stranger. To strike the soul with darted flame from  
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the heaven;

§ 82. *Epilogue to the same.* STEELE.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factious  
 rage,  
 For Liberty, against each other wage,  
 From foreign insults save this English stage.  
 No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,  
 In tongues unknown; 'tis popery in wit.  
 The songs (themselves confess) from Rome  
 they bring, [sing.  
 And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they  
 Husbands, take care; the danger may come  
 nigher;

The women say their eunuch is a friar.

But is it not a serious ill to see  
 Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;  
 Passive, with an affected joy to sit,  
 Suspend their native taste of manly wit;  
 Neglect their comic humor, tragic rage,  
 For known defects of nature and of age?  
 Arise! for shame! ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!  
 Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;  
 Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)  
 Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ;  
 So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,  
 At your command, with justice die away;  
 'Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear  
 You should such very tramontanes appear,  
 The nations, which condemn you, to revere.  
 Let Anna's soul be known for all its charms;  
 As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:  
 Let those derision meet, who would advance  
 Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.  
 Let them learn you, who would your favor find,  
 And English be the language of mankind.

§ 83. *Prologue to Tamerlane and Sigismunda.*  
 THOMSON.

BOLD is the man, who, in this nicer age,  
 Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.  
 Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more  
 Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:  
 Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,  
 That us'd to waft you over sea and land:  
 Before your light the fairy people fade;  
 The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.  
 In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;  
 The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,  
 The playhouse posse clattering from afar,  
 The close-wedg'd battle, and the din of war:  
 Now e'en the senate seldom we convene;  
 The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.  
 Your taste rejects the glittering false sublime,  
 To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.  
 What is tumbled from his gally throne:  
 Description, dreams—nay, similes are gone.

What shall we then? to please you how de-  
 vise,  
 Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?  
 Thrice happy, could we catch great Shak-  
 speare's art,  
 To trace the deep recesses of the heart;

Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe;  
 The pomp of verse, and golden lines of Rowe!

We to your hearts apply: let them attend:  
 Before their silent, candid bar we bend.  
 If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise,—  
 If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

§ 84. *Epilogue to the same* THOMSON.

CRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome  
 moral stuff;  
 Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.  
 Was ever hapless heroine of a play  
 In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?  
 Was ever woman so by love betray'd?  
 Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a  
 maid!

But, bless me!—hold—what sounds are these  
 I hear?—

I see the Tragic Muse herself appear!

[*The back scene opens, and discovers a  
 romantic sylvan landscape, from which  
 Sigismunda, in the character of the  
 Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music,  
 and speaks the following lines:*

Hence with your slippant epilogue, that  
 tries

To wipe the virtuous tears from British eyes;  
 That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,  
 With strains—at best, unsuiting, light, and  
 vain. [play

Hence from the pure, unsullied beams, that  
 In you fair eyes, where virtue shines—Away!

Britons, to you, from chaste Castalian groves,  
 Where dwelt the tender, oft unhappy Loves;  
 Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty  
 name,

And court my aid, to rise again to fame;  
 To you I come; to Freedom's noblest seat;  
 And in Britannia fix my last retreat. [weal;

In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public  
 The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;

Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,  
 And mend the melting heart with softer pain.

On France and you then rose my bright'ning  
 star

With social ray—The Arts are ne'er at war.

O! as your fire and genius stronger blaze;  
 As yours are gen'rous Freedom's bolder lays;

Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,  
 In decent manners and in life refin'd;

Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,  
 The laughing ballad, to the mournful hearse.

When through five acts your hearts have  
 learn'd to glow,

Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe,  
 O keep the dear impression on your breast,  
 Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

§ 85. *Epilogue to Zara.* AARON HILL.

HERE, take a surfeit, sirs, of being jealous,  
 And shun the pains that plague those Turkish  
 fellows:



Where Love and Death joined hands, their  
darts confounding!

Save us, good Heaven! from this new way of  
wounding! [woman]

Curs'd climate!—where to cards a lone-left  
Has only one of her black guards to summon!

Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to  
gaze at:

And that cold treat is all the game she plays at!  
For—should she once some abler hand be try-  
ing, [dying!

Poiniard's the word! and the first deal is—  
'Slife! should the bloody whim get round in

Britain, [sit on;

Where women's freedom has such heights to  
Daggers, provok'd, would bring on desolation,  
And murder'd belles unpeople half the nation!

Fain would I hope this play to move com-  
passion—

And live to hunt suspicion out of fashion.—  
Four motives strongly recommend to lovers,  
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers.

First, then: A woman will or won't—de-  
pend on't: [on't]

If she will do't, she will—and there's an end  
But, if she won't—since safe and sound your  
trust is,

Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.

Next: He who bids his dear do what she  
pleases,

Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eases.  
For—not to feel your suff'rings is the same  
As not to suffer—all the diff'rence—name.

Thirdly: The jealous husband wrongs his  
honor; [her:

No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon  
And the malicious world will still baguessing,  
Who oft dines out dislikes her own cook's  
dressing.

Fourthly, and lastly, to conclude my lecture:  
If you would fix th' inconstant wife—respect  
her.

She who perceives her virtues over-rated,  
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated;  
And, borrowing from her pride the good wife's  
seeming,

Grow really such—to merit your esteeming.

§ 86. *Epilogue to the Comedy of Better Late  
than Never.* ANDREWS.

THE drama done, and all its int'rest over,  
Content the husband, and secure the lover,  
Our timid bard, who dreads the critic ire,  
And thinks my little tongue can never tire,  
Would have me re-assume the wig and gown,  
To plead his goose-quill cause before the town.  
"Lord, sir," says I, "some better counsel  
bring,

For females in a wig are not the thing.  
Your bearded barrister, if smartly made, is  
A surer advocate among the ladies."  
"Madam," he cried, "or periwigg'd or bare,  
So you but talk, I never need despair."

Suppose, ye fair, as I'm so smooth a prater,  
I take a line so consonant to nature;

Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,  
And 'gainst the men with fempale weapon arm.

Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,  
Expos'd the foibles of the softer sex,  
Laugh'd at their dress, their well-shap'd fork,  
their feathers,

Their steady bloom, unchanging in all weath-  
ers;

Swore locks were grey, that seem'd a comely  
brown,

And, though all paid for, deem'd them not  
their own.

Why not retort, avenge th' insulted fair,  
And show these men what wondrous things  
they are?

Now don't be frighten'd—poor eccentric elves!  
I only show what most you like—yourselves.

How! tremble at a woman? shame betide!

Though I look fierce, like you—I'm all outside;  
Yet, ere my efforts your attention call

To that dear portrait which should hit you all,  
Let me delineate what was once a beau,

The Band-box Billy of some years ago.

Sweet image of mamma in every feature,  
The youth came forth a most delicious creature,

With full-dress'd skirts, not quite unlike a  
hoop,

Flat under arm, fine button, an l gilt loop—  
Stiffstock, long sword still dangling in the way,

He sometimes ventur'd to a first-night play;  
Tripp'd through the lobby, most completely

curl'd; [u]

Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world!—  
Thus he discours'd: "Sir Dillberry, olds so,

Dear, dear, good luck! have you a place below?  
Dem it, don't crowd so, fellow!—O, how

shocking! [ing."

He's spoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my stock—  
Such was the smart our grandmammias would

praise, ~  
Rather unlike the smart of present days:  
For I defy all history to show

One thing in nature like a modern beau;  
Flat slouch'd, short stick, knee-trappings that

bring back  
The memory of renown'd Sixteen-String Jack;  
Eternal boots, and collar you'd suppose

Cut in kind contact with his buckship's nose.  
Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the

doxies  
He storms the lobby, and assails the boxes;  
With gait and manner—something if this way,

Proves his rare taste, and descants of the play—  
"Here, box-keeper! why don't the rascal come?

Halloo—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?  
What's this?—The force—Macbeth—

an opera?—Oh!  
Came out last season—stupid stuff—damn't.

low!  
Zounds, let's be off!"—"Zounds, be a little  
calmer!"

"Who's that—the Jordan?"—"No, you fool,  
—R. Palmer."

Thus some are found, by ev'ry act revealing  
Perfect indifference to sense and feeling.

To such our play not sues : but you, ye fair,  
Ye wise, whom nature form'd with happier care,  
Whose tender bosoms, though by passions rent,  
Feel the soft virtues in their full extent,  
Through our author's plan, which aims to prove  
Life's best exertions spring from virtuous love.

§ 87. *Epilogue to the Liar; between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

*M. Gr.* HOLD, sir!

Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,  
Let me be heard, as counsel for your son.  
Acquit I can't; I mean to mitigate;  
Proscribe all lying, what would be the fate  
Of this and every other earthly state?  
Consider, sir, if once you cry it down,  
You'll shut up every coffee-house in town;  
The tribe of politicians will want food,  
Even now half-famish'd—for the public good;  
All Grub-Street murderers of men and sense,  
And every office of intelligence,  
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,  
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

*O. Wild.* Too mild a sentence! Must the  
good and great

Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

*M. Gr.* Your patience, sir; yet hear another  
word: [sword;

Turn to that hall where Justice yields her  
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,  
By this proscription, all the sons of law:  
For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,  
(Viner will tell you—Viner even Coke's Reports),  
All pleadings may, when difficulties rise,  
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lies.

*O. Wild.* To curb this practice I am some-  
what loath;

A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

*M. Gr.* Then to the softer sex some favor  
show;

Leave us possession of our modest No!

*O. Wild.* O freely, ma'am, we'll that allow-  
ance give,

So that two noes be held affirmative—  
Provided ever, that your Pish and Fic,  
On all occasions, should be deem'd a lie.

*M. Gr.* Hard terms!

On this rejoinder, then, I rest my cause:  
Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,  
Let us examine what would be the case;  
Why, many a great man would be out of place.

*O. Wild.* 'T would many a virtuous charac-  
ter restore.

*M. Gr.* But take a character from many more.

*O. Wild.* Strong are your reasons; yet, ere  
I submit,

I mean to take the voices of the pit.  
Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,  
That every liar be proclaim'd a fool,  
Fit subject for our author's ridicule?

§ 88. *Verses written to be spoken by Mrs. Sid-  
dons, at her Benefit, April 27, 1795.*

ROGERS.

Yes, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain!  
Wake, I breathe, and am myself again,

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Still in this nether world! no seraph yet—  
Nor walks my spirit when the sun is set,  
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board  
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;  
And blanch each honest cheek with deeds of  
night,

Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light

To drop all metaphor, that little bell  
Call'd back reality, and broke the spell.  
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone  
A very woman—sorrow restrains her own  
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,  
When to be grateful is the part assign'd?  
Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her art,  
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart

But, ladies, say, must I alone unmask?

Is here no other actress, let me ask?

Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,

Know, every woman studies stage-effect

She moulds her manners to the part she fills,

As instinct teaches, or as humor will;

And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,

Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph  
swells,

When the red coral rings its silver bells!

To play in pantomime is then the rage

Along the carpet's many-color'd stage;

Or hush her merry thoughts with loud endeavor.

Now hie, now there—in noise and mischief  
ever! [pers,

A school-girl next—she curls her hair in pat-

And mimes father's gout, and mother's vapors;

Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances,

Playful at church, and serious when she dances;

Tramples alike on customs and on toes,

And whispers all she hears to all she knows;

Terror of caps and wigs and sober notions!

A romp! that longest of perpetual motions!

Till, tann'd and tortur'd into foreign grace—

She sports her lovely face at public places,

And, with blue laughing eyes, behind her fan,

First acts her part with that great actor—man.

'Too soon a flirt—approach her and she flies;

Frowns when pursued, and when entreated  
sighs;

Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice,

Till fading beauty hints the late advice.

Her prudence dictates what her pride dis-  
dain'd,

And now she sues to slaves herself had chain'd.

Then comes that good old character, a wife,

With all the dear distracting cares of life;

A thousand cards a-day at doors to leave,

And, in return, a thousand cards receive;

Rouge high, play deep; to lead the ton aspire,

With nightly blaze set Portland-Place on fire;

Snatch half a glimpse at concert, opera, ball,

A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;

And when her shatter'd nerves forbid to roam,

In very spleen—rehearse the girl at home.

Last—the gray dowager in varicose flounces,

With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;

Boasts how the sires of this degenerate isle

Kneel'd for a look, and duell'd for a smile;

The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,  
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;  
With modern belles eternal warfare wages,  
Like her own birds, that clainor from their  
cages;

And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,  
Like some old ruin "nodding to its fall,"  
Thus woman makes her entrance and her exit,  
Then most an actress when she least suspects  
it.

Yet nature oft peeps out, and mars the plot;  
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot;  
Full oft with energy that scorns control,  
At once lights up the features of the soul;  
Unlocks each thought chain'd down by coward  
art,

And to full day the latent passions start.

But she, whose first, best wish is your ap-  
plause,

Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.  
Born on the stage, through ev'ry shifting scene,  
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,  
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fir'd;  
And can she act, with thoughts like these in-  
spir'd?

Thus from her mind all artifice she flings,  
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things!  
To you, unchecked, each genuine feeling flows,  
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

§ 29. *Verses to the Memory of Mr. Garrick.*  
*Spoken as a Monody by Mrs. Yates, at the*  
*Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. SHERIDAN.*

If dying excellence deserves a tear,  
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,  
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow  
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe;  
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive  
strain,

Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—  
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign  
One kind regret, one tributary line?

His fame requires we act a tend'rer part.  
His memory claims the tear you gave his art.

The gen'ral voice, the meed of mournful  
verse,

The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,  
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite  
pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last;  
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd  
base, [place:

Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the  
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow  
From fond fidelity's domestic woe, [due,  
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his  
As, on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,  
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim;  
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,  
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:  
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,  
Raphael still boasts contemporary praise:  
Each dazzling light and gaudy bloom subdued,  
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:

E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,  
Tough'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,  
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;  
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace  
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:  
But once achiev'd, though barbarous wreck  
o'erthrow

The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,  
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,  
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;  
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,  
Demands his honors, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,  
O, proud distinction of the sacred lyre!  
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,  
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.

Whether the song heroic voces rebearse  
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;  
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile  
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;  
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove  
The soft despair of unprevailing love; [clime.  
Whate'er the theme, through ev'ry age and  
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme.  
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,  
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed—their honors thus secure,  
Whose arts yield objects, art whose works  
endure:

The actor only shrinks from time's award;  
Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard;  
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,  
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!  
E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heaven re-  
sign'd,

No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,  
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;  
Th' expressiv'e glance, whose subtle comment  
draws

Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;  
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling  
fraught,

A sense in silence, and a will in thought;  
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone  
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own,  
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,  
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the  
day; [sense,

Passion's wild break, and frowns that awe the  
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,—  
All perishable!—like th' electric fire,

But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;  
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear, [air.  
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,  
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes,  
Where is the blest memorial that ensures  
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—  
'tis yours.

And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd  
To soothe your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!  
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew,  
By his last, parting tear, repaid by you!

By all those thoughts, which, many a distant night,

Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !  
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name,  
Grieve the keen regret that lifts his fame ;  
To you it is bequeath'd : assert the trust,  
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,  
To cheerful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,  
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,

Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask  
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear  
The due memorial of a loss so dear,  
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse ! be thine  
The pleasing woe, to guard the laurel'd shrine.  
As Fancy oft, by Superstition led  
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,  
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,  
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,  
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,

With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear ;  
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,  
With meek regret, and fond, enduring grief ;  
With looks that speak, He never shall return !  
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn !  
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rent dust,  
Which Time may strow upon his sacred bust.

§ 90. *Monody on the Death of the Right Hon.  
R. B. Sheridan.* BYRON.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower ?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy pause—  
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time,

Of light and darkness, forms an arch sublime .  
Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep—

The voiceless thought, which would not speak,  
but weep

A holy concord, and a bright regret—  
A glorious sympathy with suns that set ?  
'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe—  
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below ;  
Felt without bitterness—but full and clear ;  
A sweet dejection—a transparent tear  
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain ;  
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils,  
When summer's day declines along the hills,  
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes  
When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.

A mighty Spirit is eclipsed ; a Power [hour  
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to whose  
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no name !  
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame.

The flash of Wit—the bright Intelligence—  
The beam of Song—the blaze of Eloquence,  
set with their Sun ! but still have left behind  
The enduring produce of immortal Mind ;

Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,  
A deathless part of him who died too soon.

But small that portion of the wondrous whole,  
These sparkling segments of that circling soul,  
Which all embraced—and lighten'd over all,  
To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal :  
From the charm'd council to the festive board,  
Of human feelings the unbounded lord ;  
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,  
The praised—the proud—who made his praise  
their pride.

When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,  
His was the thunder—his the avenging rod,  
The wrath—the delegated voice of God !  
Which shook the nations through his lips—  
and blazed

Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they  
praised.

And here, oh ! here, where yet, all young and warm,

The gay creations of his spirit charm :  
The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,—  
Which knew not what it was to intermit  
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring  
Home to our hearts the truth from which they  
spring :

These wondrous beings of his Fancy, wrought  
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,  
Here in their first abode you still may meet,  
Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat ;  
A halo of the light of other days,  
Which still the splendor of its orb betrays.  
But should there be to whom the fatal blight  
Of failing wisdom yields a base delight,  
Men who exult when minds of heavenly tone  
Jar in the music which was born their own ;  
Still let them pause—Ah ! little do they know  
That what to them seem'd Vice might be but  
Woe.

Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze  
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise ;  
Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.  
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy ;  
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,  
The envious, (who but breathe in others' pain,)  
Behold the host ! delighting to deprave,  
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave ;  
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes  
Half to the ardor which its birth bestows,  
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,  
And pile the pyramid of calumny !  
These are his portion—but if, join'd to these,  
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep Dis-  
ease,

If the high Spirit must forget to soar,  
And stoop to strive with Misery at the door,  
To soothe Indignity—and, face to face,  
Meet sordid Rage—and wrestle with Disgrace,  
To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,  
The serpent-fold of further Faithlessness,—  
If such may be the ills which men assail,  
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail ?

Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling  
 given,  
 Bear hearts electric—charged with fire from  
 Heaven,  
 Black with the rude collision, only torn,  
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds  
 borne,  
 Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that  
 nurs'd  
 Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—  
 scorch—and burst.  
 But far from us and from our mimic scene  
 Such things should be—if such have ever been;  
 Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask.  
 To mourn the vanish'd beam—and add our  
 mite  
 Of praise in payment of a long delight.  
 Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,  
 Mourn for the veteran hero of your field!  
 The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*!  
 Whose words were sparks of Immortality!  
 Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,  
 He was your master—emulate him *here*!  
 Ye men of wit and social eloquence!  
 He was your brother—bear his ashes hence!  
 While Powers of mind almost of boundless  
 range,  
 Complete in kind—as various in their change,  
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,  
 That humbler harmonist of care on earth,—  
 Survive within our souls—while lives our  
 sense  
 Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,  
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,  
 And turn to all of him which may remain,  
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,  
 And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan!

§ 91. *Prize Address; spoken by Mr. Simpson,  
 at the opening of the Park Theatre, New  
 York, Sept. 1, 1820. SPRAGUE.*

WHEN mitred Zeal, in wild, unholy days,  
 Bared his red arm, and bade the flagot blaze,  
 Our patriot sires the pilgrim sail unfurl'd,  
 And Freedom pointed to a rival world.  
 Where prowl'd the wolf, and where the hunter  
 roved,  
 Faith raised her altars to the God she loved;  
 Toil, linked with Art, explored each savage wild,  
 The forest bowed, the desert bloomed and  
 smiled;  
 Taste reared her domes, fair Science spread  
 her page,  
 And Wit and Genius gathered round the stage:  
 The stage! where Fancy sits creative queen,  
 And spreads gay web-work o'er life's mimic  
 scene; [sight,  
 Where young-eyed Wonder comes to feast his  
 And quaff instruction while he drinks delight:

The stage! that threads each labyrinth of the  
 soul,  
 Wakes Laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop  
 roll;  
 That hoots at Folly, mocks proud Fashion's  
 slaves,  
 And brands with shame the world's vile drove  
 of knaves.  
 The child of Genius, catering for the stage,  
 Rides the stores of every clime and age.  
 He speaks, the sepulchre resigns its prey,  
 And crimson life runs through the sleeping  
 clay:  
 The grave, the gibbet, and the battle-field,  
 At his command, their festering tenants yield.  
 Here Wisdom's heir, released from Death's  
 embrace,  
 Reads awful lessons to another race;  
 Pale, bleeding Love comes weeping from the  
 tomb,  
 That kindred Softness may bewail her doom;  
 Murder's dry bones, re-clothed, desert the dust,  
 That after times may own his sentence just;  
 And the mad tyrant of some mouldering page  
 Stalks here to warn, who once could curse an  
 age!  
 May this fair dome, in classic beauty reared,  
 By Taste be fostered, and by Worth revered.  
 May chastened Wit here behold to Virtue's  
 cause,  
 Reflect her image, and repeat her laws;  
 And Vice, that slumbers o'er the sacred page,  
 Hate his own likeness, shadowed from the  
 stage.  
 Here let the guardian of the drama sit  
 In righteous judgment o'er the realm of wit.  
 Not his the shame, with servile pen to wait  
 On private friendship, or on private hate;  
 To flatter fools, or Satire's javelin dart,  
 Tipp'd with a lie, at proud Ambition's heart.  
 His be the nobler task to herald forth  
 Young, blushing Merit and neglected Worth;  
 To stamp with scorn the prostituted page,  
 And lash the fool who lispes it from the stage.  
 Here shall bright Genius wing his eagle  
 flight—  
 Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of  
 light,  
 Till high in mental worlds, from vulgar ken,  
 He soars, the wonder and the pride of men.  
 Cold Censure here to decent Mirth shall bow,  
 And Bigotry unbend his monkish brow.  
 Here Toil shall pause, his ponderous sledge  
 thrown by.  
 And Beauty bless each strain with meeking  
 eye:  
 Grief, too, in fiction lost, shall cease to weep.  
 And all the world's rude cares be laid to sleep.  
 Each polished scene shall Taste and Truth  
 approve,  
 And the stage triumph in the people's love.

\* Fox—Pitt—Burke.

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